Collier's
TEN CENTS
DECEMBER 22, 1945
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THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

BY GEORGE CREEL

BABIES HAVE THEIR RIGHTS

EVERYONE LOSES IN ADOPTION ABUSES

BY RUTH CARSON

Dec. 22. 1945

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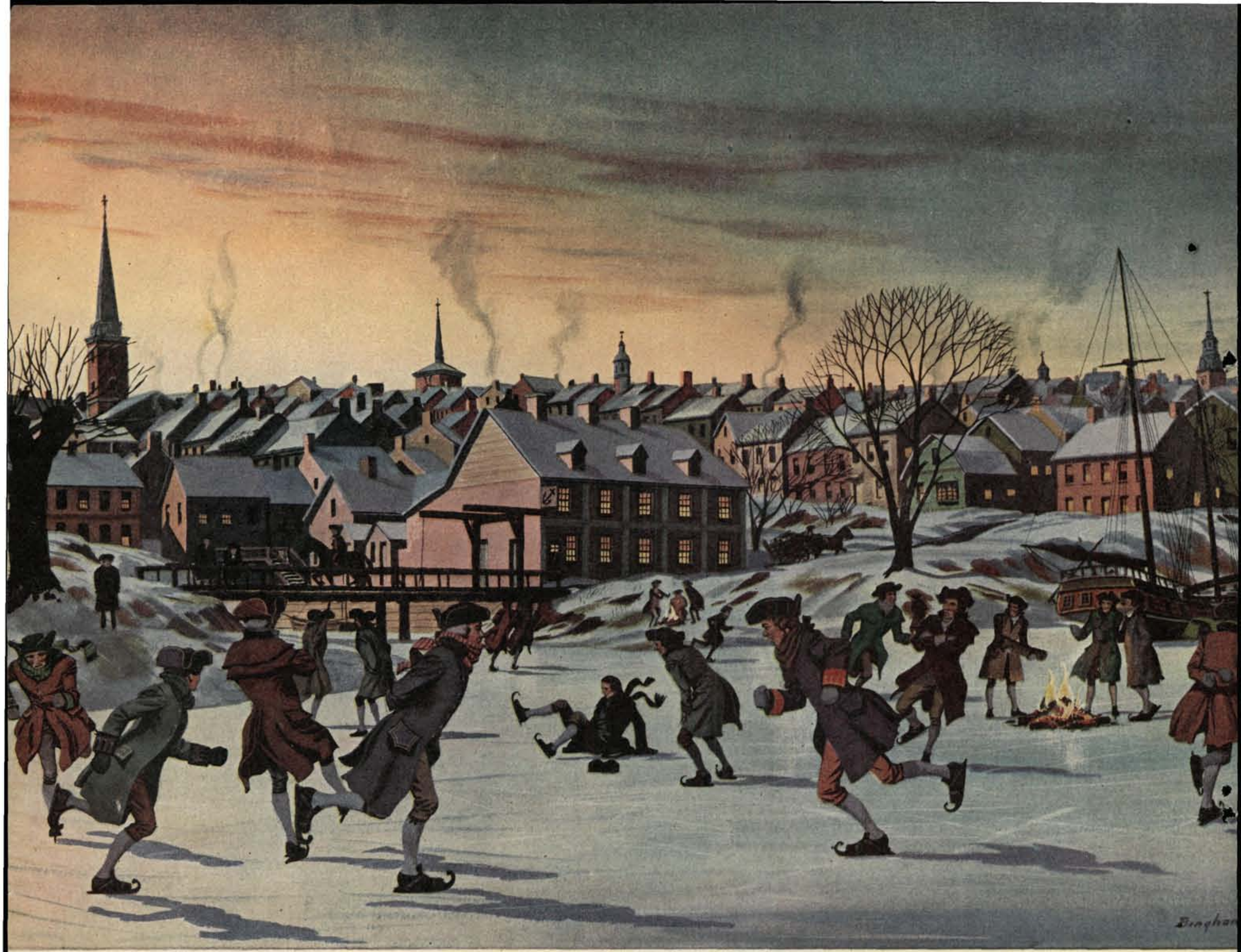
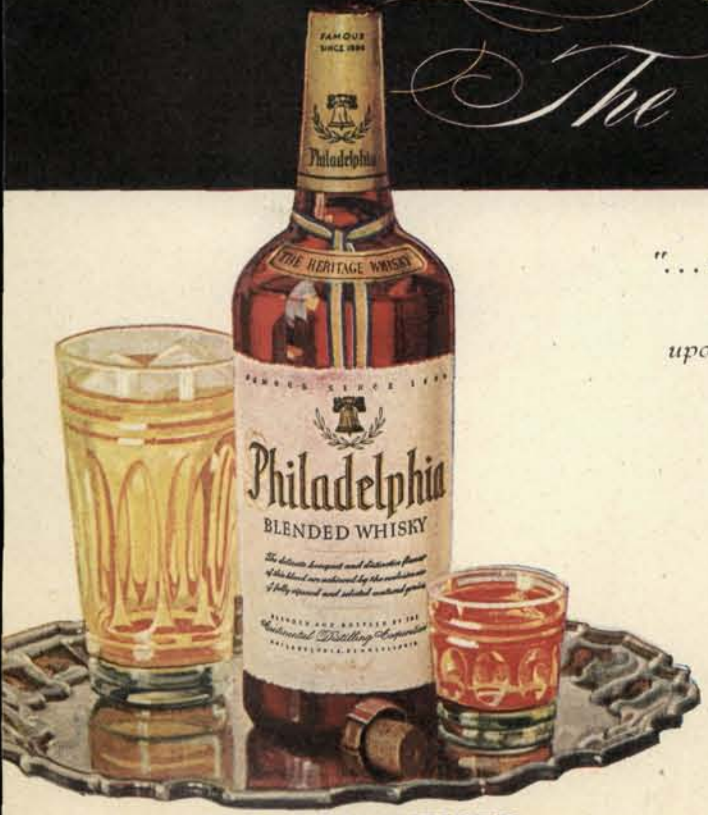


Skating on the Delaware River, Philadelphia 1784 . . . based on early records*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky


FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY

BLENDED WHISKY
86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

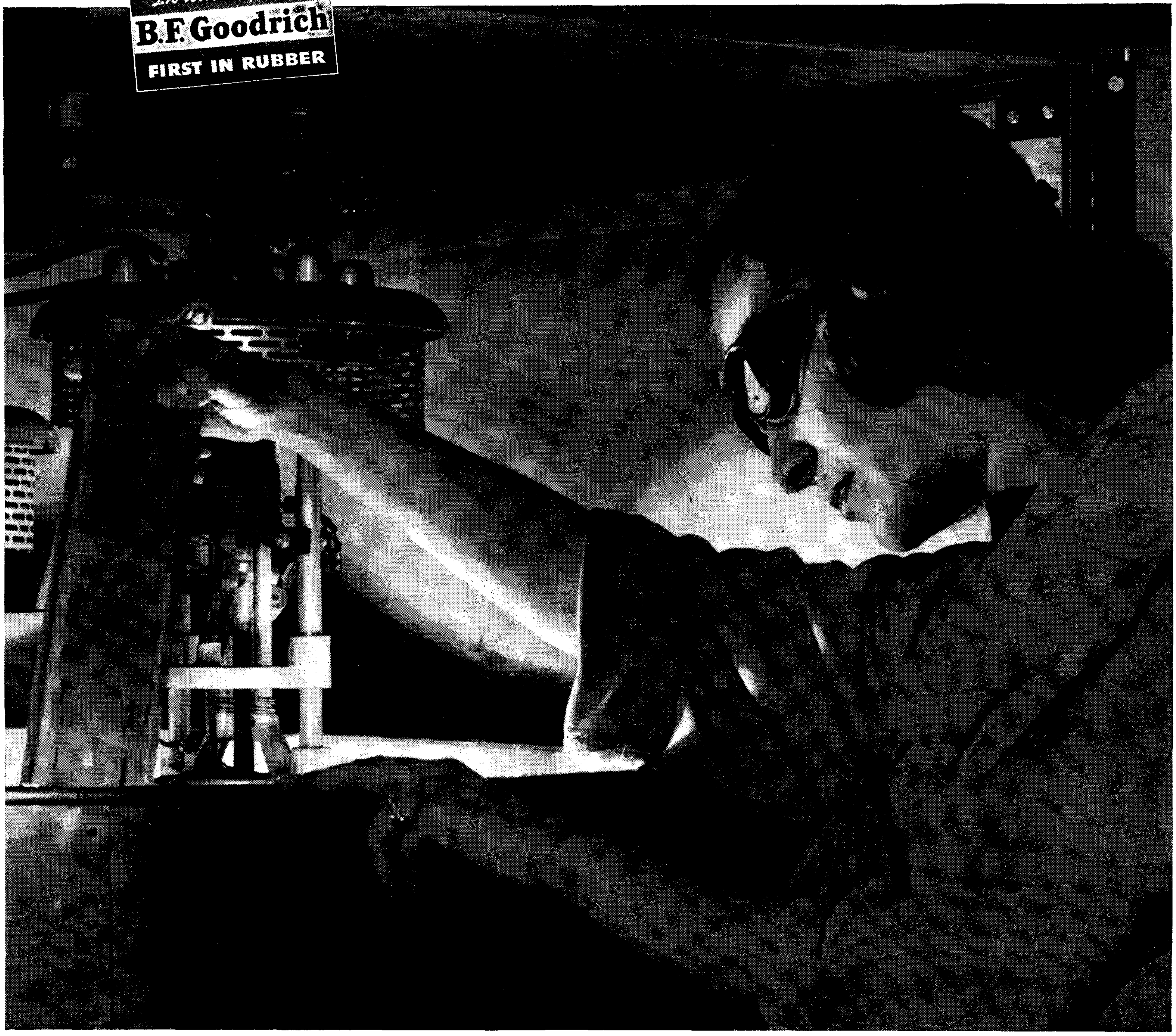
". . . about New Year's day, every one expected to see or hear of an 'Ox Roast' on the Delaware upon the thick ribbed ice . . . filled with skaters"
. . . Annals of Philadelphia.

Keen enjoyment of the great outdoors went hand in hand with friendly hospitality in Colonial Philadelphia. These kindly traditions are today reflected in famous Philadelphia Blend, The Heritage Whisky. A rare whisky, indeed. Rich, full-bodied, mellow. You might well reserve Philadelphia Blend for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy it, regularly and often.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA . . . *THE HERITAGE WHISKY* . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



Boxful of light equals 5 suns

Koroseal is a typical example of B. F. Goodrich development

IT isn't just the heat of the sun that is harmful to fabrics and flexible materials. It's the *light*. The most severe combination is light, heat, and moisture.

That machine in the picture, used to test Koroseal and fabrics coated with Koroseal, makes weather equal to the world's worst jungle. Temperature is 125. Three minutes out of every 20 there is a driving rain with high humidity between the rain storms. Two powerful arc lamps burn like the sun, without clouds or shade, never set. This gives the effect of five suns. Twenty-four hours in this "jungle hot box" are equal to five days in a real jungle.

In weather like this, most flexible materials lose their strength, harden and crack or get soft and sticky in a few hours. But Koroseal seems to stand it indefinitely. It's the most permanent of all flexible, waterproof materials. So it makes the longest-lasting raincoats, shower curtains, and hundreds of other waterproof articles. It is used for upholstered waterproof furniture, for luggage, wall coverings, automobile seats, to mention only a few.

The weather machine was used during the war to test and develop products for actual jungle use. Now it's being used to improve the peacetime products made of Koroseal that are coming back into the stores. Soon you'll find the name Koroseal on articles made to stand any kind of weather—and know you're getting the best product of its kind that money can buy. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Koroseal—reg. trade-mark

Koroseal MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich

Collier's
FOR DECEMBER 22, 1945

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ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*
JOHN SCHAFFNER *Fiction*

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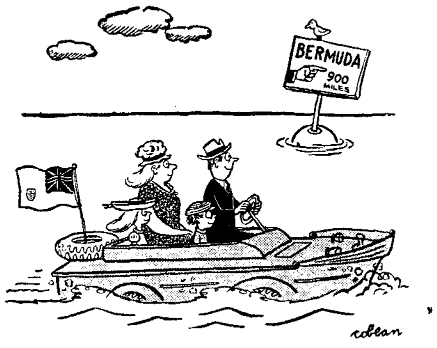
any week

A TORONTO customer sends us a house-hunter's ad from the Globe and Mail of that otherwise tranquil city: "Why Don't You Go South? Travel by automobile is easy. The Bermudas, Florida or even Louisiana are calling you this winter. Ex-Air Force officer, wife, maid and two little children will see that your home here is returned to you in perfect condition. Bond given. A quiet, orderly neighborhood preferred. Write Box. . . .



AFTER the lady at the reception desk in the Pentagon Building in Washington finished giving us long and intricate directions how to get to the office of the general we had an appointment with, we asked what had become of the battalions of guides they used to have. "Oh, they gradually disappeared," said she. "I guess they are still wandering around here somewhere trying to find their way back." But we found the general within three quarters of an hour which, we understand, is a new speed record. And we learned too that if one of the officers in the Pentagon sends a memo or directive or other paper to another officer it is known as "a mission." If a very important officer is the sender, two or three clerks or secretaries convoyed by a lieutenant are sent, and they're known as "a task force." A conference between four or more generals is called "a major engagement." And that's all the Pentagonese we have been able to gather so far.

A NEWS bulletin more or less doesn't make much difference these days. But you almost lost one recently and while we don't know which one it was, here's what happened. Sitting about ten feet from his editor's desk in a news agency was a young fellow who obviously had seen too many movie editorial rooms. A roaring bulletin bazooka he was, banging them out on his typewriter and bellowing "Copy! Copy!" Presently it became the turn of a new copy girl to grab his stuff and hasten it to the editor. She was very young, very scared and it was her first day. "Run, run," screamed the bulletineer thrusting his

(Continued on page 79)

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
"THEY WERE EXPENDABLE"
Starring
Robert MONTGOMERY • John WAYNE
with DONNA REED
JACK HOLT • WARD BOND
A JOHN FORD PRODUCTION
Based on the Book by William L. White • Screen Play by FRANK WEAD, Comdr. U.S.N. (Ret.)
Associate Producer..................CLIFF REID
Directed by......JOHN FORD, Captain U.S.N.R.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE
W. L. WHITE

Since the moment when W. L. White first carved this human, deeply-moving chapter out of some of the most dramatic wordage of all time, "They Were Expendable" has become, successively, a best-selling novel, a Reader's Digest classic, a Book-of-the-Month—and now we've chosen it "The Picture of the Month". Perhaps some people will insist "They Were Expendable" is The Picture of the Year!

This is the heart-stinging story of some of the most heroic headlines of recent years. Actually, it's the story of two men, and their loves. The story of "Brick", who loved a boat. And "Rusty", who loved a girl.

Robert Montgomery (back on the screen after his war-years of service with Uncle Sam's Navy) is magnificent as "Brick", the Navy man who believes heart-and-soul in the tiny, ridiculed PT-craft in his command—come Japs or high-water! And John Wayne is "Rusty"—the two-fisted, reckless scoffer, who wants to transfer from the "sea-going mousetraps" to something that can deliver a man-sized punch.

But there *is* a punch in the suicidal "sea-scooters" . . . a punch that would have done credit to a giant; and they prove it when Brick and Rusty plunge them headlong into daring, seemingly-hopeless encounters with the enemy fleet. There's a constant thrill in watching them—the thrill of action, hard and fast. And a surge of pride that will quicken the beat of your heart.

There's a thrill, too, of a gentler kind, in the tenderness of the wistful, wishful romance between the hard-bitten PT-boat skipper and the Army nurse, who became the pride and joy of the Navy men. Lovely Donna Reed makes a perfect "Sandy" . . . the tireless, dungareed angel-of-mercy, who tends their wounds, and steals their hearts.

Throughout, there's a realism that gives evidence of the expert directorial hand of Captain John Ford, U.S.N.R. This is his best!

The screen can offer no greater thrill than Robert Montgomery and John Wayne in this story of the gallant men and women who never expected to return . . . "THEY WERE EXPENDABLE"!

Vol. 116, No. 25. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1945, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years, in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Subscription Department, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and the new addresses.

What?
deliver them
all at once?

Job that would stump Mercury will be handled by Western Union Radio Beam System with a transmission capacity of 1,080 messages simultaneously in each direction!

The messenger of the old Greek gods was very fleet in his day . . . but he would probably turn in his wings if faced with the assignment which the new Western Union system of Radio Beam Transmission will handle with ease.

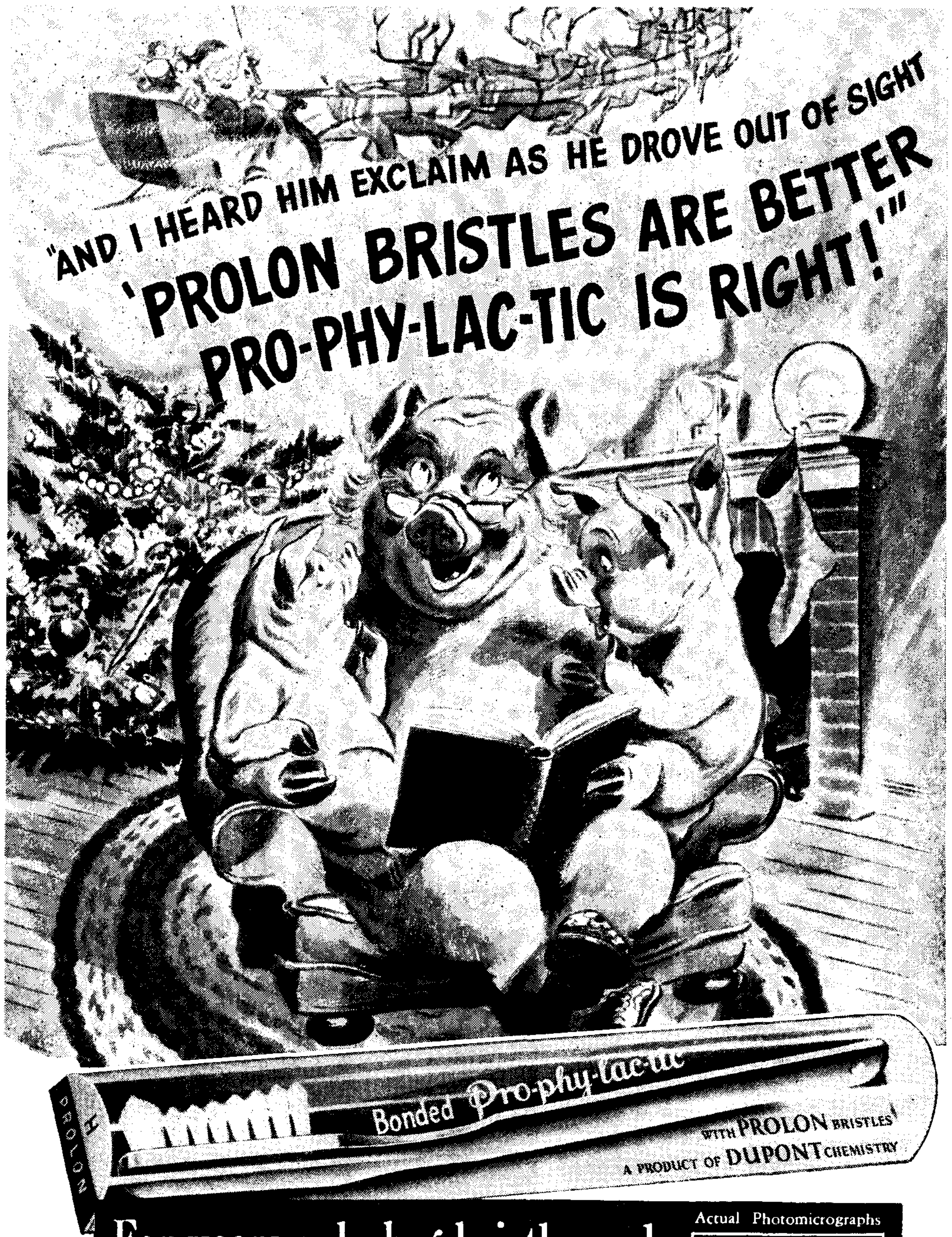
This modern communications miracle helped solve many critical combat problems of our armed forces. When available for civilian use it will be a powerful factor in giving you even greater speed and efficiency for your telegrams.

Previously, Western Union had succeeded in sending, over a pair of wires, as many as 144 telegrams simultaneously in each direction. Now, between any two points, *nearly eight times that number* will flash across the sky!

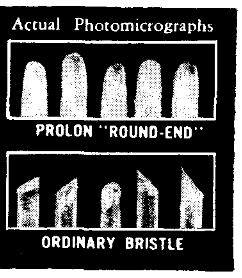
When hurricanes and blizzards temporarily damage poles and wires, Radio Beam Transmission will speed your telegram safely through to its destination, its clarity undiminished by physical or electrical disturbances. Another milestone in Western Union progress to bring you faster service—with *certainty*—when you telegraph!

For nearly 100 years Western Union has been pioneering in the field of communications. Momentous recent developments in electronics and automatic telegraphy promise many new contributions to the public service, as a second century of progress draws near. The Western Union Telegraph Company, 60 Hudson Street, New York 13, N. Y.

WESTERN UNION


"AND I HEARD HIM EXCLAIM AS HE DROVE OUT OF SIGHT
'PROLON BRISTLES ARE BETTER
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC IS RIGHT!'"
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

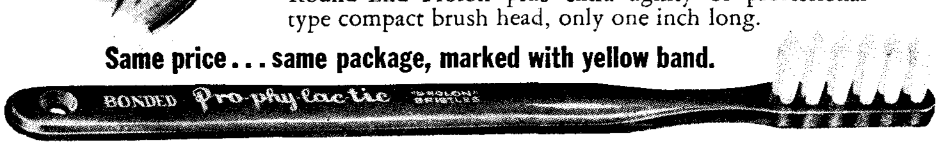
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

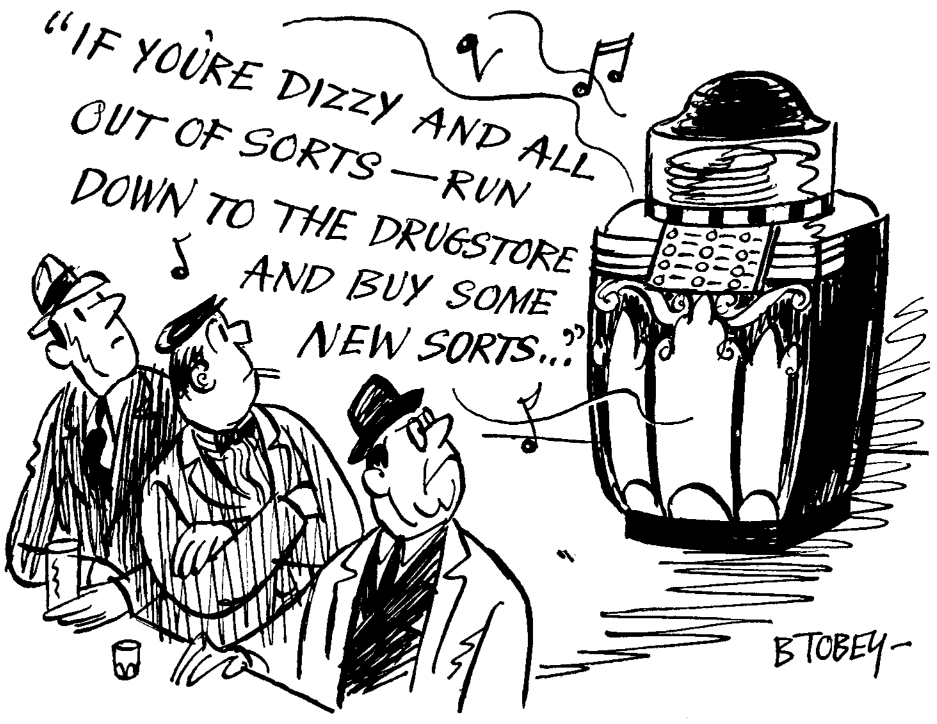
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price... same package, marked with yellow band.




"IF YOU'RE DIZZY AND ALL OUT OF SORTS—RUN DOWN TO THE DRUGSTORE AND BUY SOME NEW SORTS..."
B TOBEY-

BARNEY TOBEY

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

A new device for juke boxes automatically plays "commercials" at certain intervals.

The extent of the espionage carried on preparatory to World War II may be judged by the fact that only about 2,000 spies were convicted throughout the world between 1870 and 1920, while some 35,000 were convicted between 1920 and 1935.

Only imported chinaware was used for state dinners in the White House until 1918, when the first American-made set was purchased by Woodrow Wilson.

One of China's most colorful personalities was Silas A. Hardoon, a Bagdad Jew who went to Shanghai in 1872 and began his career as a night watchman. Subsequently, he married a Chinese housemaid, adopted 12 Chinese children, became a real estate dealer and left a fortune of $150,000,000 when he died in 1931 at the age of 84. Among his eccentricities was a pavilion on his vast Shanghai estate containing many life-size wax figures of his wife and himself which were dressed in a variety of costumes. Designed as a memorial, the building and its contents were destroyed by a fire in 1943.

On August 1, 1945, at least 145 common carrier airlines of 42 nationalities were operating on regular schedules over routes totaling 500,000 unduplicated miles. Of this distance, 424,000 miles, or 85 per cent, were covered by the lines of nine nationalities, 117,700 miles by American lines, 90,000 by Russian, 69,000 by British, 34,100 by Brazilian, 32,600 by Australian, 30,100 by French, 19,000 by Mexican, 18,500 by Canadian and 13,000 by Belgian lines.—*By Elmer P. Thompson, Brownfield, Maine.*

Under certain conditions, an approaching sound can create a visible effect. A short time ago in England, for example, a man standing on a hill suddenly noticed a long, narrow shadow rushing toward him across the valley; and as it passed, he felt a violent shock and heard a loud report. A powder magazine several miles away had exploded and the concussion had produced a compression wave of such density that its shadow was cast by the sunlight.

The earliest typewriters, invented in France, England and the United States between 1784 and 1856, were designed for the blind and produced raised characters.

Between 1900 and 1945, more than 1,600 persons were publicly whipped in Delaware, where an individual may still be flogged for any one of 24 different offenses at the discretion of the court. The study from which these figures were taken also discloses that this form of medieval punishment has no special deterrent effect, as 62 per cent of those whipped once, and 65 per cent of those whipped twice were later convicted of other crimes.—*By Prof. Robert G. Caldwell, Williamsburg, Va.*

Through an analysis of about 4,000 odors, chemists have developed a liquid, composed of more than 125 vegetable substances, that will destroy any nauseous smell. By spraying or evaporation in a ventilating system, the compound neutralizes the odors of zoos, fish markets, chemical works and certain kinds of factories. Recently, a Canadian plant processing dogfish livers used the liquid to kill its putrid odor and, consequently, was allowed to remain after being ordered to move out of town.

When passing through the narrow 100-mile Suez Canal, a ship's rudder that is too small to alter the course of the vessel instantly at slow speed must be enlarged by having an extra section clamped onto it.

A new undercarriage for long truck trailers automatically steers their rear wheels, thus enabling these vehicles to be turned at sharp angles into narrow streets.

Since 1923, chinchilla breeding in the United States and Canada has grown from 11 animals on one ranch to 40,000 animals on 153 ranches.

Of the numerous origins claimed for the word "cocktail," the most plausible is cockale, a mixture of spirits and bitters at one time given to gamecocks training for a fight.

More than 40 per cent of Russia, or an area nearly twice as large as the 23 countries of Europe, is perpetually frozen.

The Jesus Cristo lizard of Central America is so named because it runs on its hind legs across bodies of water without sinking.

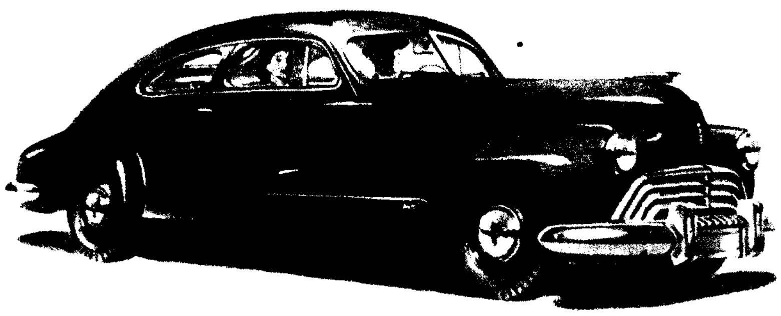
Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

"LOOK!" "There isn't any clutch pedal

IN THE NEW OLDSMOBILES
with GM *Hydra-Matic Drive*
GEAR SHIFTING IS FULLY AUTOMATIC!

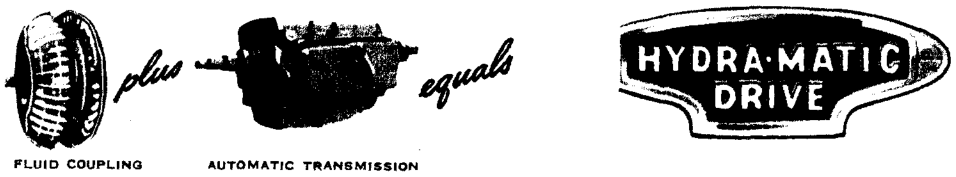
Hydra-Matic Drive is in the spotlight again. This famous General Motors feature, made even better and smoother than ever as a result of wartime use on tanks, is now being offered in all models of the brilliant new 1946 Oldsmobile.

Hydra-Matic Drive *takes the clutch pedal right out of the car.* There's no clutch to push down . . . no clutch to let up . . . no clutch to think about at all. There's no gear shifting to bother with either; the gears shift by themselves—*automatically*—through all four forward speeds. All you do to drive an Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matic Drive is step on the gas to *go,* and step on the brake to *stop.* The rest is simply steering. Because Hydra-Matic Drive *combines* a fluid coupling with a fully automatic transmission, it offers a combination of driving ease and performance that no other "drive" can match.



LOOK TO OLDS FOR ALL THAT'S NEW

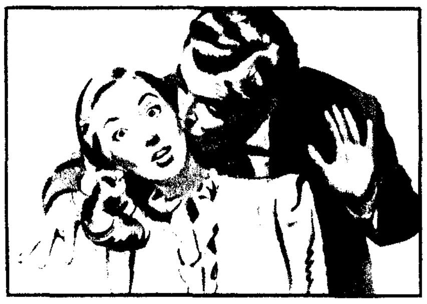
In addition to the new and finer Hydra-Matic Drive, the 1946 Oldsmobile offers many other surprises. The modern beauty of its newly styled front end . . . the smart luxury of its newly tailored interior . . . the alert performance of its finer, smoother power plant . . . all combine to make this car the finest in Oldsmobile's 48-year history!



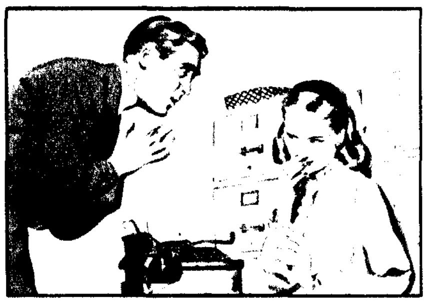
OLDSMOBILE *Product of* **GENERAL MOTORS**

"My boss woke up—and kissed me again!"

1 I'd always had a crush on my handsome bachelor boss. But I might as well have been an adding machine for all the spark I got out of *him!* So you can imagine how astonished I was one morning when he kissed me!



2 A moment before he'd been at his desk, eyes closed, concentrating—or so I thought! Next thing, he was planting a kiss on my cheek! "Mr. Jones!" I cried. His eyes opened wide. "What have I *done?*" he asked.

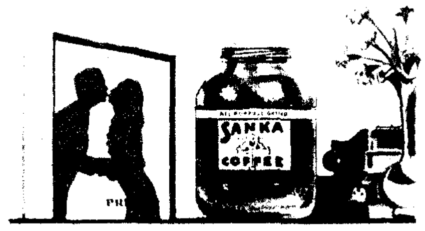


3 "You kissed me," I replied demurely. "Oh, Miss McCay, FORGIVE me!" he begged. "I guess I fell asleep! I *walk* in my sleep, and I do unexpected things." "But, Mr. Jones," I said, "sleepwalking in the morning?"

4 "I was awake all night," he complained. "Had coffee for dinner. *Good!*—but the caffein makes my nerves hop like atoms." So I advised, "Drink Sanka Coffee! It's 97% caffein-free. It *can't* keep you awake!"

5 "Sanka Coffee?" he queried. "Is it any good? I mean, how about flavor and aroma?" "Top-notch!" I came back. "The aroma's got *come-on*, and the flavor's rich—delicious. You'll love it. Try some tonight."

6 Well, next morning he was beaming all over. "Say! That Sanka Coffee is really something! I *went* for it—and slept like the mailroom boy!" Then he kissed me *again,* and chuckled, "I'm wide awake *now*—M-a-r-y!"



Sanka Coffee

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffein-free! A product of General Foods.

SANKA HAS A NEW RADIO SHOW! A half hour of laughs with Fanny Brice! Don't miss it—"The Baby Snooks Show." Sunday evenings on CBS. 6:30 P.M. Eastern—5:30 P.M. Central—4:30 P.M. Mountain—7:30 P.M. Pacific.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

Alfred Marchev (left), president of Republic Aviation Corporation, and P. H. Spencer, designer of Republic's Seabee, amphibian personal plane

AT THE Republic Aviation Corporation's plant out on Long Island, there's something going on that either will bring to its president, Alfred (Fred for short) Marchev, the distinction of being the Moses who led us out of the personal-plane high-cost fog into clear and unlimited low-cost flying; or the inglorious distinction of being just plain nuts for attempting the impossible. There's a belief in the industry that it costs so much per pound to build an airplane, labor and material being what they are.

Fred Marchev seeks neither the Moses nor Nut laurels. He just wants to build an airplane for the little guy with a little pocketbook to roam the skies on his day off, and he is afire with the conviction that it can be done. Instead of bottling up his plan as a justifiable Republic trade secret, he is actually peddling it among his fellow aircraft manufacturers, some of whom have been downright incredulous of his methods. But that's the way these aviation people are—very temperamental about new ideas that do not originate with them.

There is a notable lack of magic about Fred's idea of building a good airplane at a low cost to the consumer. It embodies no secret war materials or so-called wartime volume production methods. Some of the lessons learned from producing 15,329 Thunderbolt P-47 fighter-bombers will be applied, but he will do things he didn't and couldn't do for the P-47s under pressure of speed-up war production. It's just a colorless, unexciting program of simplifying the design of an airplane, reducing its large number of parts to a small number and spending a little money on tooling, a good part of which pays for itself in fewer than 200 airplanes!

"We are in a rut," says Fred, meaning all airframe builders who put together 308,811 airplanes between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day. "We have committed ourselves to a type of airplane design that is inefficient to produce. Tradition and the usual human inertia are hamstringing us, and these have prompted engineers to work in channels that have been costly. It will be no easy job to pull ourselves out of a rut that is so universal."

From pencil and paper Fred Marchev and his engineers, more than a year ago, started building by hand a small amphibian named the Seabee, after the Construction Battalion boys of the Navy. It was a nice little job, flew well and handled perfectly on land and water. But it cost $3.60 per pound of airframe and would have to sell for $7,500. Fred had set a top price of $3,995. Republic wouldn't be in business long on that kind of a deal. So, shooting at the moon, he said he wanted it to cost one dollar per pound. (This price, of course, is without consideration of the engine, propellers, instruments and other accessories which the airframe manufacturer has to buy outside.)

To get it down to the dollar, they started experimenting with the stabilizer, that horizontal winglike member in the tail group. The conventional and accepted method of building that stabilizer called for 42 pieces of metal. Republic's simplified design required only 10. The conventional stabilizer required 14 man-hours of fabrication; the simplified, two. The number of rivets in the conventional was 521; in the simplified, 161. And it met all the safety requirements of the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

With that knowledge in hand, Fred and his boys got hot and went onto a simplified wing design. They cut the conventional number of 114 pieces to 21; the weight from 150 pounds to 110 and the number of rivets from 2,627 to 882.

Well, that should give an idea of how to reduce cost of construction. Fred applied those methods to other parts of the Seabee and he now has, for production and sale at $3,995, a dandy little all-metal amphibian with a 200 horsepower engine that will carry pilot and three passengers, and cruise at an honest 100 miles an hour, with automobile comfort and appointments.

The price of $3,995 is over the heads of us who would never think of paying more than $1,500 tops for an automobile, but the Seabee is a lot of airplane for that money; an airplane that can land just about anywhere. For in addition to all the landing fields we now have and those to come under the new airport-building program, there are lakes, rivers, lagoons and ocean shores—water areas available for landing at a ratio of five to one.

REPUBLIC already has in hand cash-backed orders for 5,000 Seabees and production will begin in March. By summer the schedule calls for 425 per month.

You plane-hungry people are saying, "That's fine for the sportsman, the business executive and the moneyed man, but where do we come in?" Fred Marchev has you in mind, because the success of this job, of which he is certain, will enable him to work downward to a smaller plane, smaller passenger capacity, lower price, but high quality. He wisely went after a market and a field in which the competition is not so keen. He didn't want to start out by trying to buck the long and well-established Aeronca, Piper Cub and Taylorcraft name plates and their nationwide sales organizations. But he's to be reckoned with later, maybe in another year, by these light-plane pioneers and others like Beech, Bellanca, Cessna, Commonwealth, Culver, Ercoupe, Fairchild, Globe, Luscombe, Stinson, Waco, and still others which we'll tell you about later as their postwar plans really crystallize.

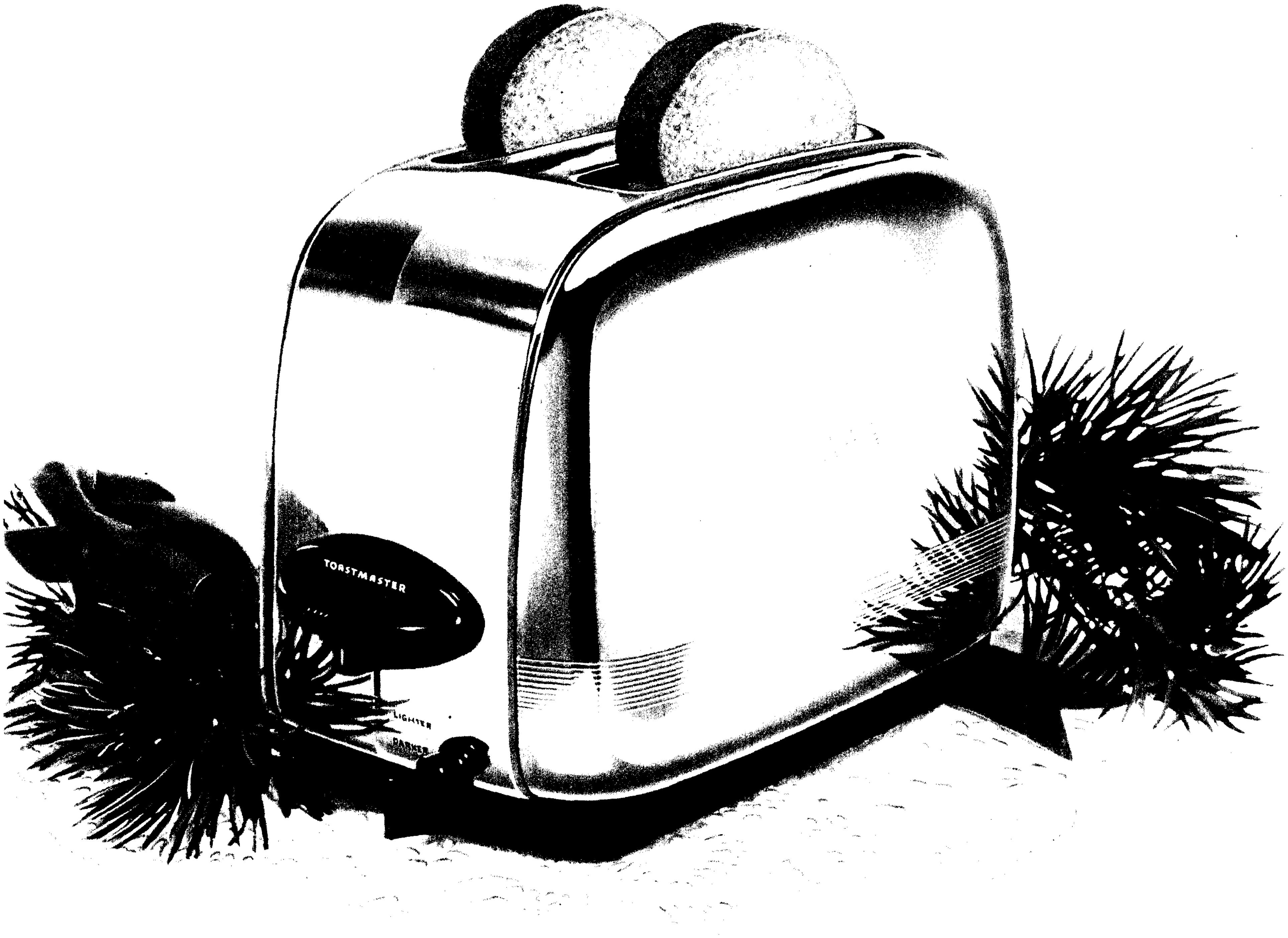
Assuming Fred Marchev can accomplish all he hopes to do with the airframe, which design and manufacture he can control, other items enter into the building of a plane that help run up the price. The engine, for instance. During the war, engines sold for as high as $20 per horsepower.

"The manufacturers of small engines for

(Continued on page 80)

"Coming Right Up!"

. . . and coming up Just Right



Now on its way . . . with the magic new *Flexible Timer*

"Toastmaster"* toasters are back . . . better, more beautiful than ever! Production is zooming, but still not enough to meet the huge Christmas demand. If you don't find a "Toastmaster" toaster, better wait. New exclusive *Flexible Timer* makes every slice just right, no matter how many . . . toast to your taste *every time!* Depend on "Toastmaster's" quarter-century of pioneering in automatic toasters for every modern advance.

TOASTMASTER *Automatic Toasters*

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters, and Toastmaster Products. Copr. 1945, TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS DIVISION, McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Ill.

LYMAN ANDERSON

Is "Homeward Bound" still "Destination Unknown" for you?

WHEN YOUR PART in the war is done . . .

When you shake the moth balls out of the blue suit with the pencil stripe and get ready to lay your uniform away for good, what then?

Where do you go? What do you do?

Some of you know. Some of you left good jobs to go to war, and you can't wait to get back to them. We have nothing to say to you except to wish you the best of luck.

But a lot of you may not know quite what you want to do.

Maybe the war came when you were at school, and you have never had a job. Perhaps you were in a dead-end position and don't want to go back to it. Maybe you're itching to be on your own in a job that doesn't chain you to a desk.

To such men, we believe our business has much to offer. The Travelers is one of the largest insurance organizations in the country. It issues all kinds of insurance.

For obvious reasons, every war since the Civil War has been followed by years of great growth for The Travelers and comfortable prosperity for its agents. We have always needed more men after each war, and we have always liked war veterans. Almost invariably, they have made good.

Naturally, every Travelers man in the service has his job or agency waiting for him. But there is room in this growing business for many new agents. For more agents.

Those we select will be given thorough training for work in every section of the country. They will find the aggressive "let's go" spirit of the Armed Forces a definite business asset. Once their training is done, they will be on their own with their income limited only by their ability and ambition.

Any man chosen who is willing to work will be able to earn a decent living. Many will build prosperous businesses for themselves. All will have the satisfaction of doing work which helps those who need help most.

For insurance protects the families of men who die. It pays the hospital and doctor bills of the injured. It enables a man in moderate circumstances to provide for the future security of those he loves. It provides for the replacement of possessions destroyed by fire, stolen by thieves, or otherwise lost.

If you think you'd like a business like this, we hope you'll have a talk with us as soon as you are discharged.

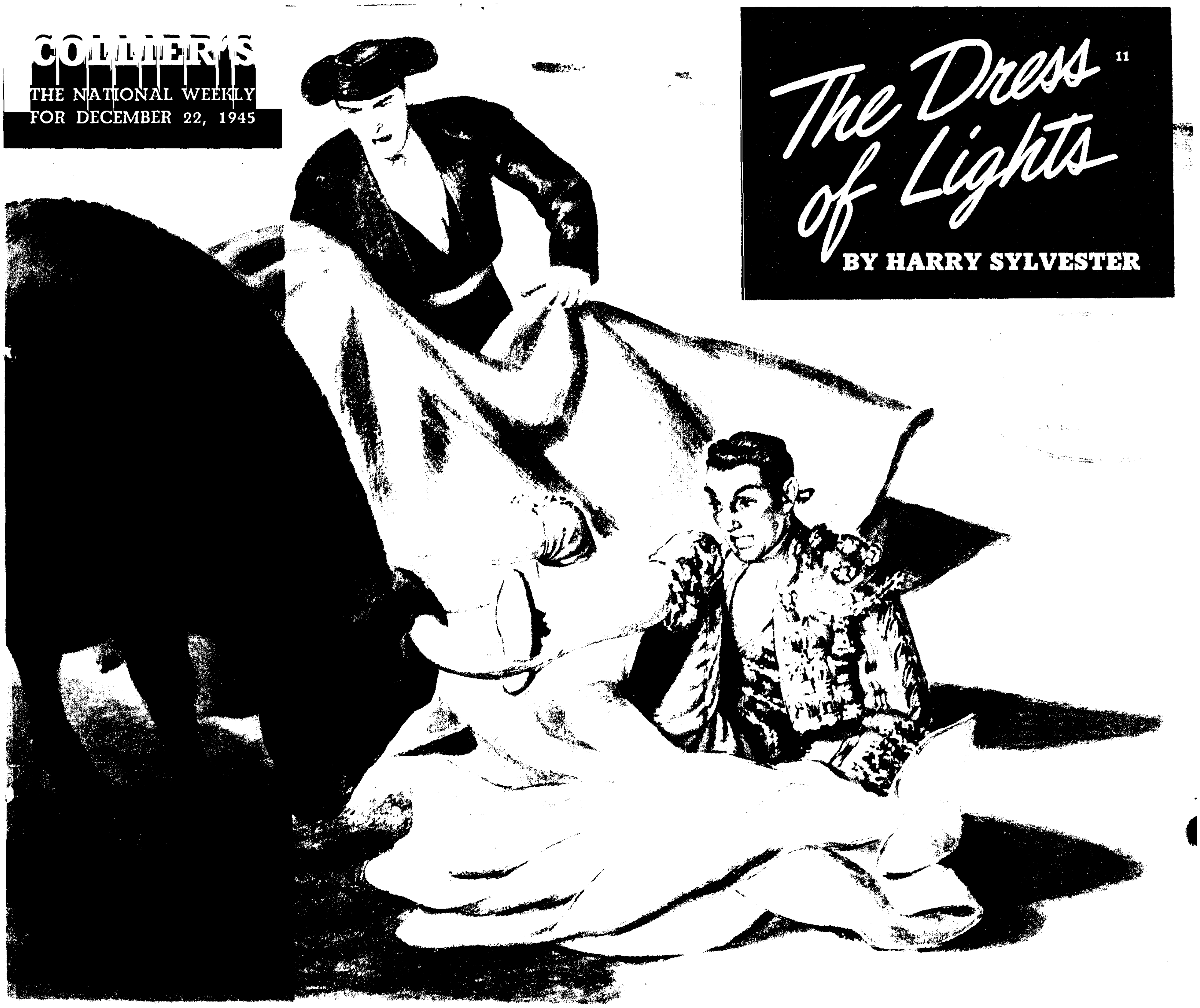
Whenever you are ready, write. We'll put you in touch with someone who can tell you more about it.

MORAL: Investigate the opportunities offered by The Travelers. All forms of insurance and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 22, 1945

The Dress of Lights

BY HARRY SYLVESTER



This odd and colorful story seems to say that, to a matador, a bull can be less dangerous than a beautiful woman

NO, IT will not be difficult. It is only Saturday afternoon and it will not be particularly difficult to get you good seats for tomorrow. Even if it were later, I could probably get you good ones. No, Antonio Fuentes is not fighting tomorrow. That was last Sunday. Now it grows nearer to the end of the season and he will be in all the last, big fights in Mexico City. Like your World Series, you know? The championships, in a way, only not formally so. You understand?

It is interesting that you know of Antonio Fuentes. He is extremely good, but truly the only fighter that was ever known all over the world was Belmonte. Antonio is not Belmonte, although he is very good, perhaps the best since. Then why am I so sure I could get you tickets even if he were here tomorrow? Well, to be truthful, Antonio Fuentes is my cousin. Always I can get from Antonio almost anything I want. If I did not want to work, he would support me, but that I would not like. The greatest affliction of all bullfighters is their poor relatives. They a[illegible] se a curse of locusts. I know. I was a torero once myself.

Doubtless, that sounds very amusing. You are wondering how a man with a limp is tolerated as a bellhop, let alone his having been once a bullfighter; but if you would go to the trouble of investigating, you would find that I speak the truth. You would not go to that trouble, of course, so we can prove it more easily. If you will come with me to the case in the hall to the left I will show you my cousin's fighting suit—one of them. The one he gave to the hotel at my request.

There, you see? The card says "The fighting suit of Antonio Fuentes, great Mexican matador." What is that? Yes, that is the same thing as the *traje de luces*, the dress of lights. You have been reading about the bullfight, I see. Well, over here they no longer call it the *traje de luces*. Here it is simply the fighting suit. Only in Spain did I once hear the fighting suit called the dress of lights and that was fifteen years ago, the last time I was there; in fact, to be truthful, the only time I was there. I went there as a *novillero*—a novice—and it was from Belmonte's hand that I received what you might call the accolade—the sword tap that made me a full-fledged matador.

Why did Antonio give the suit to the hotel? Well, there are several reasons. One is that this suit was badly stained and also torn. I know it is hard to see that now. It has been skillfully sewn. But it would never have done for active use again. That is one reason for his giving it to the hotel—it was of no further great value to him. The other reason is—well, really the suit belongs to me and not to the hotel. Antonio, being somewhat obligated to me, gave it to me, and I lend it to the hotel. Truly, the suit is an asset to them, and so long as I have a job here they can display it. You see, it is difficult for a man with a limp to get a job as a bellhop, and in this way Antonio was able to insure some sort of security for me.

Yes, Antonio was obligated to me. Doubtless, that also is amusing to you. But that is the way it is. You see, we had been brought up together, both of us sons of poor people, in the state of San Luis Potosi. We could frequently go to the bull-breeding ranches in the state; at night we could steal out to the great pastures where the bulls ran, and by moonlight fight them, using only the cape, of course. We had no sword and could not have used one there if we had wanted to. Then there were the *novilladas* in the city of San Luis Potosi where we first fought in a ring. When Antonio fought I would serve as his *peon*, helping with the cape, placing the *banderillas*. Then when I fought, Antonio would be my *peon*.

Our names grew; we were first cousins and that was somewhat of a novelty, and, besides, we were promising *novilleros*. We went north to fight in Saltillo and here in Monterey, then to Mexico City, and, finally, to Spain. Who shall say what makes men successful in the bullfight? Luck, courage, perhaps ignorance, too. The compulsion of vanity . . . for even then there were many girls, but none to be taken seriously.

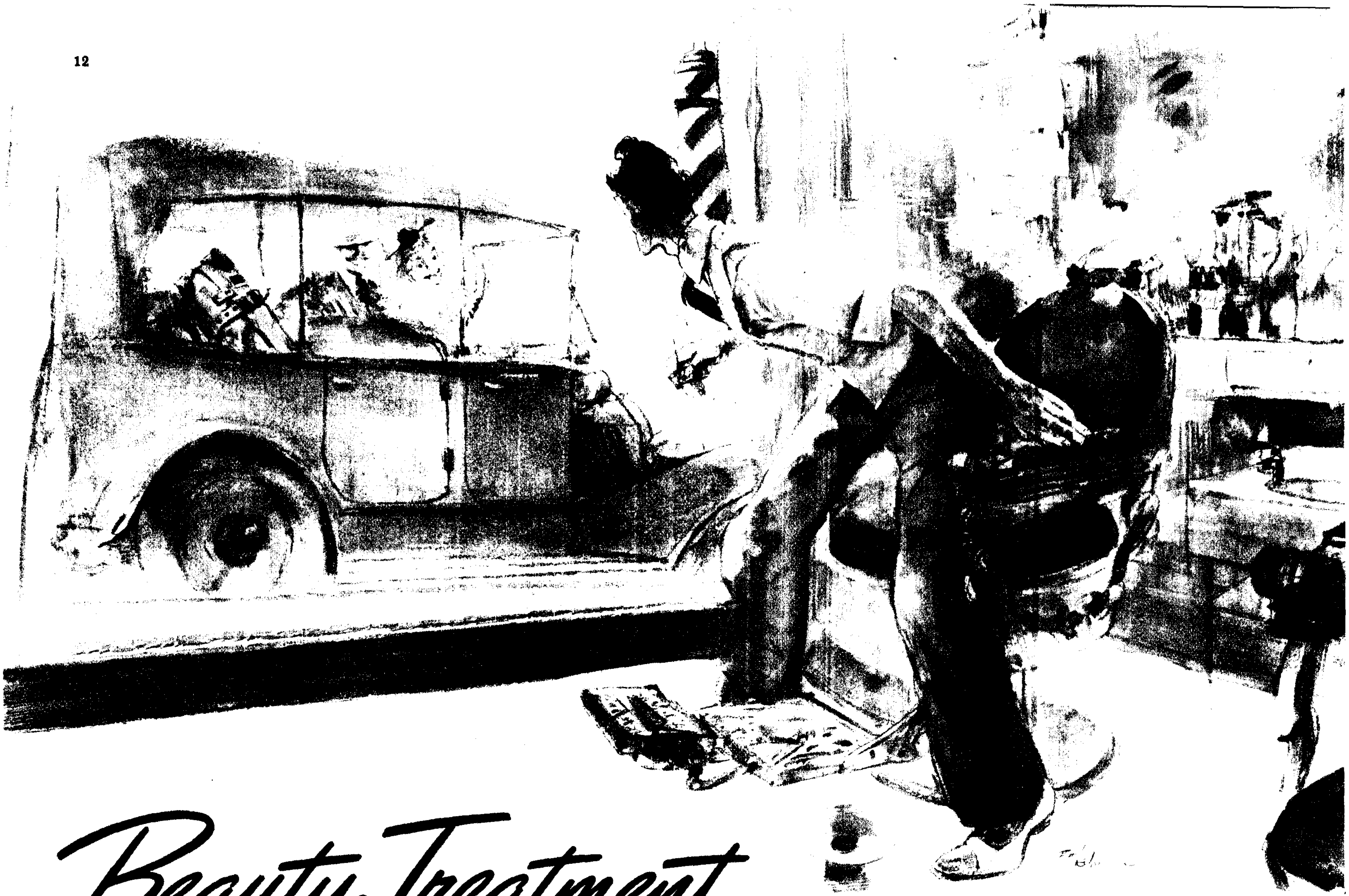
I was afraid I could not distract the bull from Antonio as he rolled on the ground kicking at the bull

With us, in that time, girls were for an amusement—and it was not unusual for one of us to go with a girl for a while and then for the other to go with her; they were important for a day, a week, hardly ever more than that.

After we had been made matadors at Belmonte's hand in the ring in Madrid, we came home. Spain is very beautiful, but we were Mexicans. We went to Havana, to compare it to Mexico City, and from Havana we sailed to Vera Cruz. By this time—after the fights in Spain—we were rich, or what we thought, at the time, to be rich. There was on the boat coming from Cadiz to Havana a girl returning home to Mexico. Her father owned a great ranch in our own state of San Luis Potosi. She had been to school in Valencia and now was returning home. Before that

(Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Beauty Treatment

BY DAVE GRUBB

Beauty may be nothing but a snare and a delusion, but in the case of Miss Laury, both Cowboy Cottrill and the hair-tonic salesman figured that a little deluding was downright necessary

MISS LAURY THOMPSON was the homeliest woman in town. I reckon she was the homeliest woman in the world but I can't say that for sure. She was so skinny she looked just like a hatrack with a hide stretched over it. And her hair looked like the frayed-out end of a water-soaked rope. She was also worth pretty close to twenty thousand dollars and owned about three hundred acres of good rich bottom land. Which explains a lot of things, I reckon. Like how Cowboy Cottrill used to court her.

Cowboy run the barbershop in the home town. And he had courted Miss Laury pretty regular for five years or so. But even Cowboy couldn't get up nerve to ask Miss Laury to marry him. She was too homely. Her farm was a good piece out of town and whenever it got good and dark Cowboy used to walk out to her place. Him and Miss Laury would sit on the porch swing in the dark all evening and then about ten-thirty Cowboy would get his hat and start back for town. Sometimes Miss Laury would ask Cowboy indoors for a glass of her homemade elderberry wine and a slice of pound cake, but Cowboy wouldn't never go. He couldn't stand seeing Miss Laury in the light. It was bad enough just sitting there beside her in the dark, *remembering* how homely she was.

Cowboy's barbershop was a three-chair barbershop. He claimed it was the only three-chair barbershop this side of Louisville on the Ohio River. Cowboy sure was proud of that barbershop. He kept it clean as a teacup. He kept his shaving mugs as bright and shiny as balls on a Christmas tree. He kept his razors honed down till you could split a fly's wing with them. It used to drive him half crazy thinking about how nice it would be to be married to Miss Laury Thompson and having himself a four-chair barbershop instead of a three. But even so Miss Laury, with all that money, was still the homeliest woman alive.

There was only one other thing that upset Cowboy Cottrill worse than a homely woman and that was a Republican. He wouldn't cut a man's hair unless he knowed for sure he'd voted a straight ticket for the Rooster. That's the reason when the hair-tonic salesman come in the barbershop that spring morning, Cowboy Cottrill looked him up and down so hard to see if he looked like a Republican. The hair-tonic salesman pulled up in front of Cowboy's barbershop in an old busted-down jalopy and hopped in the door swinging his suitcase in one hand and reaching for Cowboy's hand with the other.

"Good morning, friend," says the hair-tonic salesman. He stands there smiling at Cowboy with a big flashy show of his teeth. "I trust I don't intrude on your busy morning routine!"

"Howdy," Cowboy says, eying the salesman suspiciously.

"Friend, allow me to introduce myself," says the hair-tonic salesman, those black eyes of his staring clean through Cowboy Cottrill and into the wall behind him.

"My name is John Albert Rafferty and I come to this lovely little hamlet with but one purpose in mind. One purpose! And that is to meet you. All up and down this great Ohio River I have listened to the praises that are dedicated to this fine tonsorial emporium of yours! Being in a kindred line I felt I could not let another day pass without shaking this famed and revered hand!"

Well, it's plain to see that Cowboy Cottrill is all taken apart by this fine speech. But there's one thing working on his mind.

"Stranger," says Cowboy. "There ain't nothin' personal in this but before we go any farther I'll have to know one thing: Democrat or Republican?"

"Friend!" cries the hair-tonic salesman, stepping back and looking like his feelings have been hurt that Cowboy should even *doubt*. "Friend, do you mean to say you can't tell by just *looking!*"

"Nothin' personal," sniffs Cowboy, getting a little red. "Just asked."

THE hair-tonic salesman lifts his face solemnly to the picture that hangs over the mug rack in Cowboy's barbershop. It is a picture of Hon. Arch M. Leatherboot, the Democrat senator from our district in 1905. The hair-tonic salesman's eyes is all warm and worshipful.

"Arch M. Leatherboot," says the hair-tonic salesman, straining his eyes to read the print on the little gold plate. "His kind walk the earth no more, friend, but his memory burns forever in the hearts of all true Americans."

For a minute there it looked like Cowboy Cottrill and the hair-tonic salesman was going to bust out crying all over each other but directly Cowboy grabs ahold of himself, blows his nose and sets down in his number-one chair.

"What can I do for you?" says Cowboy.

In a second the hair-tonic salesman was all business and had his old cowhide suitcase open and was holding a bottle in the air. Every now and then he'd give it a little shake so the sunlight could hit it right and give it a beady gleam like a pint of Number One Red Eye hooch.

Cowboy hadn't seen Miss Laury in broad daylight like that for almost five years. He shut his eyes and shook his head and looked again

"Friend," he whispers to Cowboy Cottrill, "you see in this bottle the foremost scientific discovery since the great Latin chemist Leonardo da Vinci discovered epicac. Here—in this bottle—you see the progress of man up from the mire of ignorance to the heavens of enlightenment!"

Cowboy takes the bottle and stares at the fancy printing all over the colored label. He reads what it says out loud:

"Doctor Zambini's Amazing Elixir of Hartshorn Beauty Restorer and Hair Tonic. Prepared by Doctor Zambini himself according to the Formula of an old Comanche Indian. Guaranteed to restore Beauty and Youthfulness to the Human Physiognomy or your Money cheerfully refunded with a Smile. Price One Dollar. Alcoholic content sixty-five per cent."

Cowboy pulls out the cork and gives a sniff. When he gets shed of coughing and gagging he gives the bottle back to the hair-tonic salesman.

"You cough, my friend! You sneeze!" cries the salesman with a fancy flourish of his skinny finger. "Even with the slightest whiff of this amazing essence of rare herbs you feel its dynamic power! Look at me!"

Cowboy lifts his streaming, bloodshot eyes and blinks them at the hair-tonic salesman.

"Friend, answer me one question truthfully. Don't spare my feelings!" cries the

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

BILLIONS FOR BRITAIN

BY FRANK GERVASI

Most Americans doubt the wisdom of giving the British the loan they want. But most U.S. experts figure it's an investment that will return dividends of at least 100 per cent in trade, jobs and friendship

WASHINGTON

BACK in the days when Royal Air Force bravos shot Messerschmitts out of London's skies and Tommies died on Dunkerque's beaches, nothing was too good for our British friends. Americans rushed Bundles for Britain, which included clothing and food for bombed-out Londoners, and destroyers and bombers. There was talk about a common language and common democratic objectives. Much of it was spurious, but the idea did generally sink in that the British were fighting a mutual enemy. Yankee help finally progressed to the purposeful munificence of Lend-Lease. The British needed food, raw materials and weapons with which to defeat Hitler and Co. and they got them.

The shooting is over now and the British need another kind of weapon—money. They have asked for several billion dollars for another job—the revival of trade and with it millions of jobs, purchasing power and prosperity. And Americans don't see why they should get it. They're opposed, by two to one at last reports, to letting Britain or anyone else dip into the United States Treasury.

For with the silence that's settled upon the world's dismal battlefields has come a recession in Americans' enthusiasm for their cousins, and an understandable reluctance to play Uncle Sucker again in another outburst of international generosity such as the one which cost the taxpayers $11,250,000,000 in defaulted debts after World War I. Britain hooked us for about $4,500,000,000 the last time, France for $3,800,000,000 and so on down the list of a score of borrowers. "Never again," say the Yanks, "once burned, twice shy."

Their diffidence has put the State Department, the Treasury and Congress on the spot. It has complicated the State Department's job of trying to salvage at least Anglo-American unity out of the bog of Big Three relations, which, if you haven't heard, are mired in mutual mistrust of one another's political and economic ambitions. It's befogged the Treasury's hopes for a revival of world trade so essential to our economic welfare. It's given Congress a large, head-filling migraine.

The State Department and the Treasury want the British to have the billions. Politically a large loan would help maintain an Anglo-American front in dealing with recalcitrant Russia. Economically it would improve the chances of eventual success of the Bretton Woods plan for reviving a world that's commercially moribund and so enhance the possibilities of avoiding another war.*

Most congressmen, aware of both the economic and political facts of modern life, want the British to have the billions too. They're the ones who'll decide ultimately if the British can have a loan, how big, for how long and on what terms. But their hands and purse strings are tied until they feel that Americans understand why Britain must have financial help, and would approve extending same. After all, they don't want to lose their jobs come election day.

The voters are heckling congressmen with sharp questions on the projected British loan. These provide important clues not only to the general antipathy to the idea but also to the enormity of the job of salesmanship Washington and London will need to do before it'll be acceptable here or in Britain.

"Why don't the British borrow from the Export-Import Bank which was set up and expanded to finance international trade, or from the International Bank in this newfangled Bretton Woods plan?" is one of the questions most frequently asked.

That's probably the sixty-four-dollar question. The answer involves not only why the British need to draw upon the U.S. Treasury but compels at least a partial explanation of why the Allied and other borrowers welshed after the first World War.

In the first place Britain *will* borrow from the Export-Import Bank and the International Bank proposed under the Bretton Woods agreements. But both banks must lend money to many nations and neither is big enough to take care of Britain's emergency requirements. The first has a total capital of only $3,500,000,000, most of it already loaned or allocated for short-term loans and couldn't lend Britain several billions for fifty-five years as London has suggested. The second will have a total capital of under $10,000,000,000 to supply the reconstruction finance needs of 44 nations. The bank's rules would forbid a large low-interest loan to any one nation.

A Prohibitive Interest Rate

But here's the real hitch: Even if they could make a big loan, both banks would charge interest, as high as 3 per cent for the Export-Import Bank and from 3½ to 4 per cent in the International Bank. And Britain, in its present predicament, can't afford to pay much interest.

High interest rates was one of the reasons why the Allies were obliged to default on their war debts the last time. Finland paid off the interest and part of the principal regularly for some twenty years, but it's nevertheless the best example of the impossibility of repayment under the old scheme of things. The U.S. loaned Finland $8,833,011. Finland repaid $6,219,635 but still owes us $8,032,000. In other words Finland paid off only $801,011 on the mortgage and $5,418,624 in interest!

The World War I loans were good banking but bad international economics. Because the heavy interest payments helped to keep the Allies so strapped financially that they were unable to buy each other's goods—or ours. Most of the countries had a few dollars, pounds sterling and other foreign money with which to buy the industrial machinery and materials they required to set up shop again and pay the interest on their loans. We drained off a lot of the money, including about $3,000,000,000 in payments against their debts to us, and trade flourished for a while.

But in the late twenties and early thirties many countries began to run out of cash and

(Continued on page 32)

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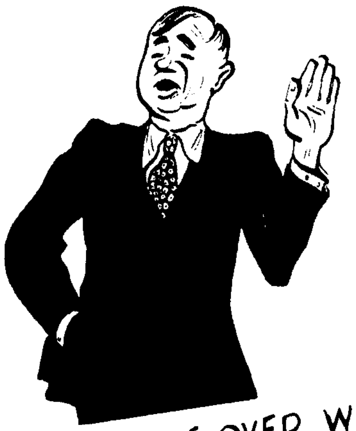
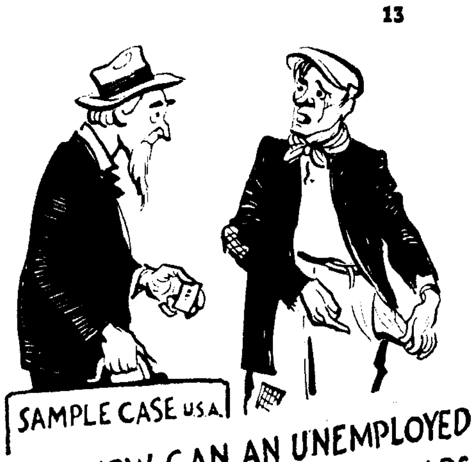
*See *Bretton Woods or World War III* by Frank Gervasi, in Collier's for June 2, 1945.

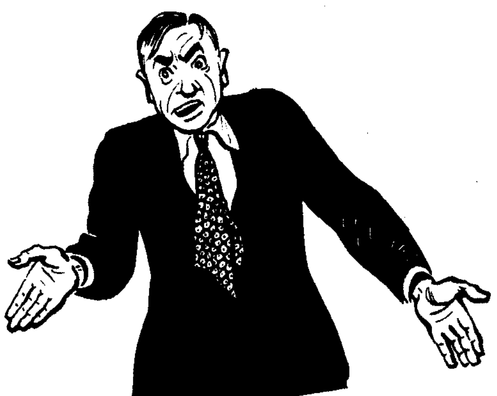
ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE



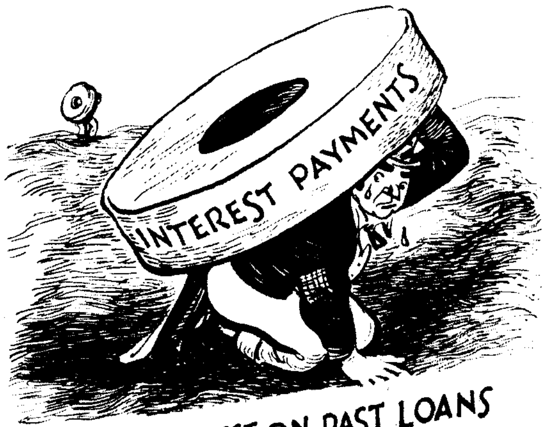
"THE WAR IS OVER. WHY SHOULD WE WORRY ABOUT A FEW UNEMPLOYED LIMEYS?"


SAMPLE CASE U.S.A.

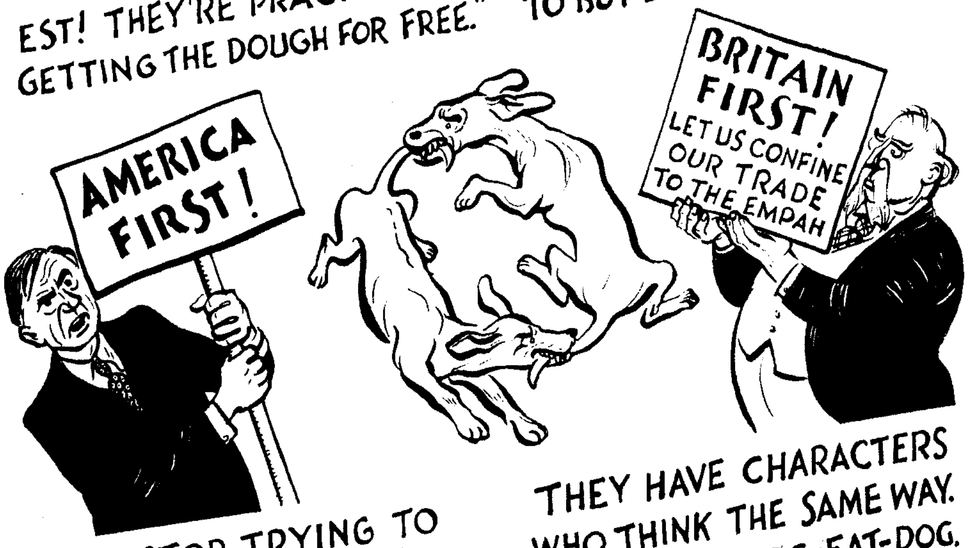
BUT HOW CAN AN UNEMPLOYED BRITON BUY AMERICAN CARS AND WHEAT AND MOVIES?



"—AND WHAT LOW INTEREST! THEY'RE PRACTICALLY GETTING THE DOUGH FOR FREE."

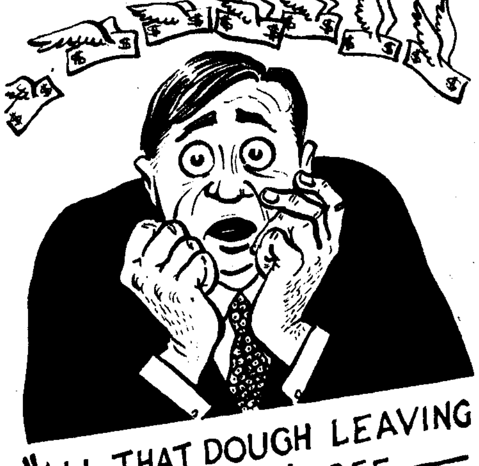


HIGH INTEREST ON PAST LOANS KEPT THE NATIONS TOO BROKE TO BUY EACH OTHER'S GOODS.

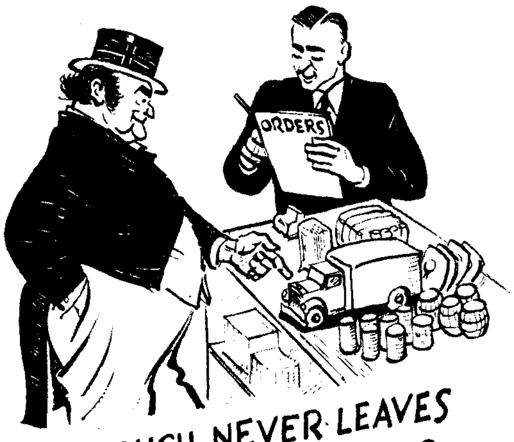

AMERICA FIRST!
BRITAIN FIRST! LET US CONFINE OUR TRADE TO THE EMPAH

"LET'S STOP TRYING TO FEED THE WORLD. LET'EM STEW IN THEIR OWN JUICE!"

THEY HAVE CHARACTERS WHO THINK THE SAME WAY. IT'S BACK TO DOG-EAT-DOG.

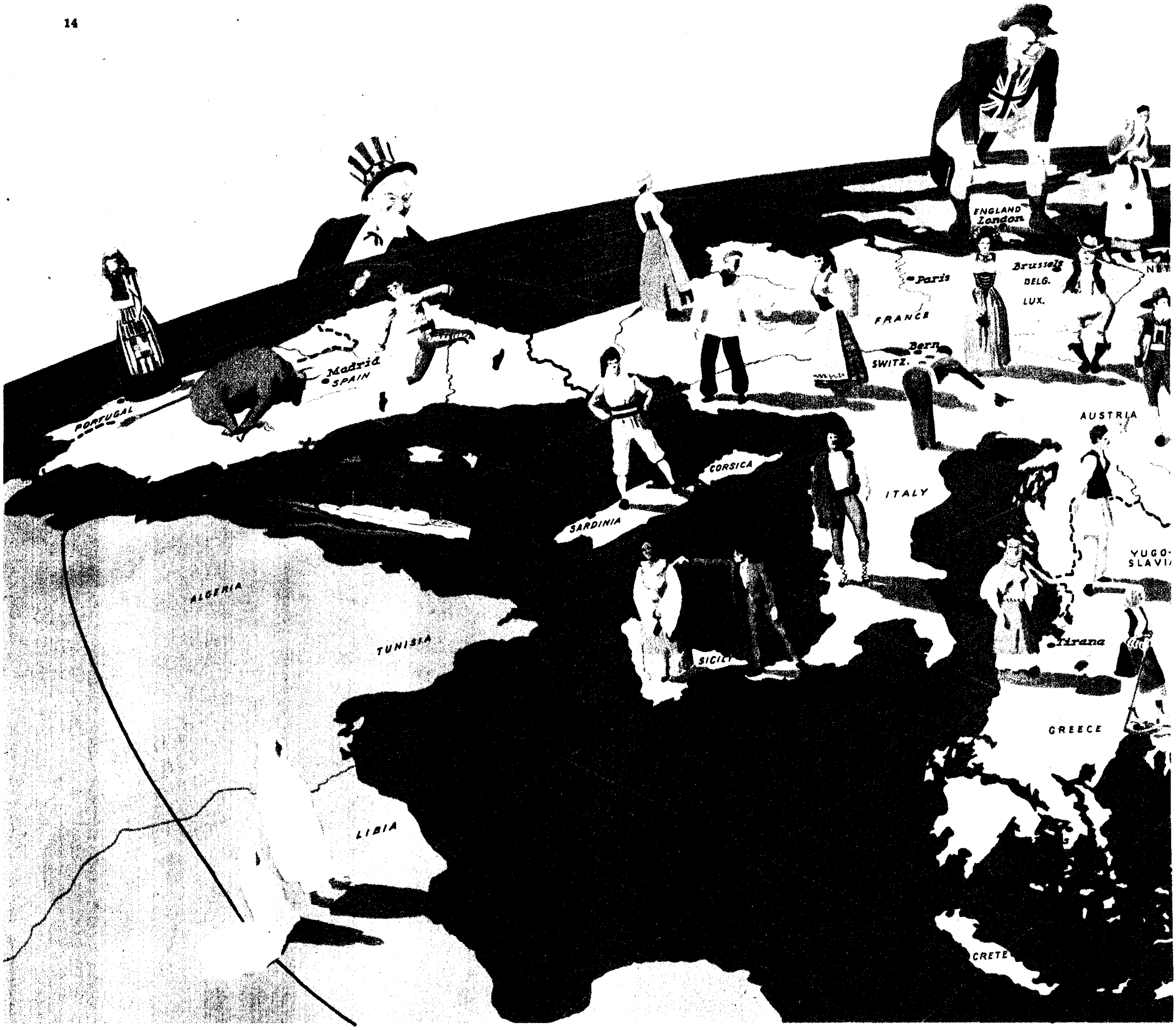


"ALL THAT DOUGH LEAVING THE COUNTRY! GEE— WHAT'LL IT DO TO US?"



THAT DOUGH NEVER LEAVES THE COUNTRY. ALL OF IT IS USED TO BUY AMERICAN GOODS.

CARL ROSE



THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

BY GEORGE CREEL

It is an open secret that President Truman looks with favor on formation of a European federation to lift the Continent out of chaos. Here's what's behind his thinking on the matter

Someday, taking its pattern from the United States, there will be founded a United States of Europe. —George Washington

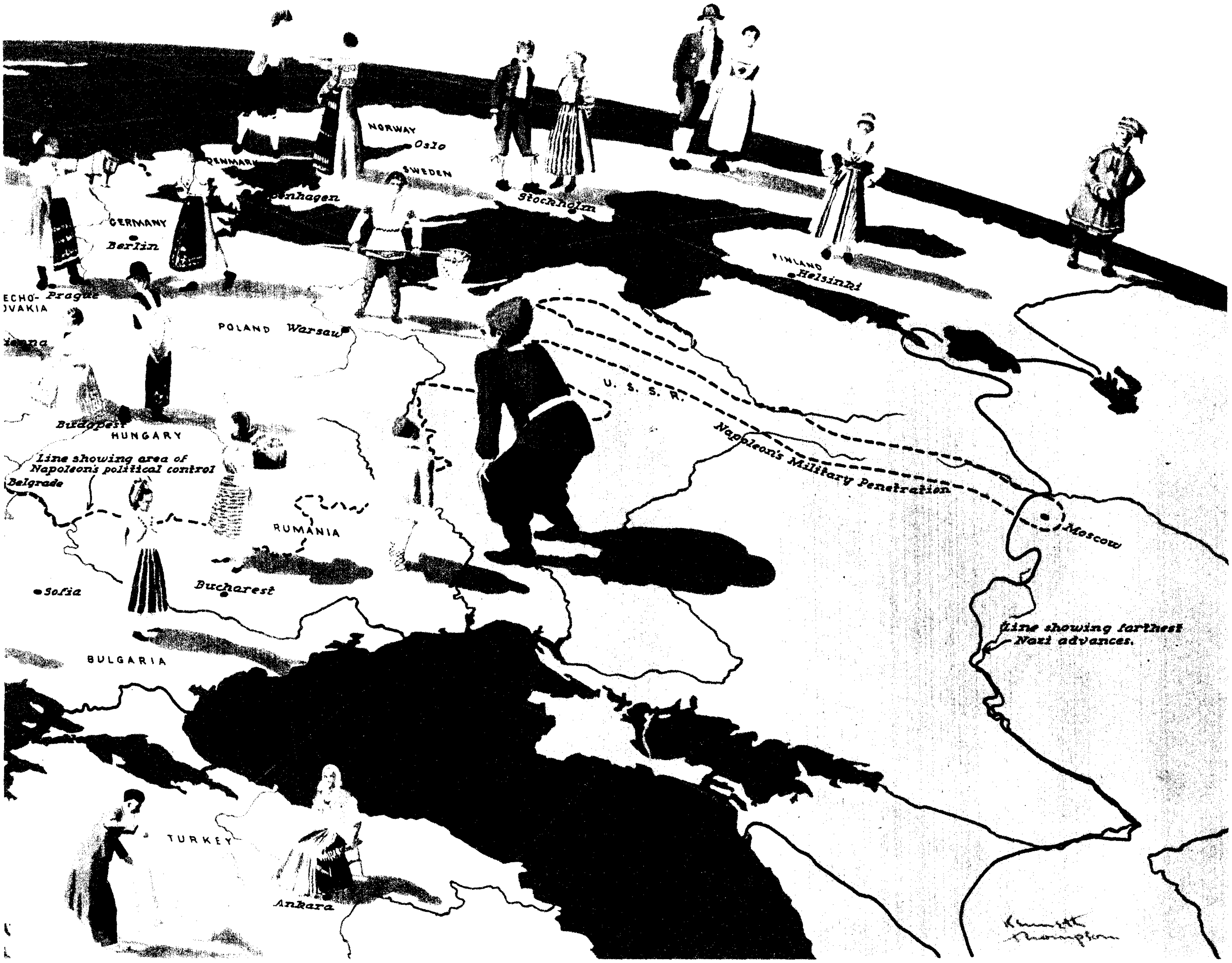
A DEFINITE and more constructive European policy for America may be in the making. It is an open secret that President Truman has been giving consideration to the possibilities of a United States of Europe. A frank man, liking counsel, he has made the matter a subject of discussion with intimates, and under no seal of confidence. Although still in the study stage, the basic idea stands fairly clear.

What he is said to have in mind is a federation of European states, based on economic and political co-ordination, that will bring order out of chaos, and offer hope of future stability, peace and prosperity. Not necessarily a duplicate of our form of government, but certainly a common currency, a customs union, a pooling of natural resources and common use of waterways.

A plain hint of his thought was given at Potsdam when he urged the "free and unrestricted navigation" of the Rhine, the Danube, the Black Sea straits, the Kiel Canal and all inland rivers bordering on two or more states. In his report on the conference he stated bluntly that the United States would continue to press the proposal. Equally significant was this paragraph: "A society of self-governing men is more powerful, more enduring, more creative, than any other kind of society, however disciplined, however centralized."

The reasons for the President's new approach to foreign policies are not hard to find. High officials, assigned to European affairs, have made no effort to hide their gloomy apprehensions. Pointed questions have figured largely in every White House visit. With all the good will in the world, how may the United States aid effectively in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of Europe until Europe is in a position to make intelligent use of help from the outside? How, they asked, may Europe hope for any real recovery when tariffs, trade restrictions and currency confusions prevent the exchange of commodities, and wall off industrial districts from agrarian areas? When factory workers starve while farmers go without clothes and furniture? When the abundance of one area is the famine of another.

The Norwegians, for example, desperately needed 400,000 pounds of salt with which to cure their fish; Italians desperately wanted the fish, but the two could not get together. Greece, isolated by the enmities of her neigh-



bors, could not sell her olive oil and tobaccos, while the peoples of other countries hunted feverishly in the gutters for cigar stumps and cigarette stubs. Denmark had a surplus of cattle and dairy products, but lacked the coal and machinery for processing and refrigeration.

There is plenty of coal underground in the Ruhr, the Saar, Silesia and Teschen, but it cannot be worn or eaten; even as Denmark, the wheat fields of Hungary and the truck gardens of Holland had the foodstuffs with which to barter for coal, but trade was not possible under existing conditions. Therefore the Danes, the Hungarians and the Dutch will freeze this winter while the coal regions will know hunger. The factory chimneys of Europe stay smokeless, lacking the iron ores of Lorraine, and the Lorrainers beg clothes and bread. If things continue as they are, the heads of UNRRA state that at the end of their work in 1946, Europe will not have been either relieved or rehabilitated.

There is still another point that many White House visitors are said to have driven home. Until European countries put by their hates and fears and recognize themselves as members of a *family*, what more inevitable than armament races? With resources poured into military establishments, where is there any chance of escape from low standards of living, and the mendicancy compelled by mass poverty? Or from the threat of another and more terrible war?

This is the sort of plain talk to which the President has been listening. Compelling enough in itself, but not entirely responsible for his present preoccupation with European unity. A moving factor, according to friends, is his own good Missouri common sense. On various occasions he has been heard to make pointed comparisons between the American system and that of Europe, stressing the chaos that would be precipitated if we adopted the Old World pattern.

If, for example, the federal union should be dissolved, and full sovereignty returned to the several states, after which each state would set up its own military establishment, create its own foreign policy, print its own currency, and shut itself off from its neighbors by tariffs, passport requirements and all sorts of export and import regulations, what more certain than that each would soon regard the other as an enemy to be feared and, if possible, crippled beyond the capacity to harm? Trade dislocations, entailing economic disaster, would be inevitable if the wheat and corn belts were denied equitable exchange of their products with industrial areas; if Illinois, wanting to do business with Ohio, should have to send and receive goods by way of Kentucky or Michigan, because of restrictions imposed by Indiana; or if little Delaware lived in sweating fear of absorption by Pennsylvania or New York. Yet that has been the European system for centuries, and will continue unless courageous statesmanship puts an end to Bedlam and Babel.

An Idea Dating Back to Caesar

Undoubtedly, Harry Truman's reading has had large influence on his thought. Far from being new, the idea of a unified Europe is as old as Caesar or Charlemagne and each succeeding century has had its brave movement for unity.

The Roman and the Carlovingian, statesmen as well as conquerors, ended the tribal divisions that made the Continent a battleground, and gave the distracted area its only periods of tranquillity. Weaker hands permitted a return of anarchy but the idea persisted and never lost its hold. A united Europe was Napoleon's dream, and defeat worked no change. "The nations of Europe," he wrote from St. Helena, "have every reason to put an end to wars, and to bind themselves together in a union. Europe is only a province of the world, and every war between Europeans is a civil war."

The Holy Alliance subscribed to Napoleon's views, and Lord Castlereagh, speaking for England, urged the unification of the Continent under terms that would guarantee territorial settlements and pledge war against aggressors. Metternich, however, fearful of liberalism, insisted on a league of rulers, and the Alliance fell of its own stupid weight. The revolutions that swept the Continent in 1848 were openly committed to the unification of Europe. The masses of France, Italy, Germany, Austria and Hungary, sick of wars that had no other cause than the quarrels of kings, rose in their might, and were crushed only after savage struggle.

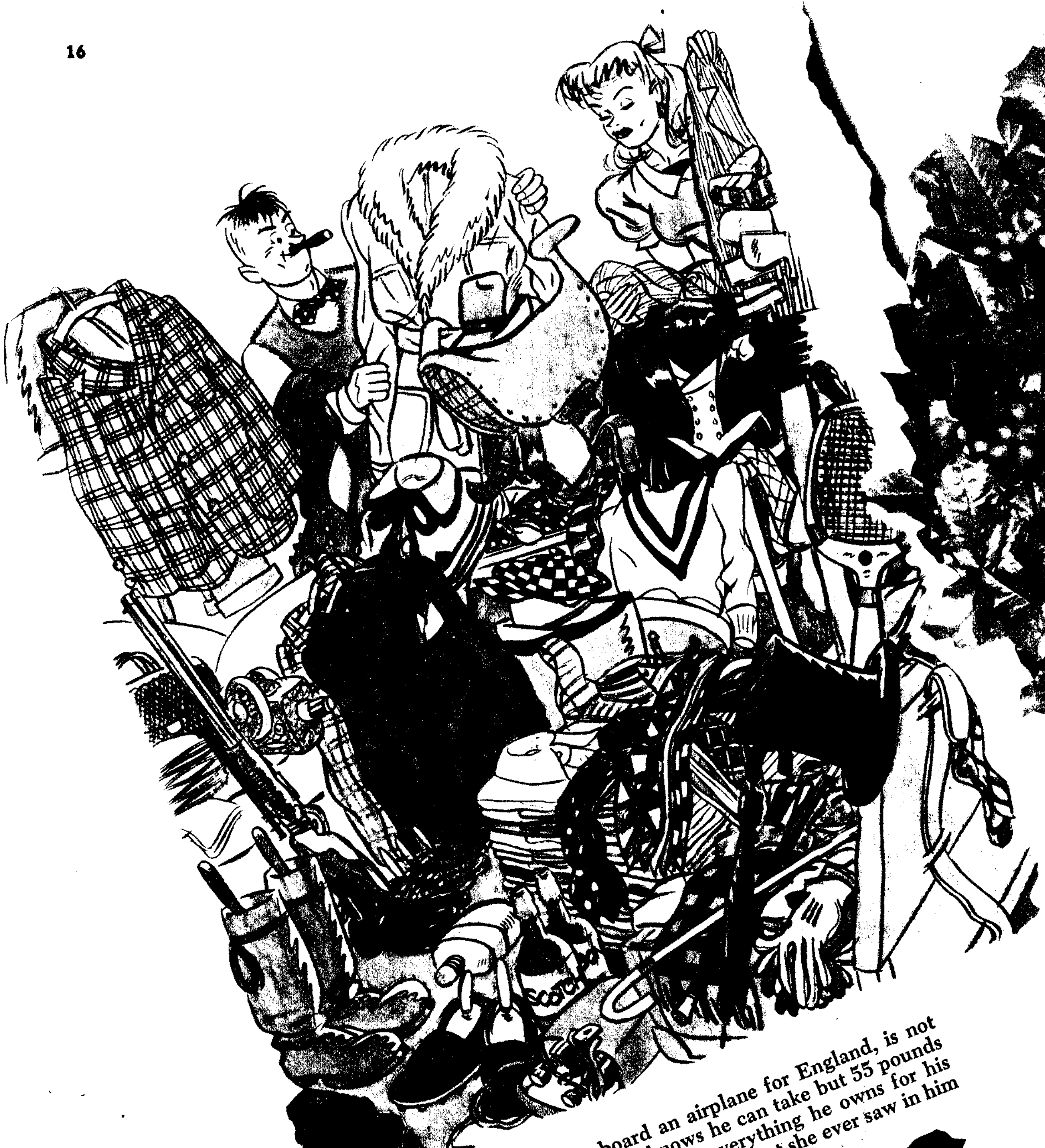
Mazzini, that great Italian, now took up the torch, preaching the gospel of union as

(Continued on page 78)

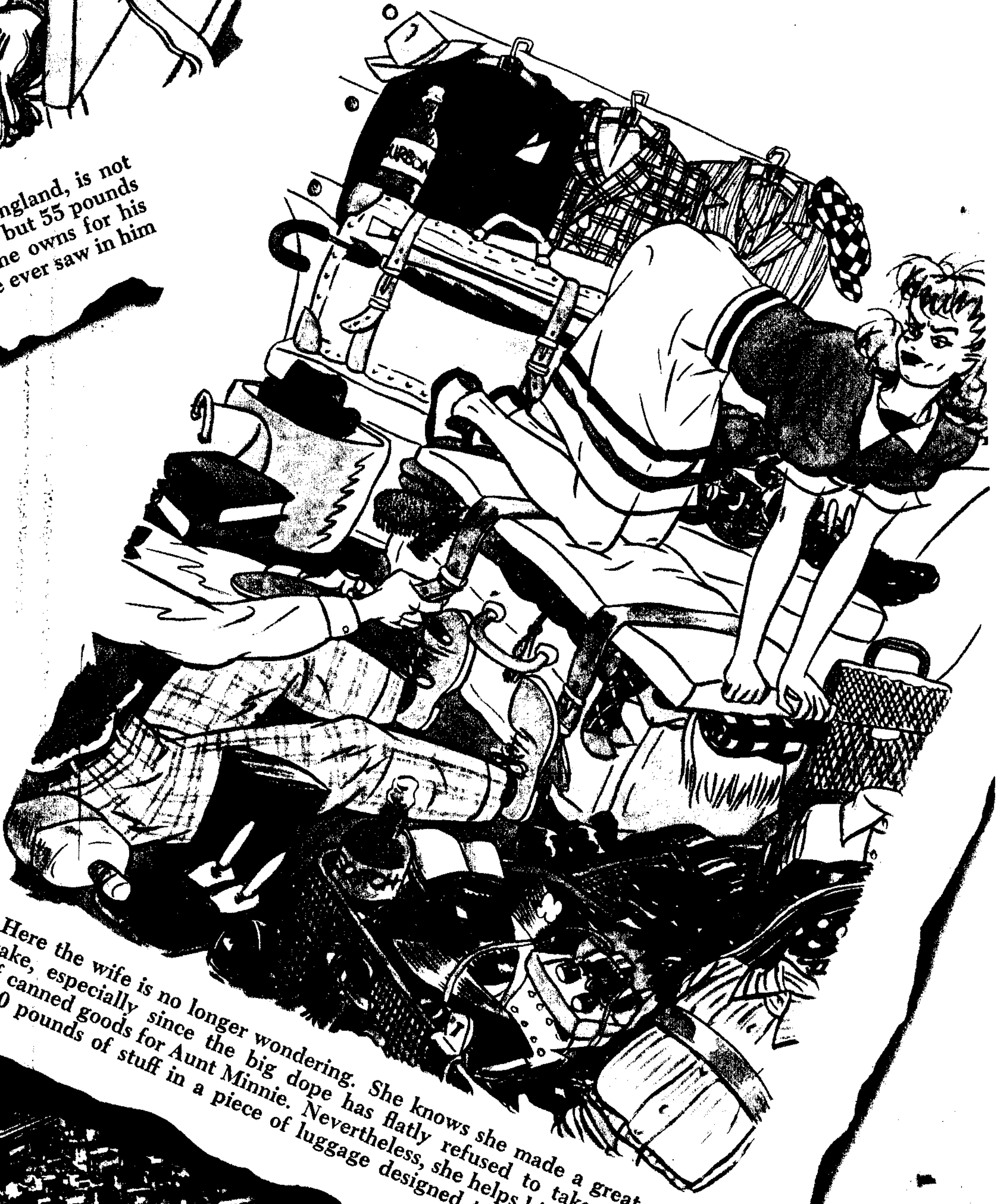
MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

SO YOU'RE GOING TO FLY

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

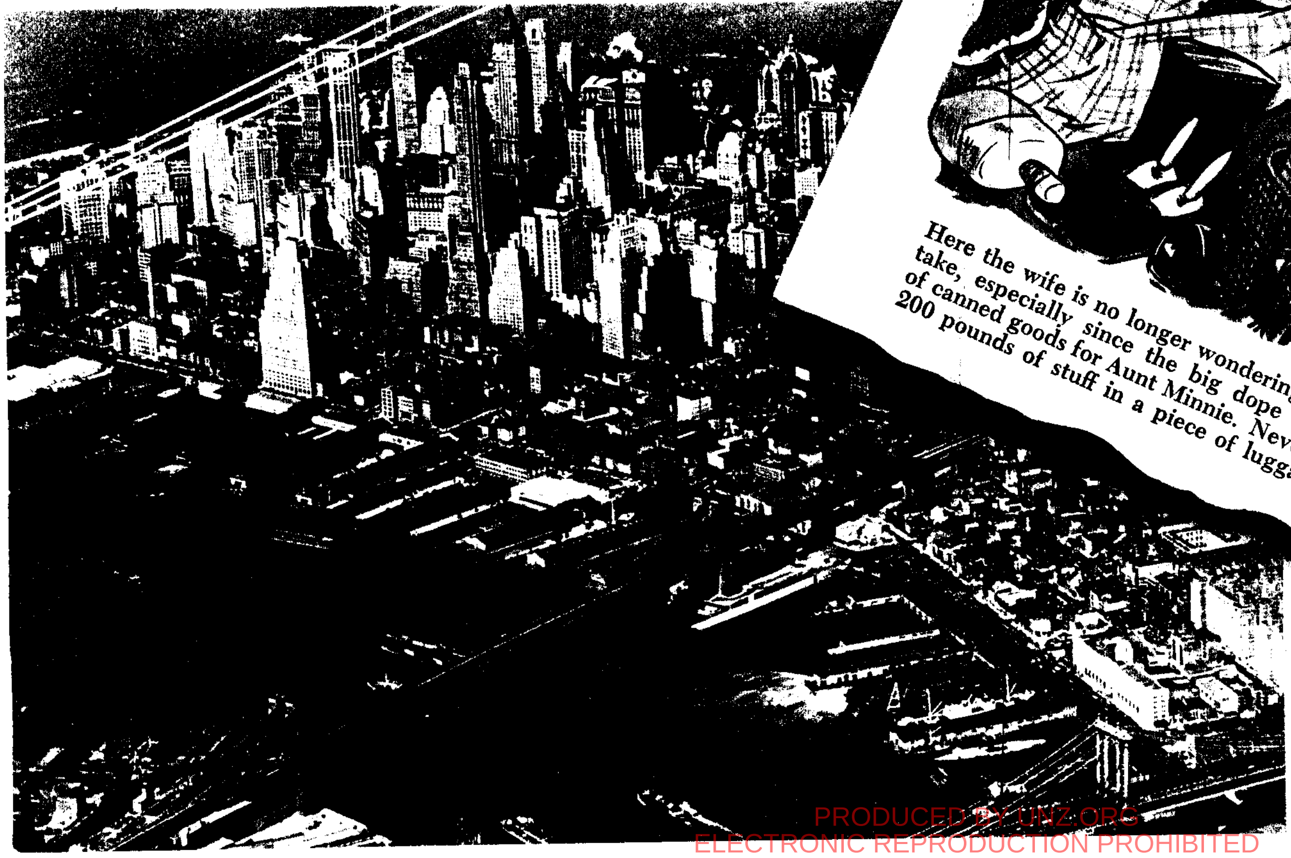


This gentleman, about to board an airplane for England, is not being very smart. Although he knows he can take but 55 pounds of baggage, he's bringing out about everything he owns for his wife to pack. She's beginning to wonder what she ever saw in him

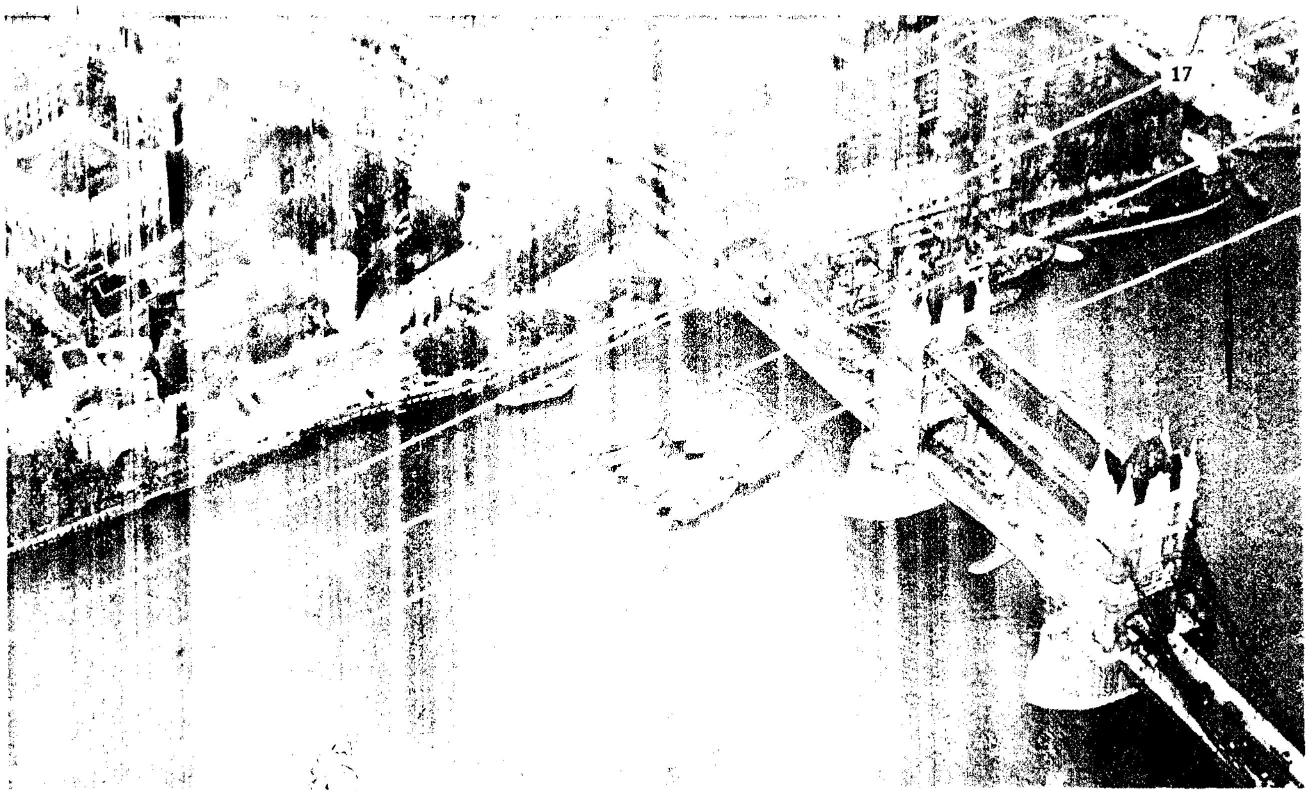


Here the wife is no longer wondering. She knows she made a great mistake, especially since the big dope has flatly refused to take her gift of canned goods for Aunt Minnie. Nevertheless, she helps him try to pack 200 pounds of stuff in a piece of luggage designed to hold fifty or less

FREDERICK LEWIS



ILLUSTRATED BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER



BRITISH COMBINE

IF YOU'RE planning an overocean airplane trip—to England, for instance—you'd better get out the family judgment and give it a little exercise. You're going to need it when the time comes to decide what to take and what not to take. You can't possibly take all the things you think you're going to need—and you won't really need them.

If you try to take too much, you'll be disconcerted, not to say disgruntled, when the airlines people weigh your baggage and put their thumbs down. On the other hand, if you take too little, situations may arise in which, to put it mildly, you'll be embarrassed. You'll receive only ten clothing ration stamps if your stay in England is not to be long, and you can't get much with them. A sweater, for instance takes six coupons.

The first thing to do, naturally, is to talk the whole business over with your valet. What? No valet? Then try your wife, and the laundryman, and the man who presses your clothing, to make sure that the things you sent out three months ago have been returned. And be polite to all. During the inevitable hullabaloo of packing, your wife will finally convince you that to take everything you own would be downright silly, and you'll convince her that you cannot take Aunt Minnie 100 pounds of canned goods. Each of you can clinch your argument by pointing out that the airlines companies have set a maximum of 55 pounds for baggage.

The average business trip to England, of about a month's duration, requires clothing designed for both comfort and suitability. The jacket and slacks are most comfortable for the twenty hours, or thereabouts, of flying in a reclining chair. London is a dressy town, so you'll need a regular business suit. But it won't do for the country; there you'll need country clothing. Many English hotels require evening dress for dinner, so you'll need a dinner jacket, dress shirt, black tie, etc. A raincoat and a sweater are indispensable, because there is lots of weather in England and very little central heating.

Flannel pajamas and a lightweight robe are important, for English mornings are usually cold and damp. Take your own soap, shaving lotion, powder, shaving cream, razor blades, etc., for such things are hard to find in England. Your electric shaver will be useless unless you take along a special attachment, because of the differences in current.

You'll need a supply of linen sufficient to last a month; the laundry situation is such in England that two to three weeks are required to handle a bundle. Send some shirts out, and you may be on your way home before they're returned.

When you finally stagger to the airport, the list of articles you're carrying should be about like this:

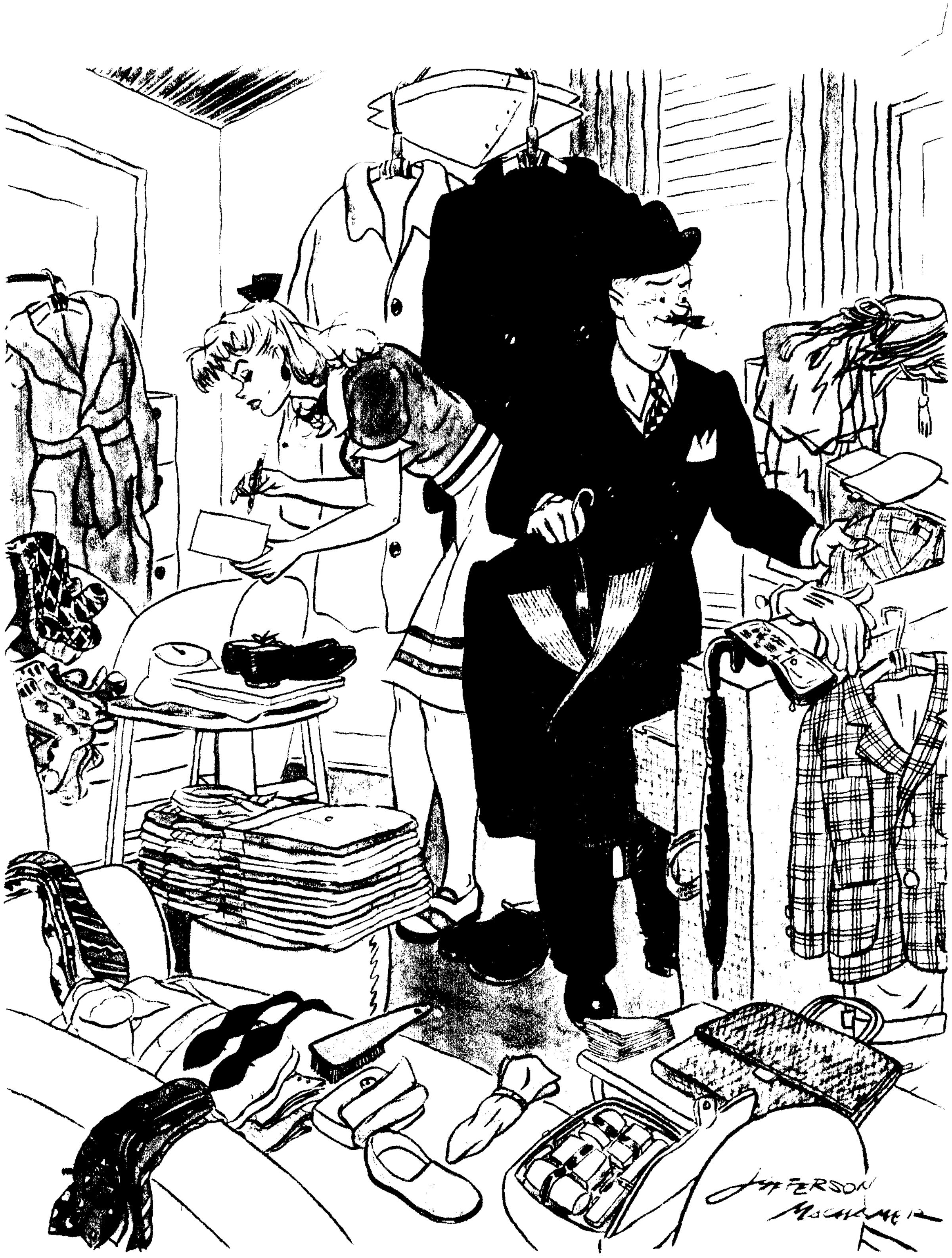
	lbs.	ozs.		lbs.	ozs.
Luggage, canvas airplane	9	6	12 ties		12
Dinner jacket	4		2 dress ties		0¼
Suit	3	15	2 dress shirts	1	2⅛
Tweed sports jacket	2	8	8 pr. socks	1	
Slacks	1	8	1 pr. gloves		2
Hat		4	1 toilet case	3	
12 Shirts:			Pullman slippers		6
6 broadcloth	3		Coat brush		4½
6 Oxford	3	12	Foulard robe	1	12
3 pr. pajamas	2	13	Wool muffler		2⅝
Light tan raincoat	2	8	8 undershirts	1	11
Patent leather shoes	1	12	8 pr. shorts	1	8
Country shoes	3		2 doz. handkerchiefs		12
Town shoes	2	8	Brief case	4	

The weights given here, of course, are approximate because of the difference in shoe sizes, clothing, etc. But call the total 58 pounds, which will give you a few ounces leeway. Then deduct about six pounds for the jacket, the slacks and the country shoes, which you will wear on the trip, and your baggage will check in at approximately 52 pounds, three under the maximum. And when you weigh in at the airport, don't forget to have your overcoat over your arm, your gloves in your pocket, your muffler around your neck and your umbrella in your hand. The umbrella isn't listed, but you'd be well advised to take one.

Perhaps you'll question the necessity of a brief case. Well, a brief case is a handy thing. It will hold your business papers, of course, and it can also be used for the articles you'll need en route—toothbrush, shaving things, a flask, etc. For once you're on the plane, your main piece of baggage will be stowed away. And unless you've made hotel reservations far in advance you'll probably have trouble. Even with reservations, most hotels will move you out in five days, so make your arrangements.

If old friends in England invite you to dinner, be careful about accepting; remember they can entertain you only by using up carefully hoarded food coupons. As far as gifts are concerned, everything will be welcome. Pipes, fountain pens, cosmetics and toilet articles are especially liked, but if you have a box of cigars, smoke a few before arriving in England; otherwise the tax will knock you over.

You can take into England ten pounds of English currency, amounting to about forty dollars, and as much American money as you wish. But all American bills must be under fifty-dollars denomination. And when you enter England the money must be registered with the customs authorities. ★★★



Now the storm has subsided and everything is serene. Aunt Minnie's canned goods are piled in the pantry, and the excess clothing is back in the closets where it belongs. The traveler is no longer a big dope; through trial and travail he has developed into a smart cookie. He will need all the things shown here, and they can be nicely packed in his brand-new piece of airplane luggage

Babies Have Their Rights

BY RUTH CARSON

There's heartbreak ahead for both you and your adopted child unless you're qualified as a foster parent. Here's how you find out

MISS MAUD MORLOCK, of the Children's Bureau in Washington, knows plenty about the notorious black market in babies that has been making the headlines in the past few years. She is the Bureau's consultant on adoption. She knows as much as anyone can about the shady, undercounter dealings in babies for profit, about trading on the panic of young girls and the reckless haste of adopting parents.

But this slim woman with the friendly eyes is worried about something worse than the black market. She's worried about the amateurs in the adoption business and the public ignorance that encourages them.

There's the kindly doctor who helps out a girl in trouble, and at the same time obliges an eager couple; the newspaper story like the one on Babies for Christmas that appeared in a metropolitan paper one holiday season—ten cute babies (see their pictures) making ten homes happy just in time for Christmas, thanks to the speedy work of several doctors in arranging for their adoption. (The story didn't say that three of these homes had previously been rejected by reputable adoption agencies as unfit; that one couple wanted to adopt the baby as a last resort in holding their unhappy marriage together.)

Miss Morlock calls these amateur deals in babies worse than black-market transactions because there are hundreds more of them. And the net result for the baby is the same, whether his adopting parents pay a thousand dollars for him to a crook in the black market, or just thank some kindly soul who thinks he is doing them a favor.

Some Kids Are Lucky; Some Not

Either way, the baby is reaching into a grab bag for parents. Sometimes, of course, luck is with him. Often it isn't. "We see the results of haphazard adoptions long afterward," Miss Morlock says. "The people who arrange them don't."

The records in the Children's Bureau are full of woeful testimonials, sent in from all over the country.

Young George was nine before he was finally committed to his county Department of Public Welfare as an incorrigible truant. Investigation showed that his foster mother, to whom his own frightened, unmarried mother had given him at the age of five days, was a narcotic addict. His foster father had a criminal record. Bright, incorrigible young George had acquired one accomplishment in his foster home—he could swear like a drunken sailor. The department lost track of the number of times he ran away before they got him finally settled in a good foster home. He gets all A's in school now, except for B in conduct. It's too bad, of course, that nobody bothered to get him started right nine years earlier.

Babies have been given to people in trailer camps, who have handed them over to someone else when they moved on. Women in search of a cure for boredom and nerves have adopted babies. One little boy was adopted through the easy medium of a sign in a store window. His new parents were both tubercular.

With specific recommendations called Essentials of Adoption Law and Procedures, based on long and hard experience, the Children's Bureau is urging better state laws to check this casual handing around of babies. Right now, a baby can't count on the law to protect him. For every state with adequate adoption laws, there are several with no laws worthy of the name. Impatient couples in

(Continued on page 76)

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A FOSTER PARENT?

High, according to adoption specialists, if:

You've made certain you can't have a child of your own.

Your income, however large [illegible] small, is handled sensibly.

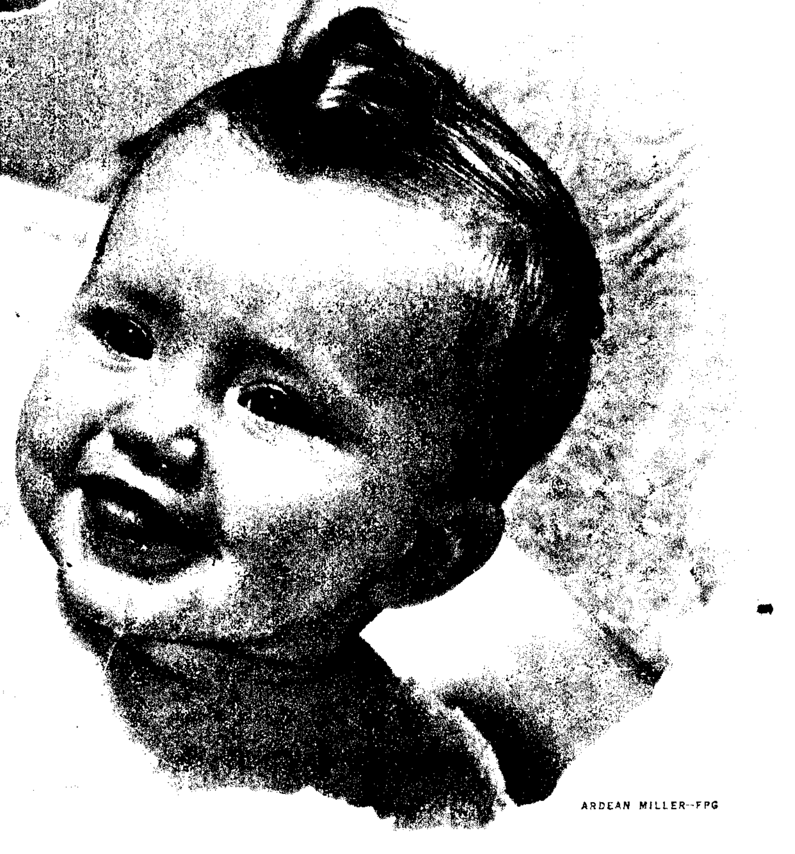
Your social and community interests are normal.

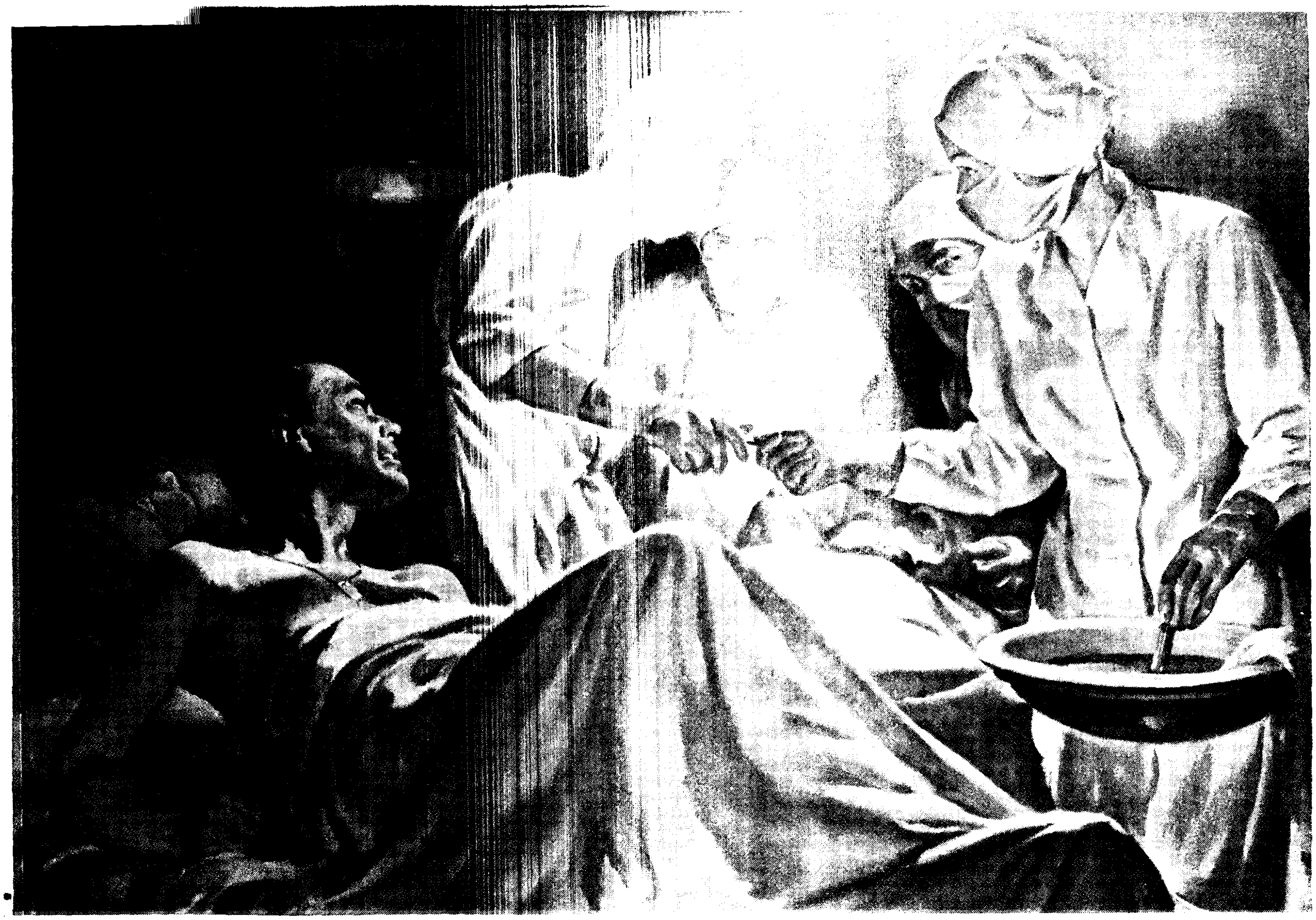
Your age approximates that of the child's natural parents.

Your racial background is compatible with that of the child you want.

CONSTANCE BANNISTER

BOB LEAVITT


ARDEAN MILLER—FPG



"Hey, Doc," said the soldier, raising himself, "you're not gonna save that rat, are you? Give him the knife!"

DECISION AT MIDNIGHT

BY BERNARD VICTOR DRYER

THIS is a hell of a place to analyze the ethics of murder, Mac," Jay said. "Let's kill him first and talk later."

Major MacAndrews raised his eyes from the patient on the operating table and looked directly at his assistant surgeon. Above the white gauze face mask, Jay's eyes were like two coals in the face of a snow man. He turned to look at Mary who was holding out the next scalpel he needed. She stood still, frozen, looking from the wounded man on the table to him and back again.

Mac could hear the far-off thud of artillery fire and, just outside the operating tent, the sound of ambulances grinding through the mud toward the Receiving Tent. More casualties were coming in.

The decision about the man on the table should be as simple as flipping a coin. Life or death. After what he had seen in Sicily and Normandy and Belgium, he should be able to decide quickly and easily. He had seen many men die, some quietly, others in great pain.

MacAndrews had seen too many good men die who should have lived, and he knew that what he had seen had changed him so that he would never be the same again. That was the second question which needed a decision: How much had he himself changed? Why did this little question of life or death make him even pause?

Lately he had begun to sleep badly. Intense dreams bombarded him all night with such reality that awakening was like coming into a strange room in a strange house. . . .

A whirling darkness and the rushing roar of surf over his head; his own hands in rubber gloves holding a scalpel; six-by-six trucks, long lines of jolting trucks; staring, hollow eyes, Doctor Neumann's eyes and stubble of white beard; swinging through space, swinging, swi-i-i-inging out farther and farther and falling free through black uprushing funnels of darkness. . . .

"Major," said the tech sergeant who was shaking his shoulder, "hey, Major, wake up! We need you down the operating tent!" The sergeant kept his flashlight directly on the doctor's face, moving the light to waken him.

Mac was an Army surgeon conditioned by war to hate and death . . . only a girl and a half-forgotten faith could enable him to stay his hand from revenge and murder

Without opening his eyes, Mac pulled the beat-up old bedroll around his ears and mumbled. "Le'me alone. . . ."

"Major, listen, Lieutenant Warren said you oughta come to the operating tent. Can you hear me, Major?" The sergeant held the flashlight closer to Mac's face.

"Who?" Mac said into his bent elbow.

"Lieutenant Warren. She said they needed you for some patient."

Lieutenant Warren, that was Mary, she must still be working at the operating tent. . . .

Mac sat up quickly into the circle of light. "Lower that damn' light, Frank," he said, voice a little thick with sleep, "and see if you can find a can of grapefruit juice someplace around this cot." He fumbled for a cigarette; when he lighted it he was mildly surprised to see his fingers shake.

Frank, the sergeant, got on his knees and began searching through the cold wet grass for the can. What was I dreaming about, Mac pondered as he buttoned his khaki shirt with stiff fingers. Doctor Neumann's eyes. . . . It must be a subtle kind of battle fatigue, he thought. Maybe the guys who use drugs have the right idea: a grain and a half of some barbiturate for a sweet, dreamless sleep . . . except that soon you began to take three grains, then four . . . no, a couple of stiff shots of Scotch were what a man needed.

"God, it's cold," he said, first inside himself, then out loud. "Did you wake up Captain Jacobson, Frank?"

"I am neither awake nor asleep," a muffled voice answered from the cot beside him. "I am drifting through a blissful dream in a hypnagogic state. Did I ever show you that picture of my beautiful wife?"

"Hit the deck, you beautiful dreamer. Duty calls." Mac's voice sounded sharper, more irritated than he had meant it.

"You know what you can tell duty. Not even a court-martial will get me up," Jay murmured sleepily. "What a woman. . . ."

"I found the fruit juice," Frank said in the darkness. "I sure wish we could dilute it with a little stuff."

"Pour some on Captain Jacobson's face," Mac said. "Nice healthy nonalcoholic fruit juice."

Jay sat up shivering and swung his legs over the side of his cot. "My diet is balanced already," he said. "All C rations. No fattening steaks, roasts, vegetables, eggs, milk or fruit juice."

"Oh, God," Mac said more angrily than he intended, feeling along the damp ground for his shoes, "do you have to pull that heavy humor this hour of the morning?"

Jay ignored him. "What time is it, Frank?"

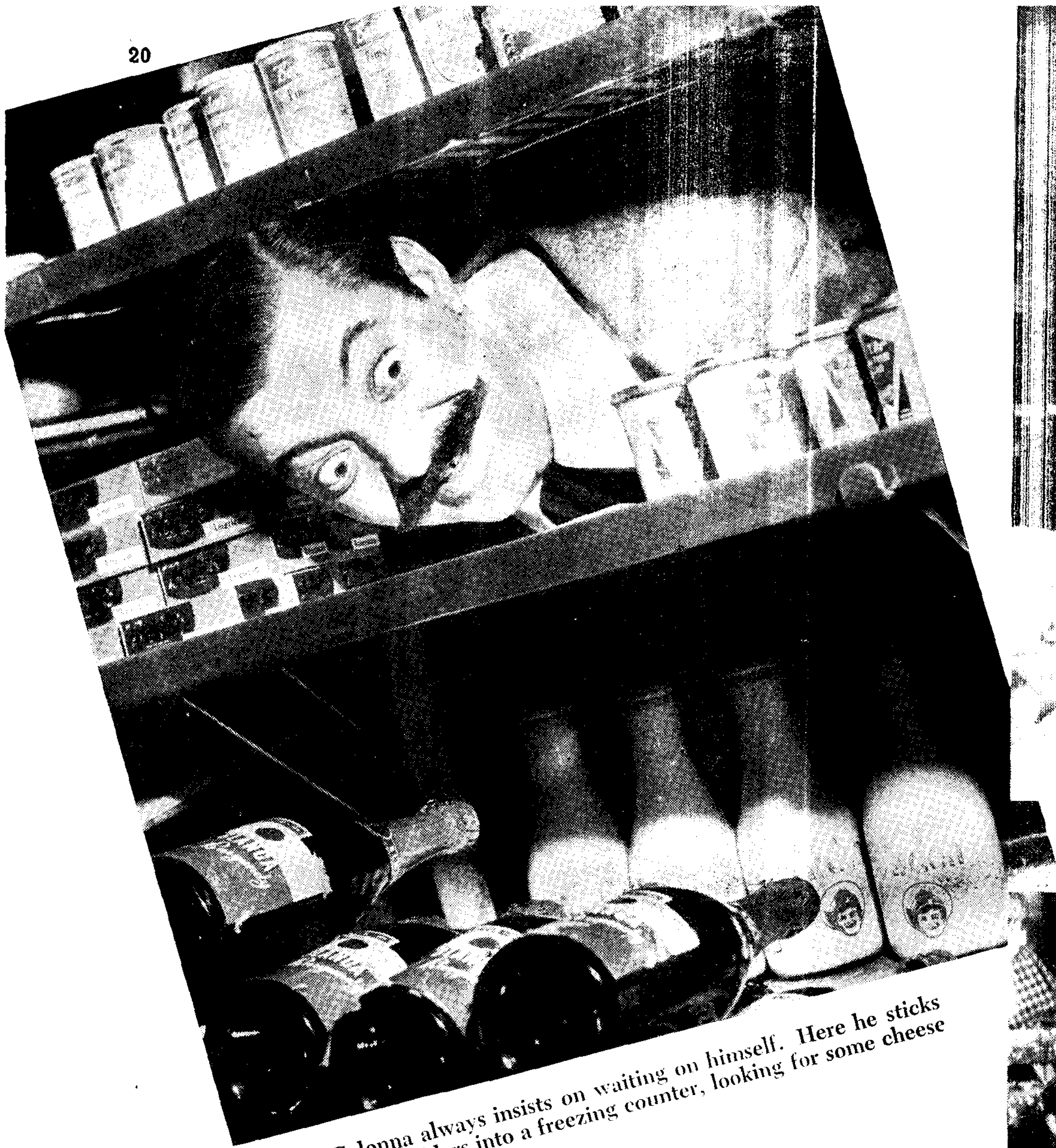
"Not quite midnight," Frank said. "Sometimes I just can't remember what ol' man sunshine looks like."

They were silent a moment, all of them thinking that this was the fifth straight day with less than four hours sleep. How long was this spearheading offensive through central Germany going to last . . . ? They had heard that in the streets of Leipzig up ahead of them, uniformed German girls had lowered their antiaircraft guns and were firing them like howitzers. High-velocity stuff like that really raised hell.

This assignment had sounded good to them far back there in Senonches—or was it Valenciennes?—when all the field and evacuation hospitals had massed in preparation for the big drive through the Siegfried Line. Mac

(Continued on page 27)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



Jerry Colonna always insists on waiting on himself. Here he sticks head and shoulders into a freezing counter, looking for some cheese

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG

BY JULES LEVINE

THE Hollywood guide books inform visitors that the movie stars live in Beverly Hills, eat at the Brown Derby, and dance at Ciro's and Mocambo.

What guide books fail to reveal, however, is where you can find more movie stars than ever assemble at either Ciro's or Mocambo; where you can see one of the best floor shows in town without paying a dime; where you can get an opportunity to crash the movies if you have talent, or sell a song if it's better than average; or where you can obtain any type of service you desire, however fantastic it may be.

All of these and more are to be found in an unprepossessing little market in the heart of the film colony, at Sunset Boulevard and Laurel Canyon. Ben Ruben's Crescent Heights Emporium looks like a market, smells like a market and, in fact, is a market. But to the film capital's initiates it is far more than that. It is the typical country store—with glamor.

By no means the largest of Hollywood's markets, nor the best stocked, the Crescent Heights Market has a unique asset in its uncongenial proprietor, Ben Ruben, a former New York night-club operator, who serves as a magnet in attracting characters, and as a consequence, celebrities have found it entertaining to idle away their leisure time there.

On being discharged from the Army, Jackie Coogan went directly to Ruben's market, because he knew it was the quickest way to see as many as possible of his old cronies. Martha Raye made a beeline for the market as soon as she stepped off the plane after completing a USO tour. Martha, who is one of the charter members of Ben's inner circle, can be found sitting beside him on an empty egg crate almost daily. Another regular, Robert Mitchum, was drafted several months ago. Within an hour after reporting at Ft. MacArthur, Mitchum phoned Ben to tell him how much he missed him.

Ben's slogan, before the war and since, has been, "The customer is always wrong." Behind his cash register is a sign which sums up his attitude: "Why be difficult, when it's only a little more trouble to be impossible?" When a customer ventures to complain that Ben's prices are higher than those of the market down the street, he replies, "Sure, but you don't get insulted there!"

In a town where the celebrated citizenry are accustomed to being fawned upon, Ben's churlishness, instead of arousing their resentment, has endeared him to them as a priceless and refreshing character.

Whenever he is on the West Coast, Leo Durocher is a member of Ruben's inner circle. Some months ago, Danny Kaye arrived in Hollywood to make a picture for Sam Goldwyn and stopped in at the market. He told Ben that before he left New York, he had been instructed by Durocher to purchase all

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

Ann Miller, the dancing star, shops with her mother. The latter has quite time preventing Ann from buying foods which might ruin her handsome figu

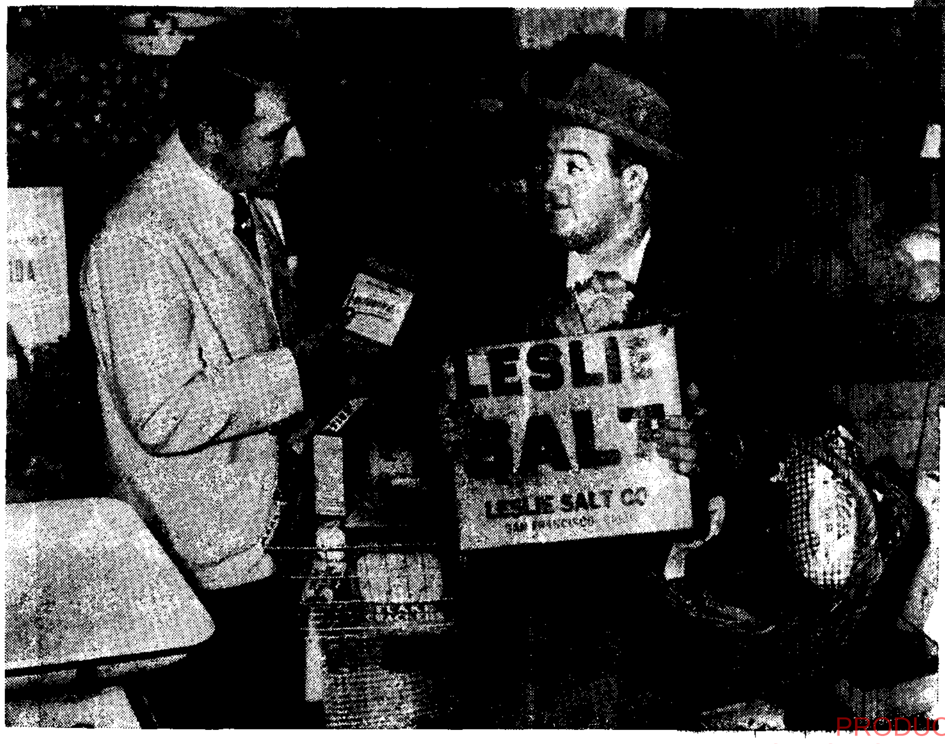
Ruben hasn't very much use for his customers. When he and his clerks get into a argument the folks who merely want to buy food can wait until they get throug

When business is brisk, Ruben's customers become clerks. Below, John Carro helps out in the fruit and vegetable department. Pleased customer is Joan Blonde

Wallace Beery is a sampler. When he wants some fruit he wanders from bin to bin taking a bite here and a bite there. Ruben doesn't think much of this system

When an actor or an actress wants to put on a show, business stops. Here Beverly Hawthorne, a former Conover cover girl, dances atop a Ruben counter

Joe Kirk, a writer, tries to interest Lou Costello in another item for his basket. Costello buys hundreds of dollars worth of food for the needy every year



of his groceries from him Ben leveled a forefinger at Kaye's nose.

"First of all," he said, "you're not doing me any favor by buying from me. Secondly, I've seen you in pictures and I think you stink."

Then, altering his tone, he added: "But if Durocher sent you, you're okay with me!"

All of the Hollywood big-leaguers patronize Ruben's market, because though he delights in insulting them, they know that Ben gives extraordinary service.

Lauren Bacall shops there regularly and always holds a consultation with Ben before purchasing for the family larder, because Ruben knows what foods Humphrey Bogart likes. Carole Landis, another of his customers, came to Ben one day complaining that her car had run out of gas. Ben pushed her swanky Cadillac up beside his broken-down Ford jalopy and siphoned enough gas into Carole's car to enable her to reach a gas station. When Pat Knowles' studio forbade him to ride his motorcycle, Pat placed the motorcycle on sale at Ben's market.

No request is too fantastic or too far-fetched, because Ben's connections reach into almost every city in the country. Frank Cavett, one of the authors of last year's Academy Award screen play, Going My Way, recently decided that he wanted to write a movie about New York City's mounted police. He appealed to Ben for assistance in getting the necessary technical information, and Ben put him in touch with a New York deputy police commissioner.

Ben Ruben runs his Hollywood grocery store with the motto, "Service with an insult." Most of the stars are customers, and they seem to love it

At another time, a famous male star got a ticket for speeding. Being a member of an automobile club, he asked them to represent him in court and sent a check to cover the fine. The check was returned by the judge who sent the star a message to "Get your toothbrush and come down here!" On his way to jail, the star dropped in to tell Ben why he wouldn't be around for a couple of weeks. Ben picked up a phone and had the jail sentence suspended. Ruben, who happened to be a friend of the judge, persuaded him to parole the star in his custody.

Celebrities derive a thrill from pitching in and helping Ben with his work, and it's not at all unusual to find an all-star cast running the market. Jimmy Dykes, manager of the Chicago White Sox, regularly helps Ben stack the crates whenever a shipment arrives. Stars like Martha Raye, John Carroll and Michael O'Shea deliver groceries to Ben's customers when the delivery boy is tied up. And others, like Cliff Edwards, Bill Lundigan and Eddie Hall, take turns playing cashier behind the cash register.

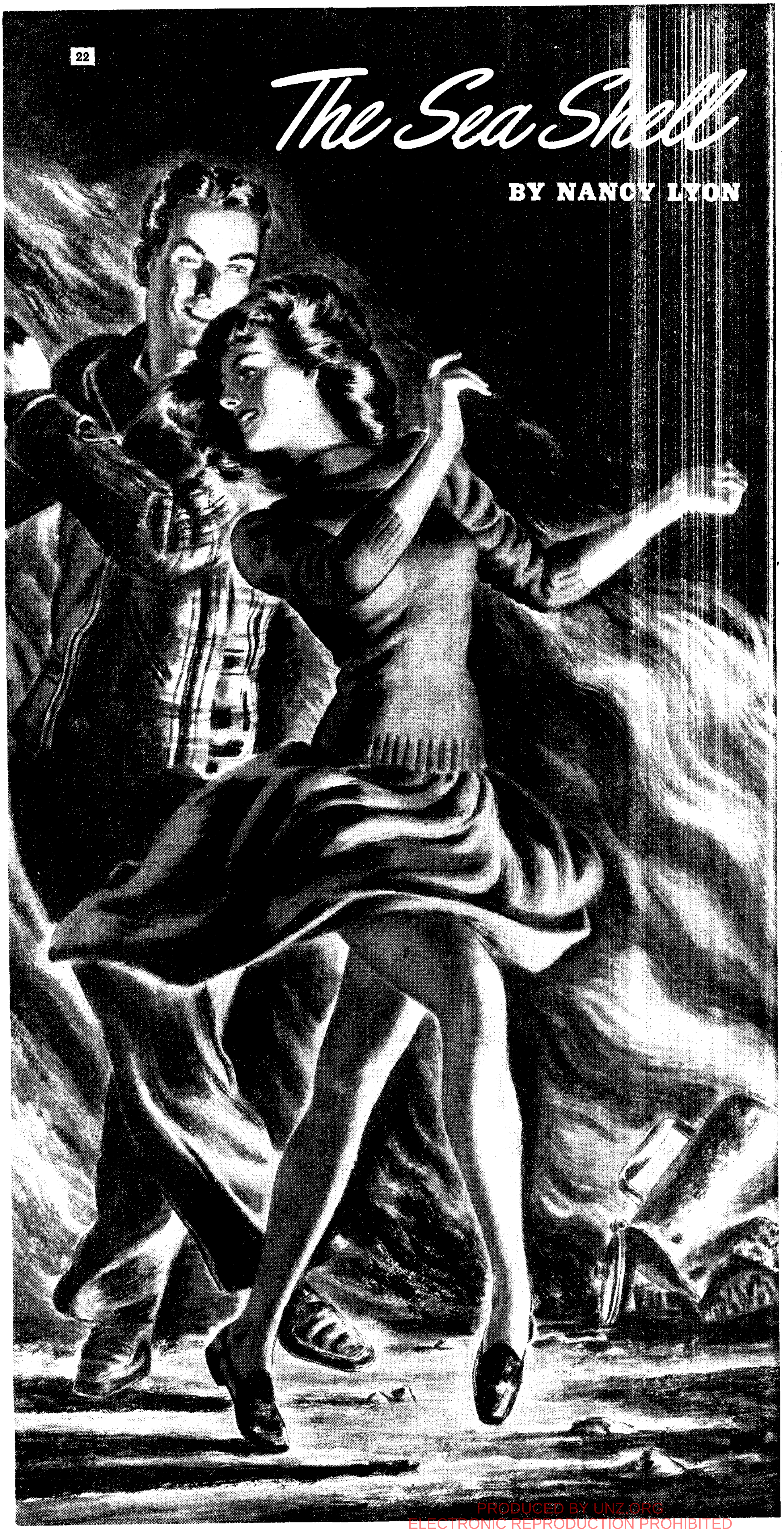
Erich von Stroheim, after being away from Hollywood for several years, came into Ben's market with Marlene Dietrich one afternoon. Cliff Edwards was helping out behind the cash register. Von Stroheim stared at him, and leading Dietrich to one side, whispered to her, "Isn't it a shame? I knew Cliff Edwards when he was a big star. Now look at the poor man working as a cashier in a market. That's the movie business for you!"

(Continued on page 40)

Hedy LaMarr and her husband, John Loder, visit Ruben's market regularly, and solemnly buy food for each other and the baby

The Sea Shell

BY NANCY LYON



The Story:

When Bill Hutterly met young, curlyhaired Lulie Clements he fell in love with her immediately, and Lulie though she loved him. There was only one drawback—Lulie, having seen her parents embittered by their struggles to make a living from the soil, was determined never to let the same fate overtake her, and wanted Bill to leave his land for good. But Bill had promised his father before he died tha he'd remain on their farm and see that it flourished, so when Lulie, heartbroken at his stubborn refusal to live in the city walked out on him one day, Bill let her go without a word and did not attempt to see her again. It was not long though, before Lulie came to him in tears, and told him that she was going to have his child. Knowing that she was not completely reconciled to his way of life, Bill agreed to marry her, but told her that she would be free to leave him at any time she chose. And although he would not admit it to himself, Lulie's obvious relief over this statement left him in a state of mixed despair and hope. . . .

II

Bill picked the site for the new plant bed after days of tramping through the woods with Sooner at his heels. He took a long time deciding on the best place; maybe it was because he was careful, he grinned to himself, but maybe too because he liked the long walks with Sooner, scaring up enough rabbits to keep Lulie busy over the stewpot and frying pan. He liked watching the trees and bushes beginning to come green again. He liked filling his nose with the smell the sun drew from winter-wet pine needles and rotting leaves.

The spot he picked was in the low ground in a natural clearing beneath high first-growth pines. Here, heavy black vines of St. James grapes tortured their way up the tree trunks, looped in and out of the branches, climbing until they reached the very tops of the trees. In midsummer the wild grapes, fat and juicy, fell to the ground and rotted there, making the earth rich. It was potent ground, Bill knew, and—God willing and working against the blue mold—he should have a fine yield of seedlings.

In January he set to work clearing the plant bed. It was no easy job. A few of the big trees had to come down, but he sold those to the lumber company for a nice sum. Then the stumps had to be hauled out. His two mules heaved over the job; he added his weight to theirs when the going got rough and grunted with them. After the disking and the harrowing came the tedious work; every clod had to be whipped to the texture of fine sugar or the tiny seed could never fight its way through. Bill cut tough, wide-spreading dogwood branches, tied the ends together to make a handle and went to work flailing the earth. He worked until his back was ready to break. He wouldn't let Hadgepatch help him; when the old Negro got tired he got careless and Bill meant this to be the finest plant bed yet. The kind of plant bed that if his pa were there he'd say, sifting a handful of dirt through his fingers, "That's all right, Son. That's all right." Meaning it was damn' good.

When the bed was ready for sowing he laid down the pine logs to frame it. Once the seed was in the ground he would stretch fine muslin tobacco cloth from log to log and protect the bed from the hard, packing rains, the hot drying sun. He sowed the seed on a fine spring day when he and Hadgepatch had both agreed that all the frost was out of the ground and no danger of more to come. He couldn't be sure, he knew, but he had a feeling it was the right time; he wouldn't have fallen on his face if he'd heard Pa's voice at his elbow, saying, "Time's ripe, Son."

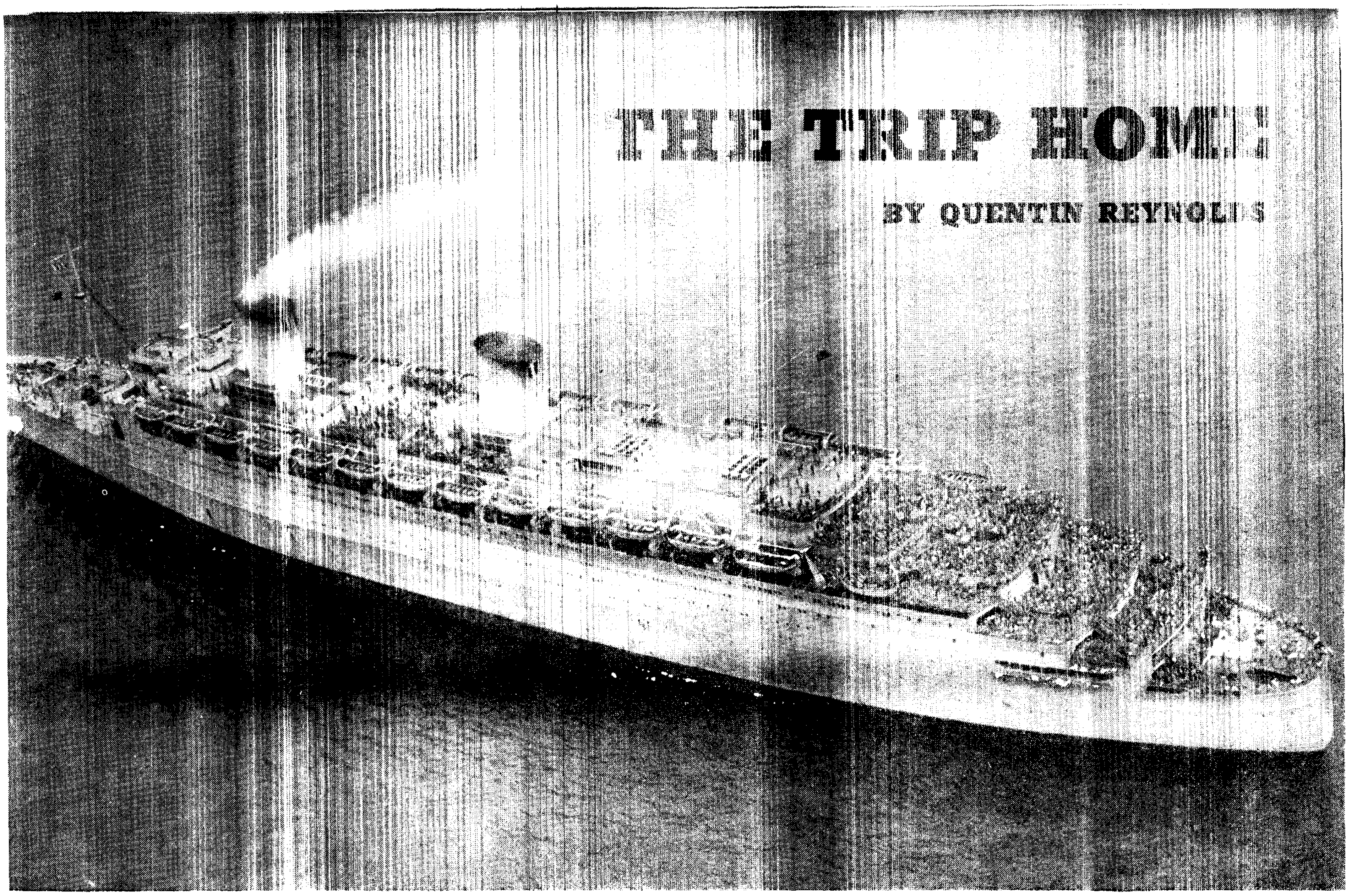
Doing his work, clearing the bed, and now sowing it, he'd felt Pa close by, maybe because they'd done this work together so many times. It was a good feeling and it made up some for the way Lulie was. Her pa owned grain land and raised cattle; she didn't know or care much about tobacco. She didn't see how important the plant bed was—the beginning of this year's crop, next year's living; the beginning of a year's work. Tobacco farmers claimed thirteen months to a year, though, and that thirteenth month all nights, tending the fires in the curing barns, and watching the temperature in each barn.

When he'd sown the seed and stretched the white cloth from log to log, Bill stood at the head of the plant bed and looked down the length of it. He'd done a good job and he was proud. But his part in it was finished; now he must turn it over to the earth itself, leave it to the rich soil, to the rains that would fall on it, to the sun that would reach down to it, make the seed warm to bursting, draw the first pale shoot to the surface and unfold it there—a bright green leaf against the sweet, dark ground.

Standing in the cool of the trees, knowing that time and the earth were already at work on his seed, Bill had a sense of deep satisfaction. Right now nothing was more important than his land and his faith in it. Finding God, as he did, in the rain and the sun and the soil and even in last summer's St. James grapes making the soil *(Continued on page 52)*

"Skip to my Lulie, skip to my Lulie darlin' . . . I'll not find another prettier than thee . . ." Shaw changed the words as he pleased, and they were sweet to Lulie's ear

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



THE TRIP HOME

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

About 15,000 Joes climbed happily aboard the Queen that day in Southampton for the homeward voyage. One didn't know that he was marked for drama at sea

THE last hawser had been cast off and the Big Queen moved slowly away from England. A military band on the deck swung into God Bless America and the 15,600 G.I.s aboard cheered. Hundreds took up the words of the song; they sang it joyously, as men do who glimpse a bit of their own homeland in a foreign port. England wasn't foreign to them. Most of them had done their final invasion training in England; they had made friends in England and, except for the warm beer, they liked England. But now they were going home and they were thrilled.

Small tugs puffed importantly and shoved impatient noses against the stern of the Queen Elizabeth ship, pushing her into the channel. The Queen's nose was pushed around and, when it was headed for the open sea, the gigantic screws began to turn. The Big Queen was off—headed for New York 3,000 miles away. This was to be her last trip taking G.I.s home. She was to return to England and begin to bring Canadians home.

In cabin M-63 on the main deck, Colonel William Barnett, Troop Commander, breathed a sigh of relief. This was his 83d trip on the Queen Elizabeth, but the embarking of a full division of men is a terrific responsibility, and Barnett never felt at ease until the big ship had pulled away from the dock. From now on it would be routine—unless the weather was bad.

Colonel Barnett picked up his phone. His staff consists of 12 officers and 20 enlisted men. He checked with Captain Williams, Captain Fenderick and Captain Harte, his three area commanders. Everything was okay. He checked with Major Bernard Kahn, troop transport surgeon. He didn't have a single customer in his hospital. He checked with his mess officer, Captain Paul Paschal, who said that he was ready to serve 15,600 luncheons.

It was noon now and the Big Queen was swinging along under her own power. She went slowly, with lookouts peering ahead. The Germans had dropped a lot of mines here in the channel—called Southampton Water—and many more around the Isle of Wight. Even now mine sweepers constantly patrol the waters. Sometimes an anchored mine breaks loose and just drifts around. These are the ones the lookouts are searching for.

The Big Queen now settled down to a well-ordered routine. Everything was being done according to plans forwarded by Major General Clarence H. Kells and his staff back in New York. General Kells is in charge of the New York Port of Embarkation with 78,000 men to help him. It took two days to completely load the Big Queen at Southampton. She was bringing home 1,000 men of the 70th Division and larger units from the great Third Division, the 78th, and others. But, for the purposes of the trip, all had been temporarily incorporated under Brigadier General Thomas W. Herren of the 70th.

First, Colonel Barnett had requested General Herren to send 750 M.P.s to the ship 24 hours before she was scheduled to sail. These 750 were not wanted for police duty, but for traffic duty. They had come aboard and had been shown over the ship by Major Reed Calvin, Adjutant, and Captain Bill Williams.

The M.P.s had to learn every part of the ship. The Big Queen is divided into three areas, the Red (forward), White (midship) and Blue (stern) areas. As the troops came aboard each would be handed a red, white or blue card with numbers telling the exact compartment or cabin each would occupy. No G.I. was to leave his designated area during the trip. The M.P.s' job was to return them to their proper areas if they got lost. They were also to guide men to the mess hall and to watch for smoking in forbidden sections.

Then Colonel Barnett asked for 630 K.P.s. They, too, boarded the ship 24 hours ahead of sailing time. At first the K.P.s grumble at having to work their way home but Barnett knows the answers to that. They get privileges no one else gets. They can eat five times a day if they wish. They are never "hot flunked," that is, they never have to share a bunk with another G.I., sleeping in turns, one night on deck, the following night in the bunk. They are not put into large compartments with dozens of their mates but are given cabins. The K.P.s do all right and after the first day, they don't mind peeling a few potatoes and bathing a dish or two.

Colonel Barnett also asked for 150 "leading officers" to report a day in advance. Each officer gets a station and is assigned 100 men. He is responsible for these men. If a man feels sick, he reports to this officer and the officer reports to Colonel Barnett's area commander. He is responsible for each man carrying his life jacket with him at all times.

Installing the Medical Staff

Barnett also asked for three assistant area commanders to help Captains Williams, Fenderick and Harte. He asked that a doctor, dentist and twenty enlisted medical assistants be sent aboard early. They are shown the hospitals and operating rooms by Major Kahn. Actually, of course, with any full division, there are sure to be a dozen or so doctors who can be called upon in emergencies. Finally, Colonel Barnett asked for a special service officer to arrange entertainment for the men and to supervise the publication of a ship's daily paper.

For twenty-four hours these men are briefed and their various jobs explained. Meanwhile food is being taken aboard the Big Queen. The entire crew of the ship is, of course, British, all under Cunard White Star's Commodore Sir James Bisset, K.B.E., a genial Scot. The British crew runs the ship and feeds the G.I.s. They have to serve about 32,000 meals a day—two meals for each person aboard.

They load the ship with enough food to last eight days. They have found the kind of food a G.I. likes best. They found that the G.I. didn't care about kippers or kidney stew or steak and kidney pie—all dear to the palate of the British Tommy. The G.I. wanted cereal, and ham and eggs and roast beef and steaks and potatoes. When the chef shops in port, here's what he buys for each voyage:

On a single voyage, the Queen uses 155,000 pounds of meat and poultry and 124,300 pounds of potatoes. There are four sittings for both officers and men. For breakfast you have melon, cereal, bacon and eggs, with side orders of liver, ham or sausage. You can have all of these if you can handle them. There is American coffee and, when you're through, you can make yourself a sandwich of ham or beef, wrap it up in a paper napkin and stick it in your pocket and that will tide you over until dinnertime. An ordinary dinner will be soup, turkey, string beans, potatoes, cauliflower, fresh rolls, salad, ice cream and coffee.

It's full speed ahead now in the Atlantic Ocean and that's thirty knots. The biggest ship in the world is on her way.

There is a public address system on the ship and, from the bridge, Major Calvin gives periodic orders. His voice carries to every part of the ship. "All personnel. All personnel," his voice comes. "At eleven hundred hours each morning there will be emergency muster on deck. All personnel will proceed to the nearest deck carrying life jackets which must be put on and properly tied. Stand in lines away from the railings. There will be no smoking anywhere on the ship during emergency muster and inspection. The muster will take approximately one hour during which time compartments and cabins will be cleaned and inspected."

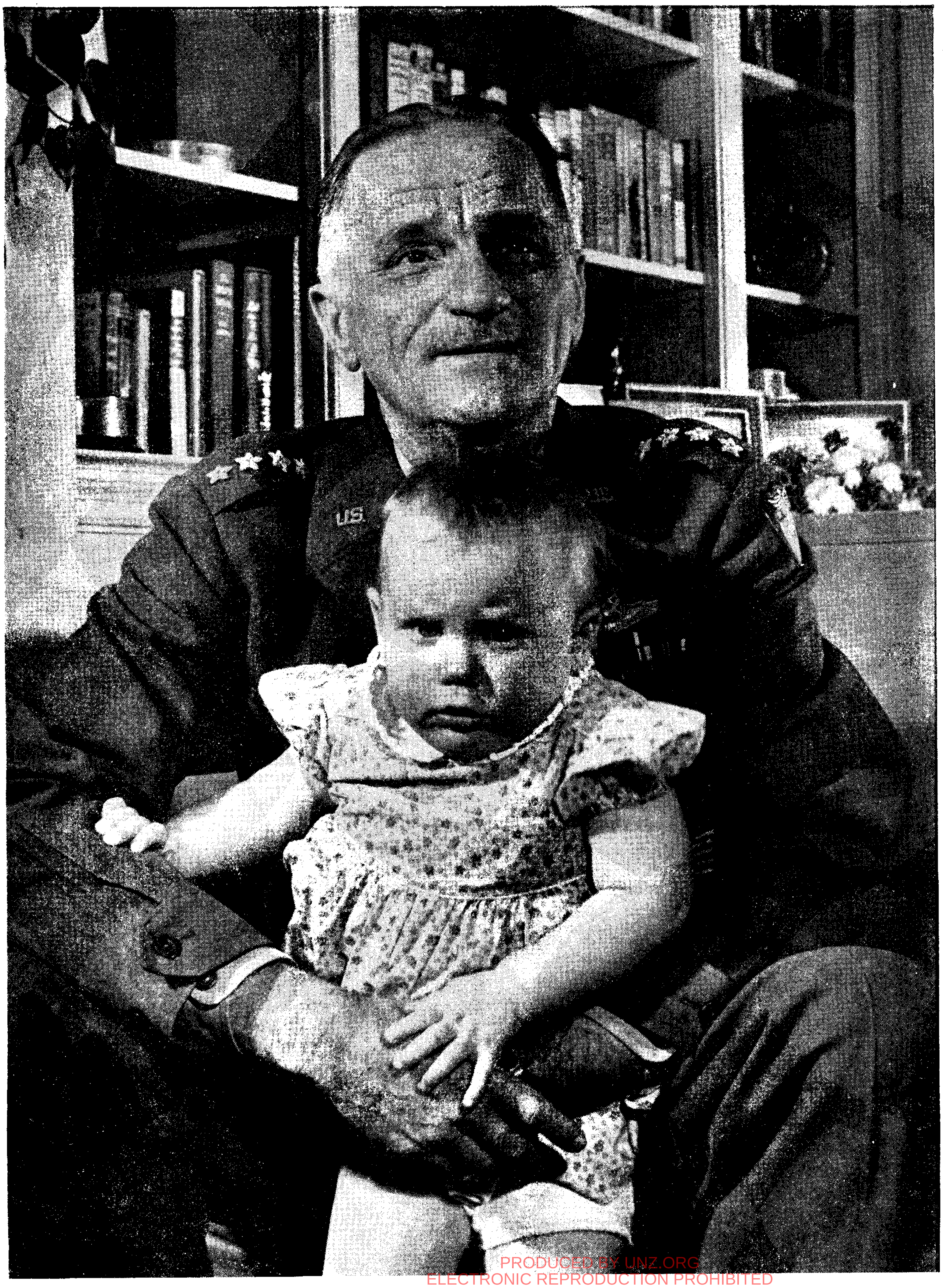
The Big Queen is now out of sight of land. The sea is calm and the G.I.s line the rails watching the age-old miracle of a sunset at sea. Night comes suddenly. G.I.s have a knack of making themselves at home anywhere. They've been aboard only a few hours but they've found favorite deck spaces to flop. Some play cards; others get books from the library; others refight Omaha Beach or tell of the champagne they liberated at Cologne or Frankfort. Officers pass the word

(Continued on page 66)

THE WINNER OF THE COLLIER TROPHY

BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

It was almost inevitable that General Carl Spaatz, who led our Air Forces to victory in Europe, and who has fought for air power for more than thirty years, should win the nation's most coveted aviation award



THE Collier Trophy, awarded annuall by the National Aeronautics Association for outstanding achievement i aviation, has been won this year by Genera Carl Spaatz, who was commander of th American Air Forces in Africa and France and, later, in the Pacific. It will be presente to General Spaatz by President Harry S. Truman at the White House on the afternoon o December 17th, the forty-second anniversar of the Wright Brothers' first flight in an airplane. The Association's citation, which th President will read, says: "To General Ca Spaatz, for demonstrating the air-power concept through employment of American aviation in the war against Germany." This wil be the thirtieth award of the trophy, whic was established in 1911 by Robert J. Collie a pioneer airman and a son of the founder Collier's Weekly, to stimulate the development of aviation and to promote safety i flight.

As a young officer of the West Point clas of 1914, where, incidentally, he received th nickname of "Toohey" because of his resemblance to an upperclassman of that name General Spaatz envisioned the airplane as great potential weapon of both offense an defense, and as a means of commercial transportation. In 1916, two years after his graduation, he learned to fly, and was one o the Army's first twenty-five airmen. H went overseas a year later. Assigned to ru the Army's air-training center at Issoudun, France, he wangled time off and wen into the air as a combat pilot, shootin down three German Fokkers. For this he received the Distinguished Service Cross an a summary order to return to his job a Issoudun.

The great exponent of air power in th first World War, and until his death in 193 was General William Mitchell. Spaatz wa one of General Mitchell's most devoted disciples. Determined and conscientious, h stood up against the powerful General Sta to the best of his ability, despite the dange to his military career. He narrowly escape in 1926, when another air-power evange Major Henry H. Arnold, was publicly reprimanded for "attempting to influence legislation" then developing for the expansion o the Army Air Service. In Army circles i was thought that Major Arnold was throug as a soldier, and that Spaatz, then a majo and half a dozen others were doomed to th same fate.

Vindicating Billy Mitchell

But the fight continued, and in som fifteen years Arnold and Spaatz and other of General Mitchell's followers were vindicated. General Arnold was placed at th head of the greatest air force ever assembled, and for his work in organizing it, an in awakening the Army to the need of i he was awarded the Collier Trophy for 194 When the time came to name the commanding officer of our combat forces in Afric and Europe, "Toohey" Spaatz was the overwhelming choice.

And on historic May 8, 1945, from hi headquarters in France, General Spaatz tol what American air power had done. H summed up the war in two paragraphs, i language as cold and sober as if he had bee reporting on prewar maneuvers:

"The aerial war progressed in three broa phases: first, the war to win aerial supremacy; second, the strategic campaign in fulfillment of our primary objective—to topple th German war structure by fatally weakenin its foundations; and, finally, the Battle o Germany, which began after the Air Force had swept the skies clean of effective Luftwaffe resistance to the invasion and durin which we were able to throw our tremendou weight into direct co-operation with th ground forces without hampering our continuous assault upon German industry. . .

"Besides the effectiveness of bombs an bullets, air power demonstrated mobility an flexibility to an unprecedented degree. Whil bombers, fighter-bombers and fighters wer harassing the enemy, thousands of othe planes were flying troops in airborne invasion operations, evacuating wounded soldiers and liberating Allied prisoners of war

(*Continued on page* 80)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY IKE VERN–PIX

CHAPTER ONE—1928

A film for making home movies in full color.

CHAPTER TWO—1935

Home movies in full color on Kodachrome Film.

CHAPTER THREE—1936

Kodachrome "stills" for projection—made from film exposed in Kodak Bantam or 35mm. camera.

CHAPTER FOUR—1938

Kodachrome sheet film for professionals—resulting in color photographs becoming the dominant form of illustration in magazines.

CHAPTER FIVE—1941

Minicolor Prints made from miniature Kodachrome Film . . . and large-size Kotavachrome Prints made from Kodachrome sheet film.

Full-color snapshots made with your usual camera . . .
printed on paper like black-and-white snapshots!

CHAPTER SIX in Kodak's History of Color

Kodacolor Film brings to the amateur, with his usual camera, full-color snapshots on paper—as many as he wants from each negative. This all-important chapter makes picture-taking a wonderful new experience. It starts with the first roll of Kodacolor Film you buy!

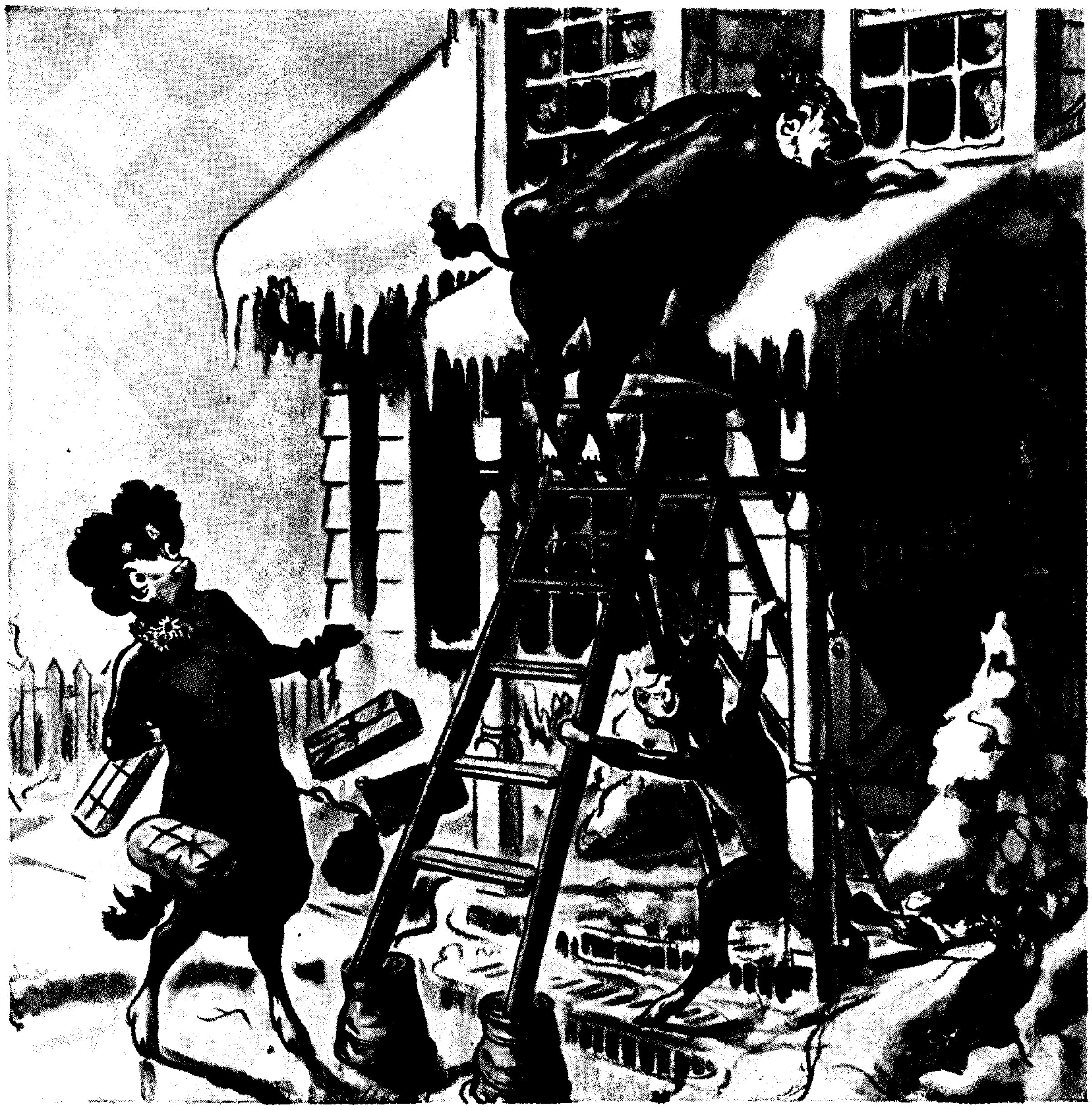
These six chapters cover a peaceful, glorious revolution—the steps through which photography has become a true mirror of life, showing not only the form but the lavish, spendthrift color with which nature brightens our world.

They are the record of what has been accomplished in just one field through the medium of Kodak research. They list the materials and methods which today make color photography the medium of entertainment, education, and self-expression . . . for everyone.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Serving human progress through photography

Kodak



"When husbands get curious," worried Elsie "anything can happen!"

"Curious? Who's curious?" blustered Elmer, the bull. "I just wanted to see if you locked my red muffler in your sewing room."

"Isn't that just like a man," giggled Elsie, the Borden Cow, "risking a broken neck to get a jump on Father Christmas?"

"Don't you worry about *my* neck," snapped Elmer. "It's still holding my head up, isn't it?"

"Up to now, yes," answered Elsie dryly. "But let's not forget that last year 15,000 folks lost their lives—not to mention their necks—in fatal *falls* around the house. Probably, doing the kind of unsafe thing you're doing!"

YOU'LL LOVE BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK—CREAM IN EVERY SIP!
Borden's

"N-n-n-not so loud!" shuddered Elmer, clutching the edge of the roof. "C-c-can't you see you're scaring the kid? Can't you t-t-talk about anything but safety?"

"How *can* I, dear, when I'm always thinking of safety?" countered Elsie. "You *know* all we've done at Borden's to make life safer for children. We've made every last drop of *Borden's Milk* as safe as the world's healthiest cows and modern science *can* make it! At Borden's, you know, it's *service with safety!*"

"*Ouch!*" winced Elmer. "Here we go for another ride on the Borden milk wagon."

"Not just yet," brightly twitted Elsie. "Right now is a wonderful time to point out to you and Beulah how to *avoid* accidents. In the first place, those steps should have been cleared of ice. In the second place, a ladder should always have its feet resting firmly on even ground. Which reminds me—what did you hope to see from that stepladder in the *first* place?"

BORDEN'S NONE SUCH IS THE MINCIEST MINCE MEAT EVER!
Borden's NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

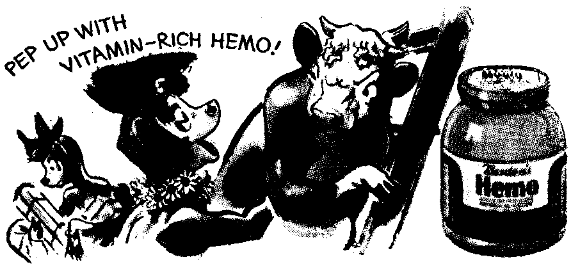
BABIES THRIVE ON BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
MILK

"*Ok! Ok! OK!*" moaned Elmer. "I'm coming right down."

"Then do watch your step, dear," warned Elsie. "I want you to walk very carefully—one step at a time—over to old Mrs. Jones'. I've made her a pie with *Borden's None Such Mince Meat.* It's the fruitiest, spiciest,minciest mince meat ever! Saves lots of work for the pie maker."

"Isn't that just dandy!" mimicked Elmer. "Gives you more time to chin about Borden's."

"If I *had* the time," brightly murmured Elsie, "I'd tell all new mothers how safe and how wonderful *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is for babies. And how rich in Vitamin D . . . But since I haven't, I'll tell *you* how many of the 4,600,000 injuries suffered around American homes last year could have been prevented. I'll—"


PEP UP WITH VITAMIN-RICH HEMO!
Borden's Hemo

"Aw, now, *don't* go to all that trouble, my chickadee," needled Elmer.

"If folks went to a little trouble to put matches, and drugs and sharp tools out of children's reach," commented Elsie, "there'd be fewer accidents. And if they quit leaving things on the stairs, and disconnected electric gadgets when they'd finished with them, and cleared off icy sidewalks and steps—"

"I've had enough!" thundered Elmer, stepping off the last rung, just as the ladder skidded sidewise. "I'm tired of hearing about accidents—and I mean *tired!*"

ENJOY A TREAT THAT'S REAL FOOD—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Then you'd better pep up with a nice big glass of vitamin-rich *Hemo,*" suggested Elsie. "It has the most delightful 'milk-chocolate' flavor! And—"

"Oh, woman, woman," groaned Elmer, "when it comes to word-slingin', you take the gold-plated apple!"

"If you don't mind, dear," teased Elsie, "I'd rather take *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbet.* They're nourishing treats *any* time. Wonderfully, wonderfully good, too—and *that's* no accident! For, *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

– if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

Remember—Victory was not won by accident

TUNE IN
GINNY SIMMS
IN A
GREAT *NEW* RADIO SHOW
with
comedy guest stars!
★
New time, new station
Friday evenings—CBS
E.S.T. 7:30 M.S.T. 7:00
C.S.T. 6:30 P.S.T. 6:00

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Decision at Midnight

Continued from page 19

could still remember the afternoon Colonel Stanner had called him into G-4 headquarters and had offered him a comfortable chair and a cigar. . . .

"You've got to hand it to those Nazis," Colonel Stanner had said through the smoke around his head. "They sure know where to lay their hands on some good cigars. Here, take a handful, we liberated cases of 'em in that warehouse near Ste. Mère Eglise."

How come this sudden affability, Mac had wondered; the good colonel is about to try to convince me of something. He remembered the boys in the operating-room crew who had been hit by the sudden shortage of cigarettes, so he said, "Can you spare the box, sir?"

"All yours," Colonel Stanner said, waving his hand, "all yours, Major. By the way, when are you going to marry Lieutenant Warren?"

THIS is really the charm approach, Mac thought. Wonder what he's after? "Well, I don't know, Colonel," he answered. "She hasn't said yes yet."

"Women never say yes. It's always maybe!" The colonel laughed through his cigar at his joke and then swung sharply to business.

They were planning auxiliary surgical teams, the colonel said, for the big drive into Germany. Five members to a team, a major as surgeon, a captain as anesthetist, a lieutenant as nurse assistant in operating, and two sergeants as a surgical crew. The teams would be mobile, traveling from hospital to hospital, going wherever the need for additional skilled specialized surgery was greatest. That meant hours of driving in the endless organized confusion behind the front, bouncing over smashed roads while trying to sleep on the floor of some six-by-six truck, crazy hours of work and combat-zone rations. But there were advantages: the new setup would allow the surgeon about as much independence as was possible in the Army, it would mean helping a lot of men who were going to get hurt, it would mean he could choose his own team and practice his own specialty.

"If you want to duck the whole thing, Major," Colonel Stanner said, "all you have to do is accept that lieutenant-colonel's leaf I've been trying to pin on your collar for six months. Then you can operate—with some letter opener, at a desk."

"No, no," Mac said, "I want to stay with the surgery."

Colonel Stanner put his cigar down, momentarily setting aside the official heartiness. "Take the promotion, Mac, and give yourself a rest. You've seen enough in Africa and Normandy—you've seen too much. You've changed a lot. Look at the lines in your face sometime."

Mac laughed. "What a hell of a way to sell me the other idea!"

"Well, I've got that off my conscience anyway," the colonel said, picking up his cigar, and then they both laughed. . . .

"Here's the grapefruit juice, Major," Frank said a second time, shining his flashlight on the can. "Bottled in bond fruit juice."

"Huh? Oh, thanks, Frank." He poured some down his throat.

"Whatsa matter, Mac, daydreaming?" Jay said in the darkness. "Now where the hell is my nice freezing cold jacket . . . ?"

"I don't know," Mac said slowly, "seems like it's been cold and wet and midnight for a hundred years." He sat still on the edge of his cot, staring into the darkness of the tent.

"Hah!" Jay snorted, "you've got battle fatigue, chum. You should see a doctor."

You should see a doctor . . . old Doctor Neumann . . . what had he been dreaming about the old doctor? . . . was it that day he had driven through Weimar with Mary Warren which he had remembered in his strange twisting dream? He would never forget that day. . . . Mary had looked around the long, tree-lined street with pools of shadows dappled by early spring sunlight and had said, "What a lovely town, this Weimar. Makes me think of Goethe. . . ."

"Makes me think of Nazis," Mac had said, "the Lebensraum kids."

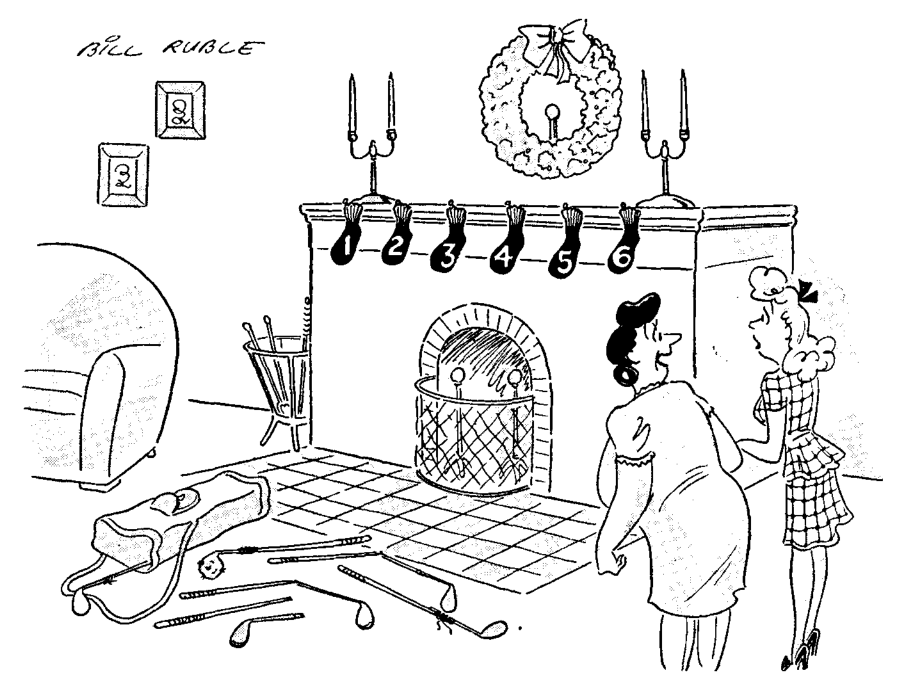
"We've got to be back at the hospital at six, Mac," Mary had said. "Where're you going?"

They had swung around a rubble-strewn corner and threaded the jeep between lines of German cleanup crews passing bricks, hand to hand, before he had answered: "To Buchenwald."

And as they drove down the long avenue of beech trees which lined the road like sentinels, Mac had told Mary about hearing that Doctor Neumann was still alive in the camp.

"I remember his name at Bellevue," Mary had said. "Doctor Neumann, the great surgeon of Vienna."

"He was the one who first steered me into vascular surgery," Mac said, "when he had that visiting professorship at Rochester. 'Surgery must never become routine or mechanical,' he used to tell me. 'Pick a field which really interests you. The stimulation will give you precision . . .'" Mac broke off suddenly, but when he saw that Mary was watching him with that fond, familiar look of hers, he went on. "You would have liked knowing him in those days, Mary," he said. "Everyone loved him. He used to lecture in the grand tradition. 'Gentlemen,' he would say, 'surgery is a high and holy calling. You must have infinite godlike patience and knowledge, yet you must have a simple humility which constantly spurs you to learn more of the mysteries of human structure and function. . . .' The fellows used to kid him about talk like that, but they used to think he was wonderful just the same. . . ."



COLLIER'S "I guess your father wants a new set of golf clubs" BILL RUBLE

Buchenwald. The big central cobblestone yard, the new thirty-foot pylon surmounted by an eternal flame which had been erected by the newly liberated prisoners in memory of their fifty-one thousand dead comrades. Hundreds of men in grimy, striped suits; hollow-eyed, haggard men, stumbling loosely within the sudden new dreamworld of freedom under a low iron sky. . . .

Mary and Mac had found Doctor Neumann in the SS barracks, behind the riding stable in which seven hundred prisoners had been machine-gunned. The barracks was a crude hospital now and Doctor Neumann lay in a cot beside a double window in a far corner.

"How thin he is!" Mary whispered as they followed an attendant toward the old man. Mac's face was stony; he could not speak.

At first Doctor Neumann did not recognize Mac; finally, when he did, he turned his thin, white-stubbled face to the wall, and a world swung by between them in silence, a world of hopes and belief, a lost world of youth forgotten, and Saturday nights and a voice echoing bravely in a lecture hall.

"How good it is to see you," the old man kept saying, over and over again, "how good it is to see you." He lay there within the bony cage of ribs and the shrunken pelvic cradle of long starvation. When he told them how he kept thinking through all the long bitter years: *Oh, Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him*—when he told them that, Mary lost a little of her control and her eyes began to shine with unwept tears.

"Do you know what it means, Mac," Doctor Neumann said weakly, "to see you now, to see you a surgeon? I almost feel I leave a son behind me. There is still some hope in the world."

LATER, Mac and Mary looked at an X-ray plate of Doctor Neumann's chest: overwhelming tuberculosis. The old doctor would surely die within two months.

All the way back through Weimar up to Naumburg where they drove down the four-lane *autobahn* toward Leipzig, all the way back Mac was silent, although once, when two Germans stepped out into the road before them, he snarled to the driver, "Knock the bastards down!"

He put away a quart of Scotch that night, growing more and more cold, brittle, sober all the while, repeating to Mary, "I feel like the wrath of God, I do, that's just what I feel like, the wrath of God. . . ."

Captain Jacobson was shaking his arm and quietly saying, "Mac, hey, Mac—"

Mac stood up in the dark tent and said, "Jay, you know what I feel like? I feel like the wrath of God."

"I know what you mean, Mac," Jay said, "but you better start feeling like that well-known specialist, that peer among vascular surgeons, the famous Major MacAndrews. We've got work to do."

Mac heard himself say tensely, "Enough is enough, Jay. Now just shut up."

"Yeah, I know," Jay said apologetically. "In my own way I'm as bad off as you. Battle fatigue or something."

Outside the tent it was a cold, still night. The distant occasional snap of sniper fire sounded from the German village beyond the hill, and the crazy reassuring chatter of answering automatic-weapon fire. Occasionally an artillery battery would lay down a pattern of H.E. on some target, and the horizon line would flare into sharp silhouette.

"I send a hurry-up call for you," Mary's voice said beside them in the darkness, "and you two stand out here and study astronomy."

Mac took her wrist in the darkness and ran his hand up to her elbow. The big helmet and the bulky fatigues under her field jacket only made her seem smaller and more fragile. He gave her the old familiar reply he used whenever she was irritated. "Do I have the honor of addressing *the* Lieutenant Warren? The girl with the clear eyes and the nice smile?"

"Go ahead," she said with an edge of a smile, "pull rank on me, major nuisance."

"He's a general headache who should get corporal punishment," Jay wisecracked quietly, "and don't tell me it's your private affair." Mac groaned.

Jay turned to Mary. "This hurry-up case of yours, small fry," he said, "where is he now—shock ward?"

"Yes," she said. "He lost a couple gallons of blood, seems like. We're giving him two thousand c.c.s whole blood now." She turned to Mac. "Good thing we live in these modern times," she said. "Some Air Corps boys just flew in some refrigerated cases of blood marked Bronx, New York, with the date stamped as of four days ago."

"Bronx . . ." Jay said. "Wish they'd pump some of that blood into me and ship me back there in four days. . . ."

They began stumbling over the uneven, muddy wheel-tracked ground toward the cluster of blacked-out tents. The guns beyond the hills were quiet. There was only the tired sound of the wind in the trees.

"Patient's in shock ward now," Mary said. "Guess we've got about twenty minutes for a scuppa coffee."

"I'll duck over there to see him," Jay said. "Which patient is he, Mary?"

She was silent a moment, uneasily silent.

"What's the matter, small fry? Unhappy?"

"Nothing," she said. "Just a little tired."

"Oh," Jay said to Mac, "she's just a little tired."

"Is that it?" Mac said. "Tired?"

"Okay, youse guys," Mary said. "Hit me when I'm down."

She turned to Jay. "He's the patient with the bullet that plowed down through his right cheek into his neck. There's no temporal pulse on the left side."

"Sounds like the carotid," Mac said.

"Adiós muchachos," Jay said as he left them. "Save some coffee for me." He disappeared in the darkness.

"Poor Jay," Mary said, looking after him. "He's so lonesome he'd go nuts if he ever stopped that line of humor of his."

"Personally," Mac said, "I'm sick and tired of it. He ought to keep it to himself."

She didn't answer. After a moment she said so quietly he could hardly hear her: "Jay's all right. He thinks the world of you."

"Pardon me," he said.

She looked up. Far off beyond the distant rim of hills a meteorite suddenly flared briefly in a falling arc and went out. A moment later a second one fell from among the stars. From behind the Receiving Tent came the low grinding of gears as a blacked-out convoy of ambulances swung into line before unloading.

"Nice night," Mary said, "if you keep your head up. Stars and everything."

"Hadn't noticed," Mac said. Odd little echoes of his troubled dream kept spiraling through his mind, leaving him with an empty shaken feeling. Old Doctor Neumann . . . God, Mac thought, I could kill one of those Krauts with my bare hands.

"Guess you haven't noticed much these days," Mary said. "You've sort of been living in a cocoon."

"What kind of talk is that?"

THEY stopped beside a big two-wheeled water tank. "I mean it," Mary said. "I've been a little worried about you."

"I've been worried about you, too. When are you going to marry me?"

Mary looked up to watch another meteorite shoot across the rim of sky. "Lots of falling stars tonight," she said.

"Sure," Mac said, "change the subject."

Mary put her hand on his arm. "Mac," she said quietly, "I can't marry you."

"Don't talk like a damn' fool."

"I mean it."

"So do I. I need a girl who's honest as the day is long, and that's you, Mary." He felt a little clumsy saying it like that, but he didn't know any other way.

"Oh, Mac, we've been over this so often."

"I know what you think. You think I've gone sour on people. You think I'll drink myself into a grave like your father, or into a stupor like that dumb husband of yours."

"Don't call him my husband. The divorce was final months and months ago."

"All the more reason to stop stalling, Mary!"

"Oh, Mac, how many times do I have to

tell you! I've seen men make life a merry little hell for women. I've been through too much on my knees, and I'm afraid. I'm just plain scared. You can't hold that against me. You know how I feel about you, but when I see what's happening to you it's like a slap in the face."

"For example?"

"Well, your surgery," she explained. "It's still good, but one of these days you'll start cutting corners."

"Why don't you give me hell when I start reaching for the bottle? Why don't you try to keep me in line?"

"No," she said, "I've seen that method tried. Nagging doesn't work. Some bitterness is banging down deep inside where you live, and nobody but you can find it and wipe it out. That's one decision nobody can make for you."

"When I was a kid," Mac said, "they used to stand around on street corners and holler: '*You ain't got religion! . . .*'"

"Mac," she said, "you know what I think? I think you've seen too many people smashed. You're exhausted, and something inside of you is going to pieces. You don't believe in a thing."

"Good God Almighty!" he said, his voice rising. "What do you want me to believe in? The fundamental goodness of man? I don't. They're animals! A life hereafter? I don't. I've seen too many men under the knife."

"Go ahead, get mad. Anger, that's what you're growing to believe in, a nice red-hot pile of hatred."

"Sure, I'm mad! Mad at the whole damn' world for letting this happen—I feel guilty about old Doctor Neumann myself—and mad at the whole German gang, Fatso and his paranoiac pals!"

"Sure, but why blow up like that, Mac? It's stupid. You just end up hurting yourself."

He sensed the tears in her voice and put his arms around her. What's happened to us, he thought with a sudden sharp aching, what's happened to people and the world? We're staggering through some crazy nightmare and whatever we put our hands on turns to smoke. . . . Far overhead a flight of planes went over, motors throbbing in waves as the wind shifted. Automatically his mind listened with the old wary alertness; automatically his mind said: Ours.

"Come on," Mary said quietly, "let's grab some coffee and get over to the O.R." They walked together, stumbling a little on the uneven ground, close together, feeling walled apart and very much alone.

THE long canvas tunnel of the operating tent was busy. Every fifteen feet stood a narrow operating table in a circle of light. A surgical team, each a small aseptic white-gowned group, was gathered around each table, and most of the patients on the tables were newly liberated American and British prisoners of war, gaunt men with the bony mask of hunger carved in their faces.

Mac took his position at the head of an empty table as the stretcher-bearers came down the aisle from the shock ward with his patient. From the corner of his eye Mac noticed the man who lay conscious and awake on the next table to his. He had lost one leg below the knee, an old amputation now infected which the orthopedic surgeon was repairing. The man saw Mac's eyes shift above the gauze mask and said, "Those Krauts sure did a bum job on me."

The orthopedic surgeon's voice was tired. "Don't talk, son," he said, "just take it easy."

"Mac."

He turned, sensing a strange timbre in Jay's voice. Mary was coming down the aisle now, following the stretcher-bearers.

"What's the matter, Jay?"

"This patient of ours," Jay said, "he's an SS man, a *Sturmbundsfuehrer* named Schmidt. Ran a prison camp near here before he was captured."

The skin and bones patient on the next table hitched himself up on his elbows. "Schmidt!" he said. "Did you say Schmidt?"

"Do I have to stop the spinal and give you general anesthesia to knock you out," his surgeon said wearily, "or will you lie down and shut up?"

The stretcher-bearers lifted the SS official onto the operating table. He was a tall, heavy man with close-cropped gray hair; his steady gray eyes were like bullets. One of his eyebrows was zigzag, split by an irregular scar.

"Let him talk just a minute, Major," Mac said to the orthopedic surgeon. "What about this Schmidt?"

"He was in command of our *Stalag*," the soldier said. "He treated us like animals." The boy twisted his head to look at Schmidt on Mac's table. "Whadda you say?" he said. "I hope you die."

Schmidt lay staring straight up with his flickerless eyes. Mac leaned over him. "Do you speak English, Schmidt?" No answer. Only that narrow reptilian stare. "*Sprechen sie* English?" Mac said.

"*Nein.*"

"He's a liar," the soldier said. "He understands English and he speaks it."

Mac watched Schmidt. "Did you hear what he said, Schmidt?" Silence, heavy-muscled steady silence.

Mary held up Mac's gown. "I was afraid to tell you," she said. "After seeing Doctor Neumann I was afraid you wouldn't operate." She tied the mask across his mouth and nose. "If you can control yourself this time, I'll know you haven't changed for keeps."

Through the gauze, through his teeth, Mac said: "Have you gone crazy?"

"A little," she said. "Just enough to make some things mean a lot."

Mac looked at Schmidt. "There's a law that says I have to do this," he said, "but I have a little idea for our *Sturmbundsfuehrer* that should leave him feeling happy."

Mary's eyes widened. "Mac," she whispered, "no, you can't. Mac, don't go crazy!"

Frank, the tech sergeant set up stools for Jay and Mac at each side of Schmidt's head. Mac let his rubber-gloved hands rest on Schmidt's wounded face. "The bullet hit him on the right side of the face and plowed down into his neck," Mac said distinctly. "The X ray shows the bullet lodged in the carotid sheath, cutting the carotid artery." Schmidt shifted his body slightly.

Jay looked into Mac's eyes and then down at Schmidt. "It's a good thing," Jay said slowly and distinctly, "this guy doesn't know English. He doesn't know how close to death he is."

Not a muscle in Schmidt's face moved, but on the sheet below his armpits a small circle of sweat began to spread.

Mary placed the instrument tray on the stand above Schmidt's chest, keeping her eyes on Mac. Jay said, "Are you going to do his face first, Mac, or repair the artery?"

"The artery," Mac said. "Face later."

"Why not just forget his face and let it fester?" Jay said clearly over Schmidt's head. "These Krauts love face scars. It proves their manliness."

"Good idea," Mac said.

"General anesthesia?" Mary asked.

"You don't want general anesthesia, do you?" Jay said.

"No, no," Mac said. "I want to keep him awake all through this. Just block it off with novocain."

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Mac made a long incision following the anterior body of the sternocleidomastoid muscle. Jay quickly retracted the superficial tissues. The laceration was in the common carotid; Mac opened the sheath to free the artery from the vein.

"Try to raise your left arm," Mac said. Schmidt stared upward glassily, his bullet eyes rigid in their sockets.

"*Links Händ hoch,*" Mac said.

Schmidt raised his left hand heavily, with great difficulty. The corners of his mouth had turned down and his face had the set stony stare of a mask.

"Paralyzed?" Mary whispered.

"Left side partially paralyzed," Mac said. "Blood supply to the right hemisphere of the brain must be damaged pretty badly."

THE soldier's voice came from the next table. "Hey, Doc," he said, "you're not gonna save that rat, are you? You can have my other leg," he added, "only give that Kraut the knife."

"You know," Mac said, "that's an idea." He leaned over Schmidt's face. "Suppose I let the scalpel slip? Suppose I cut through the artery, a little surgical accident that could happen to anybody, who would know?"

"Remember that German housewife," Jay said, "the one that ran out to where the wounded American flier had parachuted and poured a kettle of boiling water on him? Go ahead," he said, "let the knife slip a little, Mac."

The circle of sweat under Schmidt's armpits began to spread again. His face was chalky.

Mary's eyes, wide and frightened, ran constantly from his face to Mac's and then back again. Mac tied off the vein and plucked out the bullet fragment which was cutting the artery before he answered Jay.

"I've got a better idea," he said. "Suppose I just tie off the artery. That leaves the right side of his brain without blood, right?"

Jay watched Schmidt's face. "Right."

"No blood, no function. That leaves the left side of his body paralyzed for life, am I right?"

"He's a healthy specimen," Jay said carefully and very distinctly. "Ordinarily he would have a long and active life."

"Paralysis," Mac said, "that appeals to me."

Schmidt closed his eyes and groaned.

"I can't stand it," Mary said, "when you talk like that."

"It's all right, Mary," Mac said. "He doesn't understand a word of what we say."

"I don't care," Mary whispered fiercely. "When you talk like that you're putting yourself in the same shoes as one of the concentration camp murderers."

"Doctor Neumann," said Mac to Jay. "Ever hear of him?"

"Sure," Jay said. "We used his Vascular Surgery as a textbook at Mount Sinai."

"Buchenwald," Mac said. "Ever visit it?"

"Mac . . ." Mary said.

"No," Jay said. "Tell me. We're in no hurry, are we?"

"They have two stucco buildings there," Mac said, "with neat curtains on the windows. They stand on a sloping road which leads down to the big wooden barracks where the Jewish children were kept. If you broke one of the rules of the camp, if your towel didn't hang straight during the inspection, for example, you were taken out of your cold drafty wooden barracks and brought to the warm stucco building with the curtains on the windows. There were German doctors inside. You know, men of science and learning."

"Sure, I know," Jay said. "Doctors."

"Well," Mac said, "they'd try this experiment on you, or maybe they'd try that experiment. The effect of poison gas, or maybe how long you took to drown in ice-cold water. It would be the same kind of science, wouldn't it," he said, "to experiment on *Sturmbundsfuehrer* Schmidt?"

Mary leaned forward. "Shall I set up the I.V. stand?" she asked. "He needs some blood."

"Let's have the suction tube," Mac said. "I want to get the clot out of this artery."

"You want that blood, Major?" Frank, the tech sergeant, asked quietly. It was obvious he hoped the doctor would say no.

"Yes, Frank," Mac said. "There's a load they just flew in from some blood-donor center in the Bronx. Get me 1,000 c.c.s of it."

"There's sure to be some blood from Jewish donors in that load," Jay said, watching Schmidt's ashen face. "Are you sure you want to pour it into this Kraut's veins?"

Doctor Neumann, Mac's mind said to itself, they sold you into slavery and bound you on a wheel of fire. Soldier, he thought, they let some butcher amputate your leg and now you'll need surgery for months to come. My own life—I could have offered Mary a warm and happy marriage; but now this horror they began has twisted me so that she looks at me and becomes afraid of the future. God almighty! his mind cried, they have made the middle of the twentieth century a cancer for generations!

His forehead was wet; the perspiration began to trickle down into his eyes. "Mary," he said.

She understood his voice immediately and wiped his face with a sterile sponge. Her eyes were burning above the edge of her face mask. "Mac," she whispered, "you're too good to lose control now."

He looked down at Schmidt. "Why should he live?" Mac said quietly. "By any standard of judgment he should die."

"That's his kind of talk," Mary said, "not yours!" She spoke so intensely her whole body shivered.

Jay looked at her. "You're getting soft in your old age, small fry."

"You agree with me, Jay," she told him. "I know you do!"

"This is a hell of a place to analyze the ethics of murder," Jay said. "Let's kill him first and talk later."

SCHMIDT'S breath whistled hoarsely between his teeth. The sheet on which he lay was now as completely wet as if it had been soaked in a bucket. The pupils of his eyes had become wide black circles of naked fear.

"Please!" he burst out suddenly in English. "Please! I did nothing! I only followed orders!"

The taut muscles of his face suddenly went slack and began to twitch. His eyes were rolling hysterically as his body began to shiver under the sheet.

Mary put down the scalpel she was holding; her hands were shaking.

Mac put his hand out. "Give me a traumatic needle, Mary, with number 80 silk," he said, "so I can repair this damn' artery."

"Hear that, Schmidt?" Jay said. "You're going to live."

"It would be too easy to run the knife across his artery," Mac said to Jay, "but I don't feel merciful enough to kill him. That lets him off too easy. Let him live and take what's coming to him."

He felt a vast flooding sense of relief, as though a stone in his chest had suddenly dissolved and he could breathe freely once again.

As Mary handed him the needle and suture their eyes met.

The End

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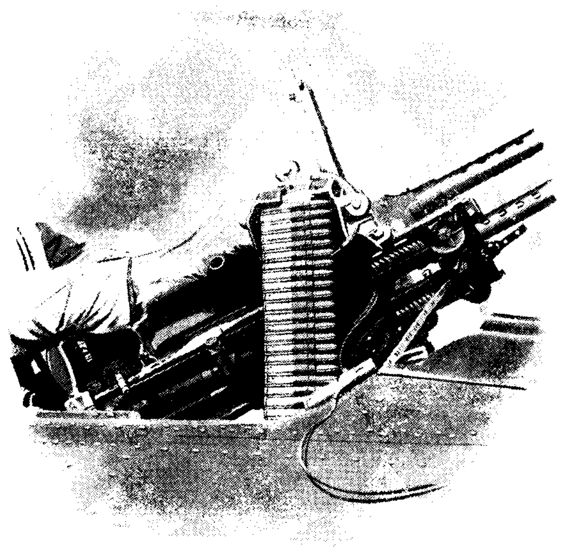
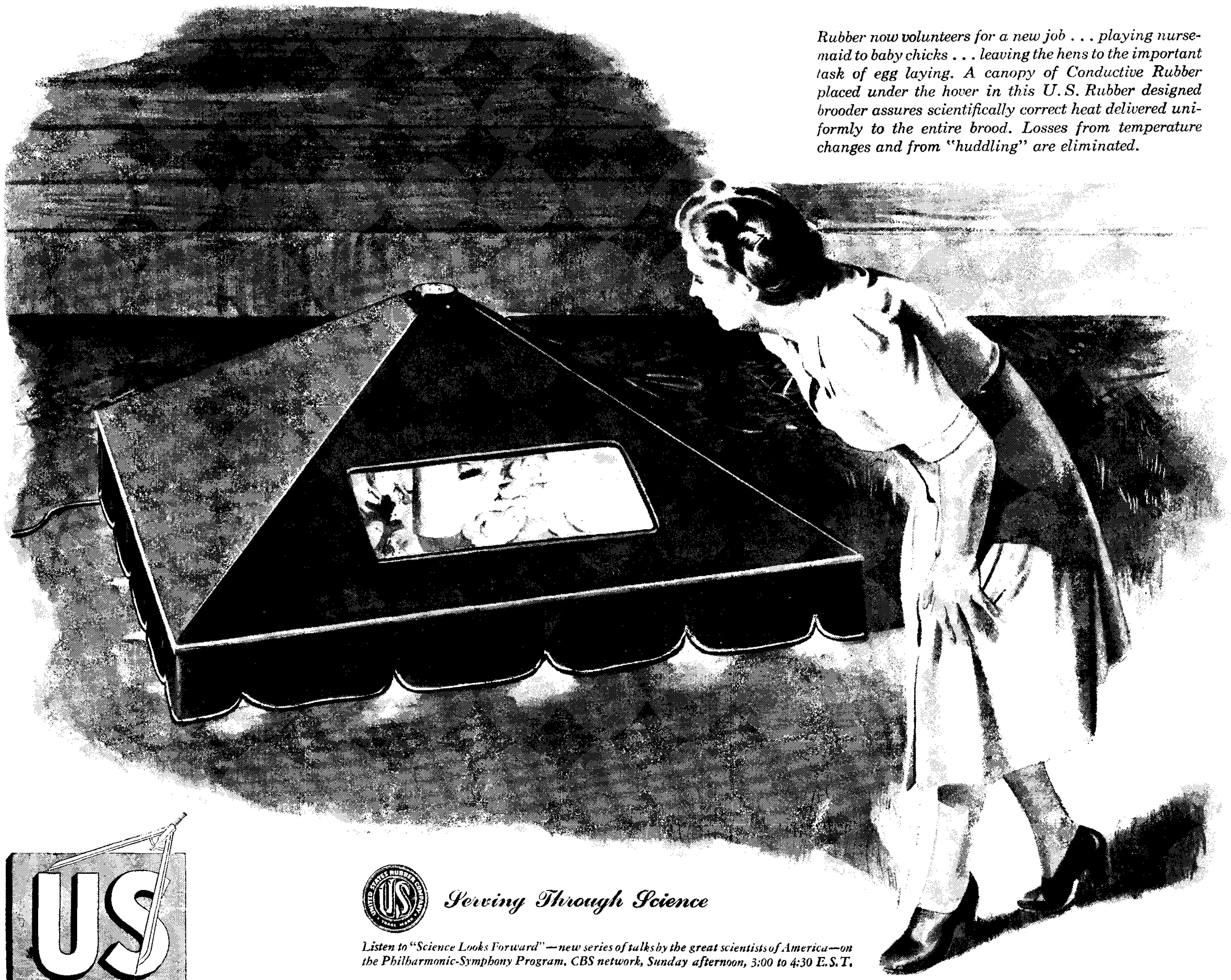


Heating pads of Conductive Rubber are used in fighting planes to keep the machine gun or aerial cannon ready for instant use, safe from jamming due to cold.



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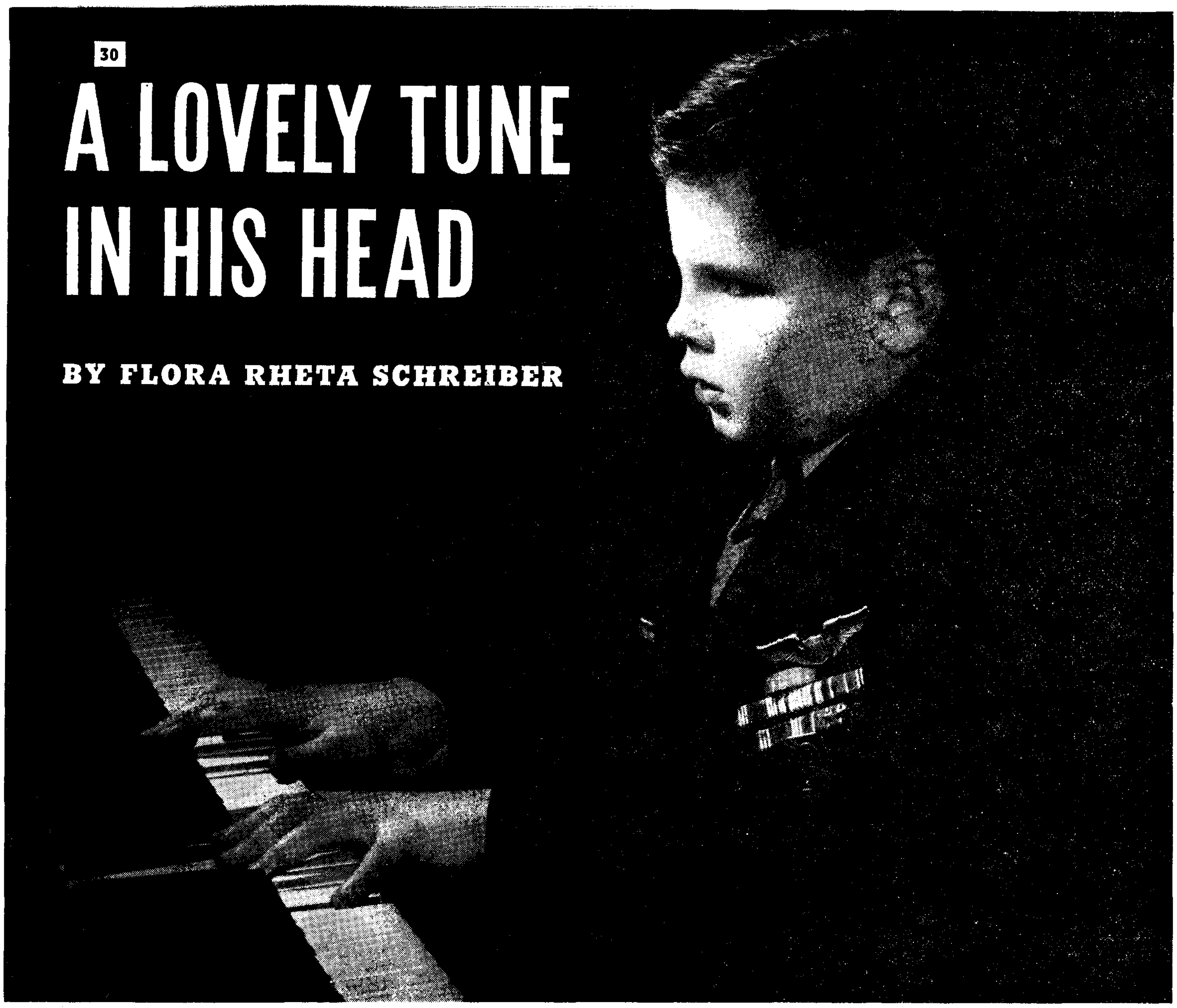
A LOVELY TUNE IN HIS HEAD

BY FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER



INTERNATIONAL

I SAW Jimmy Osborn being led down the ramp of the Pan American Clipper at La Guardia Field. He is ten and blind. Later, Jimmy's friend, Captain John F. O'Connell, and I stood in the office of Director Gabriel Farrell. This was the Perkins Institution for the Blind at Watertown, Massachusetts, where Jimmy is at school. He is chubby, good-looking, sandy-haired and stoops a little and his eyes are closed.

"They let me sit in the copilot's seat," he said. "Everyone said I made the ship go smooth. I knew they were pulling my leg. But I didn't let on. Captain O'Connell was nervous."

"I was nervous," O'Connell said, "but not Jimmy. He slept his eight hours on the Clipper completely unconcerned that there was an ocean under him and immensity above."

Jimmy laughed. From the way they reacted to each other, one could see that theirs was a very special relationship. The camaraderie between them wiped out the disparity in their ages except that to O'Connell, who is twenty-seven and unmarried, Jimmy is something other than a friend. He puts it this way: "Jimmy has made me want to be a family man."

Less than a year ago Captain O'Connell who was in charge of entertainment for the American Ninth Air Force stationed at Willingale, Essex, was looking for talent.

"Why don't you get the little Osborn boy?" someone said. "He's never had a lesson but he plays like Paderewski."

O'Connell was inclined to be skeptical, but the boy was a legend in the town. It was said that when he was less than three years old he climbed up the piano stool one day and played Monday Night at Eight, a BBC signature theme. He also composed tunes at the age of three. During the blitz raids, he would refuse to stay with the rest of his family in the Anderson shelter.

"I must go up," he'd say night after night, "I have a lovely tune in my head."

His mother would warn him of the great danger but in the end she would take him back to their bungalow. She realized that only at the piano was he unafraid. He literally played his way through the blitz. And the Osborn house, where the child played in darkness, was the only one on the block never to be bombed.

"Although I discounted much of this," reminisced O'Connell, "I went to visit the Osborns and heard Jimmy play. That was enough. I arranged for a performance at the Aeroclub at our base."

At the Aeroclub the following Thursday Captain O'Connell turned Jimmy over to Nina Binder, the Red Cross director, who introduced him to the audience. "Nina told me afterwards," said O'Connell, "that she didn't expect much from a nine-year-old kid who was both untrained and blind. Nervously, she listened."

Jimmy played five sentimental English numbers—all in the same tempo. Will it all be the same? Miss Binder wondered, and then the music changed—suddenly, sharply. Now the boy switched to Cow-Cow Boogie, then to Freddy Slack, to Honky-Tonk Train Blues, to Gin Mill Blues. Then came the minstrel numbers—Ida and Susie. The music stopped. The outburst of cheers and applause was terrific.

The boy was talking now. Leaning across the piano he was asking:

"Anything you specially want?"

"What can you give us?"

"Just whistle and I'll play it."

One man whistled I Wanna Get Married. It's the Gertrude Niesen song from Follow the Girls, and Jimmy, of course, had never heard it before. The moment was tense, for no one believed the boy could transmit the music to the piano as fast as it could reach his ear. Jimmy, who had never heard the song before, played it flawlessly.

He motioned to a man who called from a far corner of this long room and asked:

"What's your name, soldier?"

"Kelly."

He played When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.

"And your name?" he asked a G.I. who called from the bar in the center of the room.

"Generalli."

For Generalli he played O Sole Mio.

After an hour of spontaneously suiting the music to the nationalities of the men, Jimmy played a Chopin nocturne. As he concluded, Miss Binder's eye wandered up and down the long room. By this time the clatter of dishes, the thump of Ping-pong, the drone of the radio had ceased. Everyone had long since stopped whatever else he was doing. Even the women who served doughnuts and coffee had closed shop to stand on the sidelines, watching and listening. The room was still and everyone in it sat frozen in silence and admiring incredulity.

Suddenly Jimmy was talking again:

"I'll tell you a joke. Umbriago milked a cow upside down. Why?"

He paused, twinkled and shot out his punch line:

"He wanted the cream to come out on top."

He laughed lustily at this Durante joke which he had made his own. He walked from the piano. The audience burst into a frenzied ovation. It was a moment of release for the men and of destiny for Jimmy.

The men's enthusiasm for him did not end with their applause. They knew that, as the son of a London bus driver, he could never get the training he needed. They were convinced of his ability. And they wanted to do something to give him the kind of future they felt he deserved.

One night when O'Connell, Jimmy and Jimmy's folks were driving home from another of Jimmy's concerts, O'Connell said:

"We have something in mind for Jimmy, but before we go ahead with it, I'd like to know how you feel about it." He paused a moment, wondering how they would take it and then plunged. "The boys would like to take him to America to live and study music. Would you like that?"

There was a silence. It was Mr. Osborn who spoke first:

"It would be hard to part with him."

Mrs. Osborn, turning to her husband, spoke in a firm tone:

"Albert, we ought to keep in mind how good it would be for him."

"Would you like to go, Jimmy?" asked Valery. She is Jimmy's seventeen-year-old sister and is in the ATS.

"It's what I've been hoping for," answered Jimmy without hesitation.

"Don't set your heart on it yet, Jimmy. We'll do our best. But we may be turned

(Continued on page 64)

Two years ago, this blind British boy crouched in a shelter as Nazi whistling bombs came closer. It was then that he begged permission to go back to the house and play the piano. He played his way through the blitz, and he'll play his way through your heart

Jimmy Osborn, with a chest full of American decorations, is introduced to blind students at the Perkins Institution, in Watertown, Mass., by his great friend, Capt. O'Connell

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That sound as of a rushing wind heard through the land was not a hurricane but the airlines heaving a colossal sigh of relief as priorities ended. No more removing one passenger for another with a more important war job. No more explaining to a mere TNT specialist that the anatomy of an atom expert has priority on the only seat available. When you fly now, you fly straight through.

• • •

Nobody really liked priorities – the red tape was awful – but there were a few mixed blessings. A mother of young twins once paid two fares, held one baby and put the other in the second seat. Then a priority passenger had to have this seat. She was about to cancel the trip in despair but the passenger offered to hold the second baby. Youngsters under two ride free if they don't take up a seat alone, so the family trio sailed along at 180 miles per hour and half the originally planned cost.

• • •

If you've never flown and want a brief introduction to air travel, now that a reservation guarantees a seat, consider these flights. Barnstormers once charged $5.00 to circle the field but for $1.50 you can fly from Akron to Cleveland, or from Baltimore to Washington for $1.85, or Los Angeles to Long Beach for $2.00.

• • •

In a few more months, Wright Cyclone-powered transports such as the Lockheed Constellation or Douglas DC-4 will drone on scheduled flights around the world. Back in 1939, it took a Long Island housewife 16 days to girdle the globe on commercial airlines. That was a private passenger record, then. With Wright Cyclones, it will be under six days, including such extras as side-trips to climb the Pyramids.

• • •

More likely, though, you'll be wanting to fly to places like Florida for a sun tan or Canada for skiing. And if anybody is absent-minded enough to ask if the trip is necessary, fix him firmly with your eye and reply: "No, but it certainly is fun".

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Billions for Britain

Continued from page 13

gold. Their ability to buy goods was reduced. They said to themselves:

"Look here, this won't do—we can't afford cotton goods from Britain and films from Hollywood and glassware from Czechoslovakia—we'll make our own or do without—we'll buy from others only what we can pay for in goods."

The world-trade pie grew smaller and smaller, and each country had a proportionately thinner cut. Nations fought for the crumbs. They resorted to all kinds of tricks to keep themselves fed, clothed and reasonably warm. They cheapened the values of their currencies to make it cheaper for others to buy their goods. But their principal weapon was the barter system.

The Breakdown of Bartering

Nations reverted to swapping eggs for aspirin, tin stoves for shoes, cloth for nuts and bolts. The system eventually broke down. Nations always try to export more than they import, and usually do. The difference between the value of what they export and what they import must be paid for in cash. The cash, eventually, just wasn't there. Enormous debts piled up.

As the amount of business each country did with its neighbors diminished, employment fell off. There were strikes, disorder, distress. These conditions bred the dictators who ultimately made war on us.

Even Britain was obliged to restrict its trade largely to within its own Empire, to sell and to buy only what it could pay for with goods or sterling. The sterling bloc of nations which made up the Commonwealth, the colonies and mandated areas was created at Ottawa in 1932. Basically it was discriminatory. High tariff walls were erected against non-British goods and behind them Britain offered low or preferential tariffs to member countries of the Empire and even to outsiders like Argentina, Egypt and Middle East nations.

American manufacturers couldn't sell as much in those areas. They couldn't meet the easy terms provided by British firms. And although the United States had a special bilateral or two-way trade accord with the United Kingdom and managed to trade fairly profitably with Empire countries like Canada, it couldn't break into the bigger areas covered by the British monopoly.

The worst offenders were the Axis nations. Their barter agreements crisscrossed and overlapped all over Europe and spilled into Latin America and the Orient. They had more debts than a rum-pot reporter. War was one way out of their difficulties and they took it. If they won they could saddle the losers with their debts and with reparations for 50 to 100 years.

What happened before, they know in Washington and London, can happen again. It's as much to prevent a recurrence of war as to revive world trade that our diplomats and economists and most of our politicians want to help Britain now.

"Well, just how broke is Britain and how did she get that way?" some of Congress' hecklers want to know.

Let's compare Britain's economic position now with what it was, say, in 1939 when Neville Chamberlain finally decided that peace in our time wasn't possible. Britain then had various sources of income.

To begin with, she was one of the industrial titans of the world, taking in raw materials and food, and exporting manufactured goods in payment. All the materials that go into British mills except coal, and two thirds of the food that goes into British stomachs come from overseas. But because finished products are more valuable than raw goods Britain's books were usually in the black.

In addition, Britain owned the mightiest merchant fleet in the world. Its 23,000,000 tons of shipping carried the bulk of the world's goods. The freight fees collected constituted one of the country's principal sources of income. Britain, also, had a virtual monopoly on marine insurance. Add the premiums collected by Lloyd's of London to the profits from the shipping business and those normally made in the sale of consumer goods to other countries and you have a vast accumulation of capital. This money Britain loaned abroad and collected interest thereon.

Britain was, in fact, the world's biggest creditor country. Everybody owed it money. When war finally came, Britain had liquid gold and dollar assets just under $4,100,000,000 in the cashbox.

On September 3, 1939, the United Kingdom gambled the works on the chance that help would come from mighty America in time to prevent the Axis from winning the war. In the process Britain consumed all of its loose cash to buy food and weapons. At one point, in April, 1941, the till showed less than $15,000,000 in cash—which may be a fortune for an individual but it's dangerously close to bankruptcy for an imperial power at war.

The British hung on. They had to let their markets go. They couldn't supply manufactured goods to India, the Middle East and the members of the Commonwealth and make guns and planes too. By the time the war ended, the British had less than one third (30 per cent) of the trade they'd had before. Our own had doubled. They lost 18,000,000 out of their 23,000,000 tons of shipping to the enemy while our merchant marine grew from 11,500,000 tons to 50,000,000 and do any sharp horse-trading in the future with any of our former customers when they know our horse might drop dead in a few months."

Throughout the war the British depended almost exclusively upon us for the food and weapons they needed. We took over their markets in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and even India and the Middle Eastern countries for the duration.

They were content to contribute their manpower to actual combat even at the expense of wartime home production. This was being seriously hampered by German bombings anyhow and the British thought it wiser to let us do the job without interference from air raids. They put everything they had—manpower and financial resources—into the common pot of the United Nations.

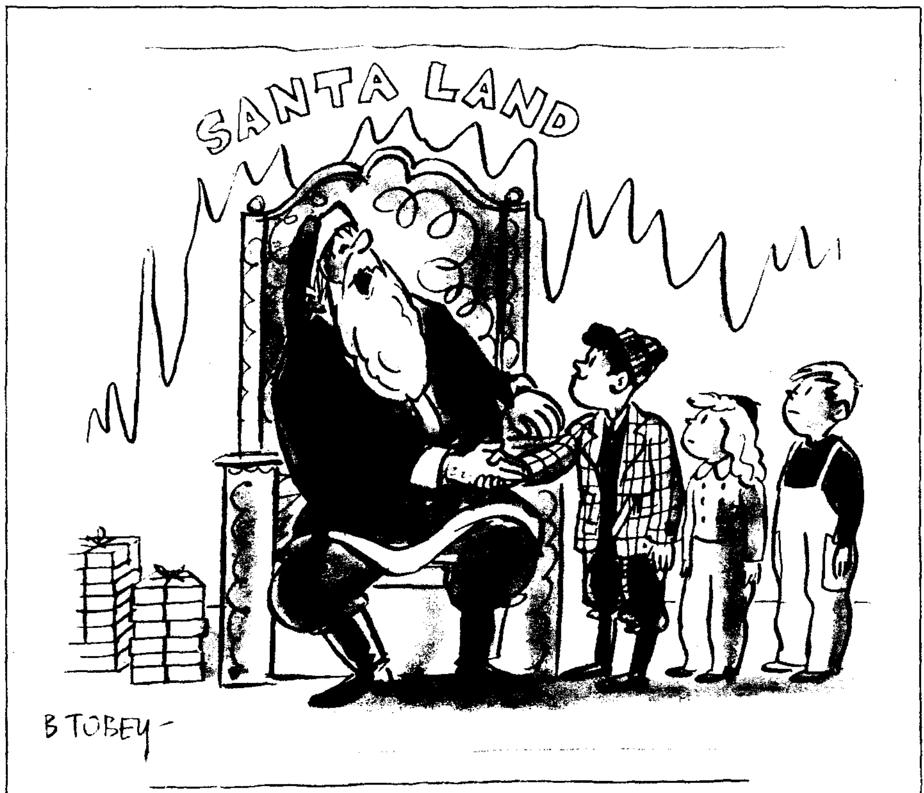
Risked Everything in War Pool

"Yes," said another member of the British delegation, "we're paupers now, panhandlers if you will. But we're not altogether responsible for our—ahem—state of economic debility. We chucked everything we had into the pool in order to fight a war against some evil fellows who were out to do us—and you—in the eye.

"Of course," he added as an afterthought, "the money wasn't all we lost. . . ." Whereupon the conversation trailed off into red-faced silence. What he meant was that the United Kingdom, a nation of only 40,000,000 people, had lost 387,000 dead and missing, considerably more than America's 307,000 out of a population about three and a half times larger.

The Britisher could have made the comparison in the interests of showing that his country paid more than a monetary price for an Allied victory. But he didn't, being not only British and therefore reticent, but a decent chap in any language. Nobody has quite figured out an adequate way of charging off lives to Lend-Lease. What price one Yank or one Tommy?

The country today is in the position of a muslin maker whose cashbox is empty and who has borrowed heavily to keep going. Fire has damaged his plant and accidents have wrecked about a third of his delivery trucks. He owes customers tons of undelivered yard-goods or their equivalent in money. He can't meet the pay roll, can't buy more raw cotton to keep the mill going, and anyhow the plant can't work at full capacity until it's repaired. The sheriffs of 20 counties are banging on the door waving due bills and otherwise behaving in the unreasonable manner of creditors who want to be paid. (As a matter of



COLLIER'S "Ouch!" BARNEY TOBEY

Britannia can never again hope to rule the commercial waves.

With their liquid assets gone, the British began selling what stocks and bonds they owned in other countries. Altogether they sold out $5,000,000,000 in foreign holdings and ran up a debt in sterling of $12,000,000,000 to other countries. They borrowed $56,000,000,000 from 40,000,000 Britons, which isn't as much as the roughly $240,000,000,000 which the U.S. government borrowed from 132,000,000 Americans but which nevertheless constituted a heavy drain.

The World's No. 1 Debtor

The British wound up the war in hock to every country in the Empire and many outside it. The world's No. 1 creditor has become its No. 1 debtor. The change in status carries with it a reduction in Britain's prestige and bargaining power which neither loans nor credits can ever restore. British negotiators headed by Lord Keynes, the puckish governor of the Bank of England, were acutely conscious of this during the early stages of the quiet but intense dickerings with American officials for a loan.

"It'll be difficult," one of them said, "to

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fact, Britain is a large manufacturer of textiles and scores of mills in Manchester, Leeds and Huddersfield are in just about this fix.)

Until the textile manufacturer is able to buy raw materials for his factory, make needed repairs to his plant or reconvert it to civilian production, he can't placate those sheriffs. Either he can't meet pay rolls at all or workmen go home with anemic envelopes whose contents won't even cover rent and food. They'll buy no Virginia cigarettes, less Iowa wheat, no automobiles from Detroit. Some will merely exist on Britain's unemployment compensation, known as the Dole.

"Well," you might say, "we've got similar troubles right here at home. Let the British solve their own unemployment problems. What's it to us if a few Limeys don't work?"

Just this:

Back in 1938, Great Britain bought about $550,000,000 worth of cotton, oil, tobacco, machinery, motorcars and wheat and $70,000,000 worth of Hollywood movies from us. This $620,000,000 represented nearly 23 per cent of all the goods we exported that year, and made England our biggest single customer. America, on the other hand, bought only $120,000,000 worth of stuff from Britain, which left us a net balance of trade of $500,000,000—a nice piece of business.

Britain was able to do so substantial a portion of its shopping in the United States because British mills and mines and factories were working. Men were taking home pay envelopes with enough money in them to pay the rent and buy the food and still have enough left over to buy Virginia cigarettes, Texas beef and a ticket to movies made in Hollywood.

Britain to Buy More; U.S. Less

The outlook for Anglo-American trade for 1946 is even better than 1938. Britain needs more of everything that it bought from us before, plus new items such as canned goods, bacon and lard. The experts in Washington anticipate a 100 per cent increase in British purchases, with an even greater balance in this country's favor than before. For America will be buying less from Britain than it did. For one thing we don't need so much rubber and tin from British Malaya as we did.

This will mean a deficit trade balance for Britain for possibly three to five years. It'll take Britain that long to repair its factories and otherwise restore its ability to produce marketable goods whose sale will pay off her debts. Meanwhile, America will supply to those nations what Britain cannot. Meanwhile, too, Britain must continue to import, for it is not an agricultural nation and unless it does import, Britons will starve.

So unless they have food and raw materials, they can't eat and they can't work. It may not be of particular moment to some Americans worried over strikes, unemployment, inflation, Communism and sinusitis whether Britons eat or starve, work or loaf, but it should be. Because if Britain doesn't find the money with which to buy the food and raw materials in a hurry, here's what is likely to happen:

Britain won't, obviously, do its shopping in the U.S. It won't buy much of Michigan's automobiles, Alabama's cotton, Virginia's tobacco, California's movies, Iowa's lard or Kansas' wheat. Certainly not to the anticipated tune of $1,100,000,000 in 1946.

The consequences of the loss of so valuable a customer are equally clear. Some of our farmers would be burdened with surpluses, already mounting in some commodities like cotton, with resultant price drops and hardships to individual agricultural workers. Some of our industries, once they've caught up with domestic needs, would be confronted with a similar situation. Shutdowns and unemployment, strikes and strife and misery would follow—not for the entire country, but for that sizable chunk of it that was supported by British purchases.

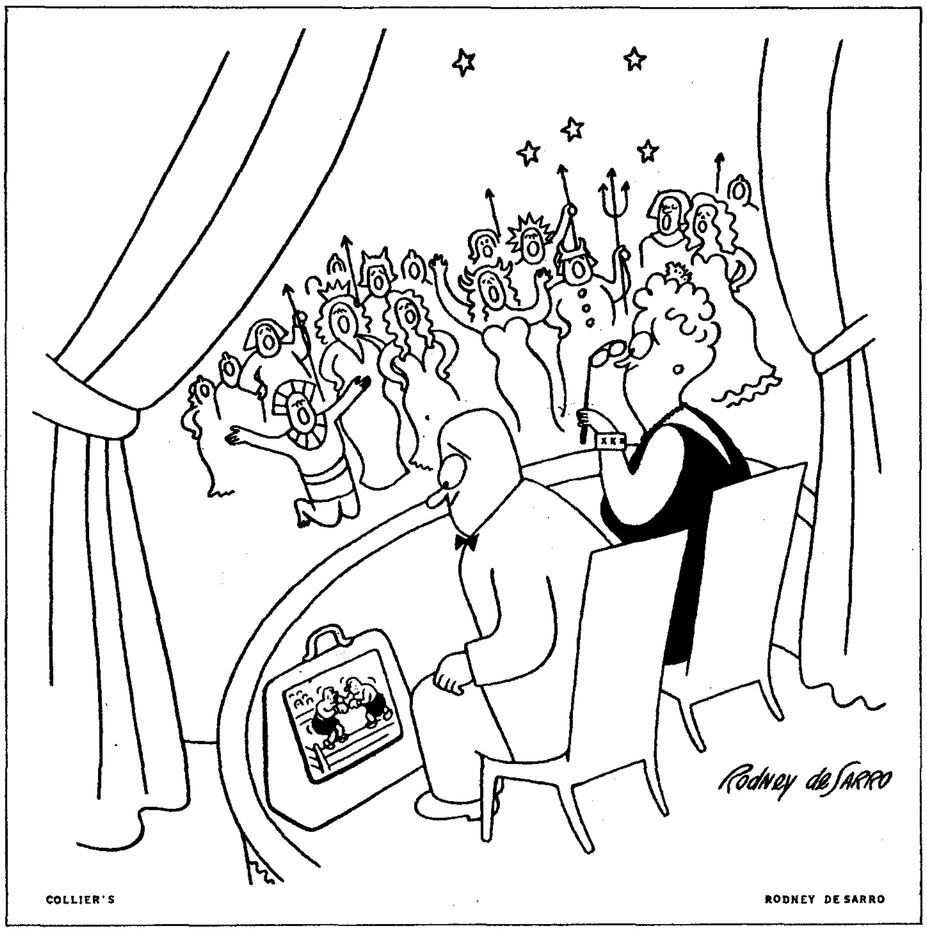
Some opposition to extending financial aid to Britain comes from those who consider such help as a subsidy to continue the Labor government in power. The Laborites have ambitious plans for socialization of utilities and certain industries and are, therefore, considered Red. "Why should we support a Red government in Britain?" those who hold this viewpoint want to know.

The political complexion of Britain's government is beside the point. There are British *people* involved who fought unselfishly for a common victory regardless of party. And the argument quite overlooks the obvious benefits which would accrue to our farmers and manufacturers from helping Britain to get back on its feet.

These Men Have No Red Leanings

Among the strongest advocates of a long-term loan or credit to the British is Assistant Secretary of State Will Clayton, who didn't make a fortune in cotton by practicing altruistic economics and who can hardly be called a Red. Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, recognizing the enormous political and economic stake involved, recently advocated an outright grant—a present—to the British of $6,000,000,000. He isn't a Red either.

There is still another aspect to be considered. The Labor government won't fall and Britain won't return to the fine conservatism it knew under Mr. Winston Churchill if the U.S. government denies Britain a long-term loan.



COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

Mr. Ernest Bevin was a tough, double-handled Trade Unionist whip before he became Britain's Foreign Minister. In the event of a turndown from the U.S. it's not difficult to imagine this big, beefy professional unioneer saying something like this to his constituents, in his fine native Lancashire:

"Now look 'ere, me laads. Old Uncle Shylock has just vetoed a loan which would have helped us to put our factories and mines into shape so that you might all have jobs and good pay, so that you might produce more and we could export more and so be able to buy more tobacco, wheat and cotton, lard and automobiles and moving pictures from America.

"Well, the gentlemen across the sea—yea, our former brothers in arms—have said 'no' and so 'no' it shall be. The situation is serious, perhaps even desperate, but we'll muddle through. We will trade only within our Empire, buy only what we can pay for in sterling and in what goods you make. You'll have to take smaller wages, you'll need to work long hours. You'll have to do without fags and you'll be seeing only British flicks.

"But in 10 or 15 years we'll pull out of this all right. It might take longer. It's a challenge to the Labor government. They think over there that we can't get along without them. Well, let's show them. We've come to power at last, on our own. We've got to make good."

This could happen. It would mean a return to the dog eat dog kind of world it was before—the kind that has brought two wars.

"We'll just sit and dig in our own garden," warned Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador to the United States and leader of the delegation which has been negotiating for the loan. There are powerful Britannia First advocates in England who'd like it that way. Among them is Lord Beaverbrook, the champion of Splendid Isolationism, who owns the London Express and for years pleaded from his masthead to "Buy British."

Some of the influences at work against the loan are purely psychological. The war is over and with it went the danger of an Axis victory, which had served to bring Britons and Americans closer together than they'd ever been before. Other possible snags include a widespread misunderstanding of Lend-Lease. Many Americans believe that all Lend-Lease goods were to be paid for, in cash or goods.

Britain received altogether $25,500,000,000 in Lend-Lease goods from April, 1941, to May, 1945. This included not only the weapons which were decisive in winning the war but food and other supplies which Britain would have had to buy on world markets. Lend-Lease saved Britain's life and the first to admit it are the British. But Lend-Lease saved our necks, too; among other things, it constituted our down payment on victory.

A Problem in Lend-Lease

The value of our Lend-Lease goods to Britain represented approximately 4 per cent of our national income in the period specified. In those years we received from Britain $940,000,000 worth of reverse Lend-Lease assistance. While the amount of British help to us was a small fraction of what we sent to them, the cost, nevertheless, represented 3.5 per cent of the total British national income.

So in terms of each country's ability to pay, contributions by Britons and Americans were nearly equal. In this connection it's interesting to note that during the war the individual Englishman's purchasing power dropped from $352 to $296 while individual Americans were able to buy $589 worth of clothing, shoes, food and luxuries as compared to a prewar $508 worth. The figures cited are based on 1938 prices with allowances made for inflation, the increased cost of living and higher taxes.

There are many obstacles in the way of successful conclusion of the negotiations on the British side too. Britain owes the Commonwealth nations, Empire countries like India and associated nations like Egypt, $14,000,000,000. Our experts have told the British they can't have the billions they've requested unless the Commonwealth and others which use sterling as their currency agree to cut their mortgages on Mother England's financial future by about half. In other words, we'll make our loan conditional on an improvement of Britain's position as a credit risk. We will lend the money if the so-called sterling bloc countries will settle their accounts with Britain for little more than fifty cents on the dollar or $7,500,000,000 instead of $14,000,000,000.

Keynes and his colleagues aren't too sure that the sterling bloc members will agree to do this. But if Britain wants help it'll have to put the scheme across. This was a hard bargain for the Americans to drive, for it involved Britain's abandonment of preferential trade practices within the Empire. The result of this for us will be the opening of the tremendous Empire markets, hitherto tightly closed, to American businessmen.

If granted, by the way, the loan would be in the form of a credit in this country and all of the money, directly or indirectly, would be spent here. The loan will not be used to liquidate her old debts to sterling countries. However, it will enable Great Britain to use some of her own gold resources—approximately $2,000,000,000 worth—to supply the sterling countries with dollars to buy goods from the U.S.

One of the plans being discussed in Washington and the one which may eventually be adopted is to lend Britain about $5,000,000,000, but the borrower will repay the United States at a low rate of interest in yearly installments for 55 years, with a five-year grace period at the beginning. This means that if the loan is granted it won't be paid back in full until the year 2000 or later. The interest the British will pay over a 55-year period amounts to a very large sum. But the real benefit to this country would derive from the fact that the money would all be spent right here.

To Prime the Empire Pump

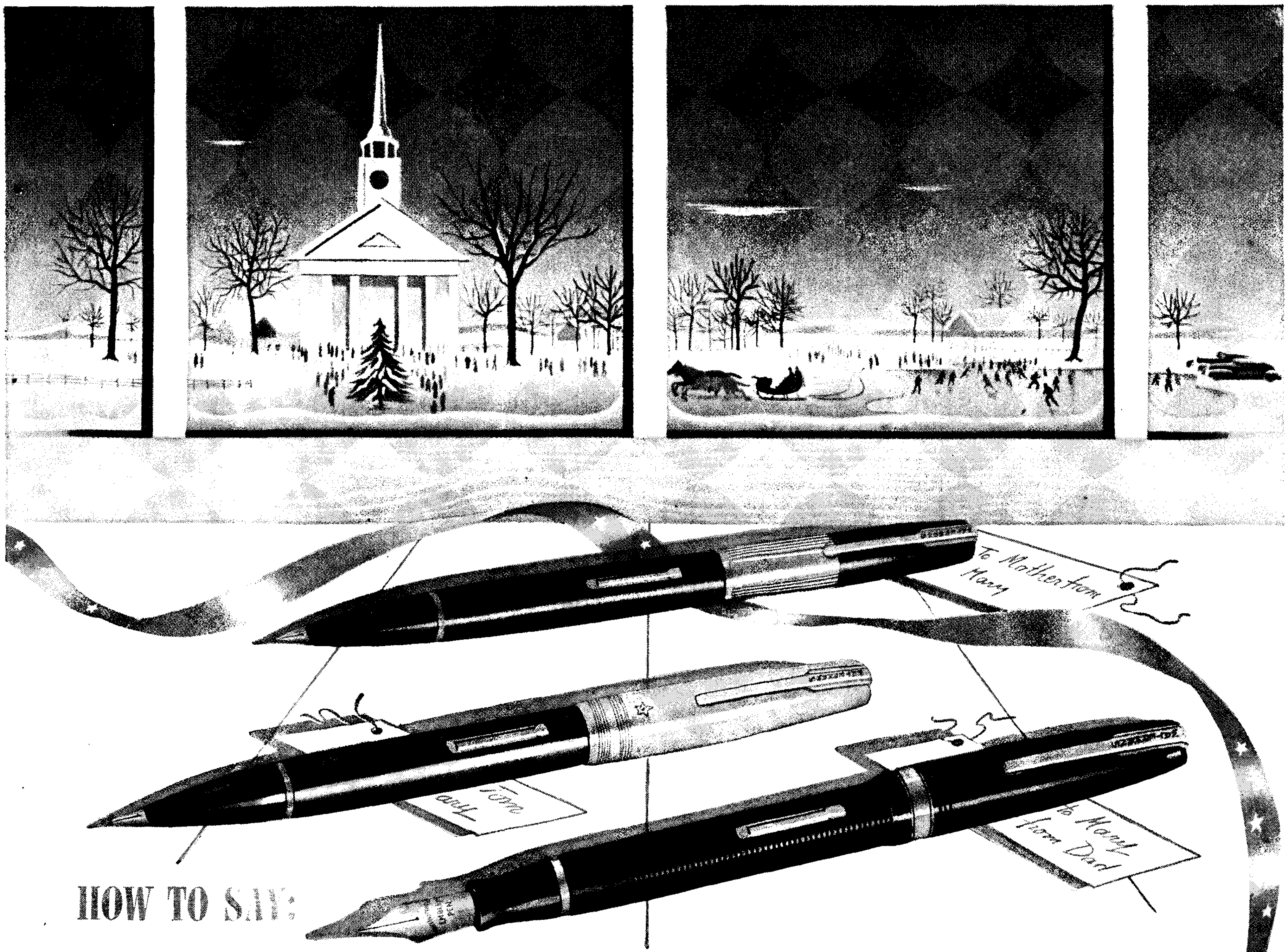
The idea behind the low interest rate and the easy-payment system is to avoid defaults on the loan and consequent dunning, ill feeling and recriminations. The almost $5,000,000,000 incidentally is all that Uncle Sam personally intends to lend John Bull outside the regular lending channels. It's deemed sufficient to prime the pump of Anglo-American trade, of intra-Empire commerce, and of trade between the U.S. and the British Empire.

Under the plan, too, Britain would guarantee to pay to sterling nations more than $100,000,000 a year for 55 years to enable them to trade with anyone they pleased. This is to ensure a continual flow of trade.

In addition the British would agree to transfer to the sterling countries $500,000,000 worth of gold and dollars out of its $1,800,000,000 kitty in London (most of it comprised of American dollars the G.I.s spent while in England) so that they might have substantial working capital for immediate needs—to stiffen up wavering currencies and for emergency purchases of critically needed goods abroad. This would also give the sterling nations U.S. dollars with which to buy U.S. goods. Until now, the lack of such dollars has been one of the things which has hampered U.S. trade with those nations.

The alternative to an agreement whereby the British will have financial assistance could be disastrous to Anglo-American trade. But there's more at stake than Anglo-American commerce. Anglo-American friendship, so essential to the furtherance of democratic principles, is also on the bargaining counters of the State Department, the Treasury, the Bank of England and the British Foreign Office. Only if that friendship is maintained can Britain and America "walk together," as Winston Churchill said in the dark days, "side by side in majesty, in justice and in peace."

THE END



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Merry Christmas...and many of them!

1 **IT'S GREAT** to find a gift as complimentary to your taste as the new and ultra-smart *Taperite* (top). Note *real* pen point, streamlined but always visible. The CITATION, $8.75, plus tax.

2 **SWANK,** tailored lines, enhanced by Gold Cap in satin finish, distinguish this luxurious new *Taperite* (center). Hand-ground, 14 Kt. gold point—flexible or firm! The STATELEIGH, $13.50. With matching pencil in gift box, $19.25. (Prices plus tax.)

3 **A FAVORITE** in every land is Waterman's famous *Medalist* (bottom pen, above). A gift that will write its own greeting for many Christmases to come. Choice of colors—some with grooved barrel; others smooth—all *beautiful*, $8.75.

4 **THE SMART SET** for gracious giving (right). Sleek-styled *Taperite* Pen and Pencil in lovely gift box. Two superb writing instruments in rich color, set off by a wide Gold Band. The CITATION set, $13.00, plus tax.

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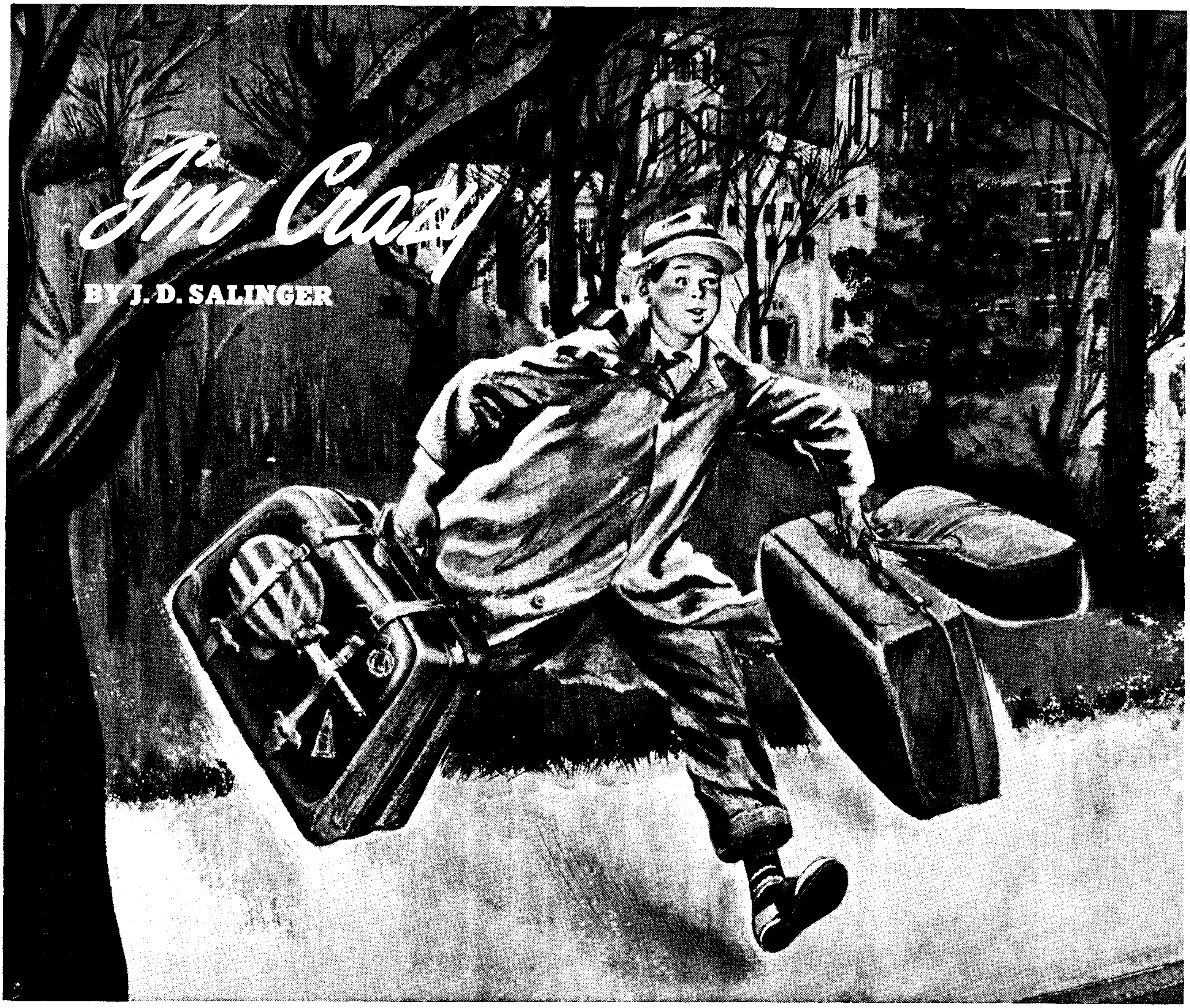
I'm Crazy

BY J. D. SALINGER



I started running with my suitcases banging the devil out of my legs. I ran all the way to the Gate, stopped, got my breath, and ran across Route 202

The heart-warming story of a kid whose only fault lay in understanding people so well that most of them were baffled by him and only a very few would believe in him

IT WAS about eight o'clock at night, and dark, and raining, and freezing, and the wind was noisy the way it is in spooky movies on the night the old slob with the will gets murdered. I stood by the cannon on the top of Thomsen Hill, freezing to death, watching the big south windows of the gym—shining big and bright and dumb, like the windows of a gymnasium, and nothing else (but maybe you never went to a boarding school).

I just had on my reversible and no gloves. Somebody had swiped my camel's hair the week before, and my gloves were in the pocket. Boy, I was cold. Only a crazy guy would have stood there. That's me. Crazy. No kidding, I have a screw loose. But I had to stand there to feel the goodby to the youngness of the place, as though I were an old man. The whole school was down below in the gym for the basketball game with the Saxon Charter slobs, and I was standing there to feel the goodby.

I stood there—boy, I was freezing to death—and I kept saying goodby to myself. "Goodby, Caulfield. Goodby, you slob." I kept seeing myself throwing a football around, with Buhler and Jackson, just before it got dark on the September evenings, and I knew I'd never throw a football around ever again with the same guys at the same time. It was as though Buhler and Jackson and I had done something that had died and been buried, and only I knew about it, and no one was at the funeral but me. So I stood there, freezing.

The game with the Saxon Charter slobs was in the second half, and you could hear everybody yelling: deep and terrific on the Pentey side of the gym, and scrawny and faggoty on the Saxon Charter side, because the Saxon bunch never brought more than the team with them and a few substitutes and managers. You could tell all right when Schutz or Kinsella or Tuttle had sunk one on the slobs, because then the Pentey side of the gym went crazy. But I only half cared who was winning. I was freezing and I was only there anyway to feel the goodby, to be at the funeral of me and Buhler and Jackson throwing a football around in the September evenings—and finally on one of the cheers I felt the goodby like a real knife, I was strictly at the funeral.

So all of a sudden, after it happened, I started running down Thomsen Hill, with my suitcases banging the devil out of my legs. I ran all the way down to the Gate; then I stopped and got my breath; then I ran across Route 202—it was icy and I fell and nearly broke my knee—and then I disappeared into Hessey Avenue. Disappeared. You disappeared every time you crossed a street that night. No kidding.

When I got to old Spencer's house—that's where I was going—I put down my bags on the porch, rang the bell hard and fast and put my hands on my ears—boy, they hurt. I started talking to the door. "C'mon, c'mon!" I said. "Open up. I'm freezing." Finally Mrs. Spencer came.

"Holden!" she said. "Come *in*, dear!" She was a nice woman. Her hot chocolate on Sundays was strictly lousy, but you never minded.

I got inside the house fast.

"Are you frozen to death? You must be *soaking* wet," Mrs. Spencer said. She wasn't the kind of woman that you could just be a little wet around: you were either real dry or soaking. But she didn't ask me what I was doing out of bounds, so I figured old Spencer had told her what happened.

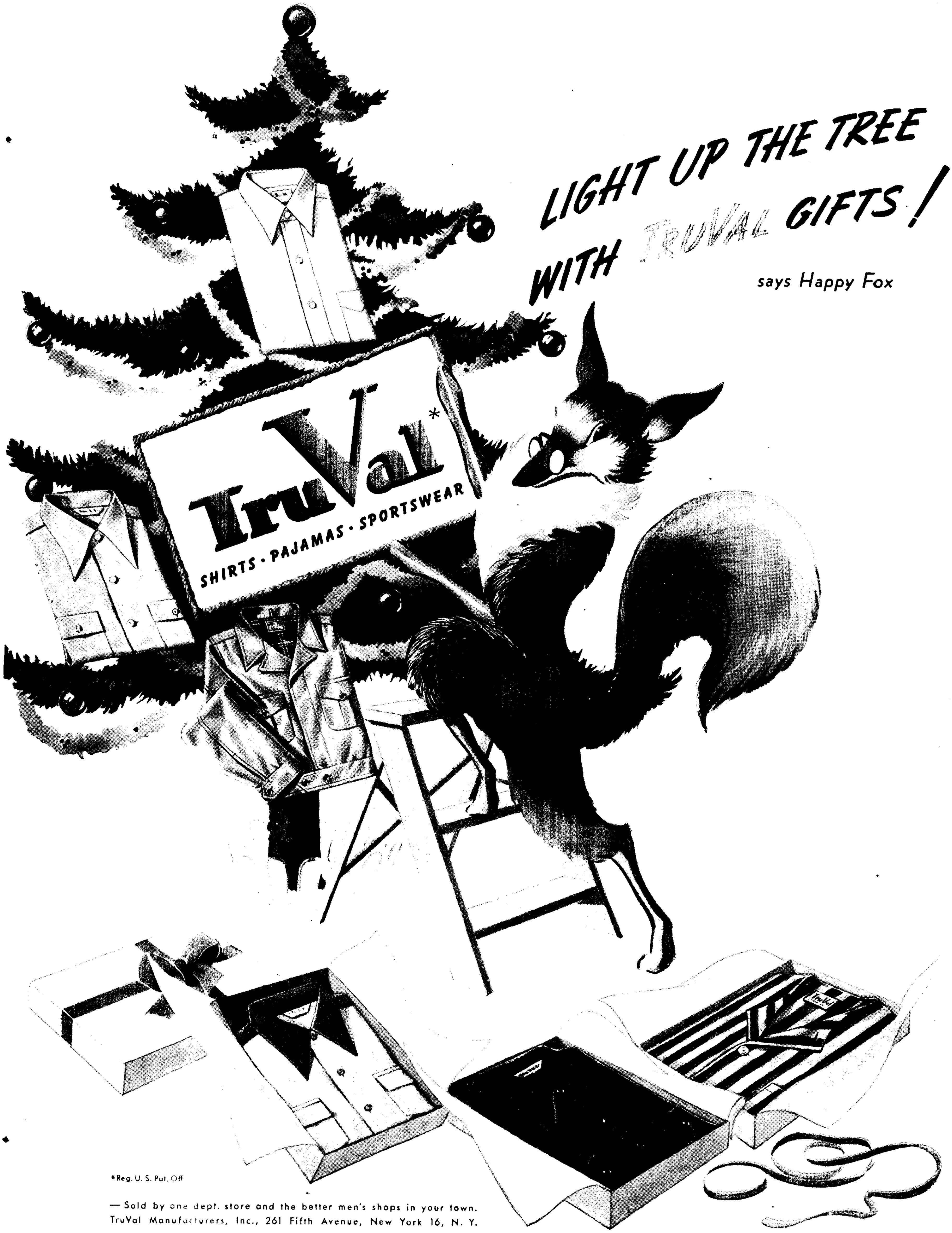
I put down my bags in the hall and took off my hat—boy, I could hardly work my fingers enough to grab my hat. I said, "How are you, Mrs. Spencer? How's Mr. Spencer's grippe? He over it okay?"

"Over it!" Mrs. Spencer said. "Let me take your coat, dear. Holden, he's behaving like a perfect I-don't-know-what. Go right in, dear. He's in his room."

Old Spencer had his own room next to the kitchen. He was about sixty years old, maybe even older, but he got a kick out of things in a half-shot way. If you thought about old Spencer you wondered what he was living for, everything about over for him and all. But if you thought about him that way, you were thinking about him the wrong way: you were thinking too much. If you thought about him just enough, not too much, you knew he was doing all right for himself. In a half-shot way he enjoyed almost everything all the time. I enjoy things terrifically, but just once in a while. Sometimes it makes you think maybe old people get a better deal. But I wouldn't trade places. I wouldn't want to

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI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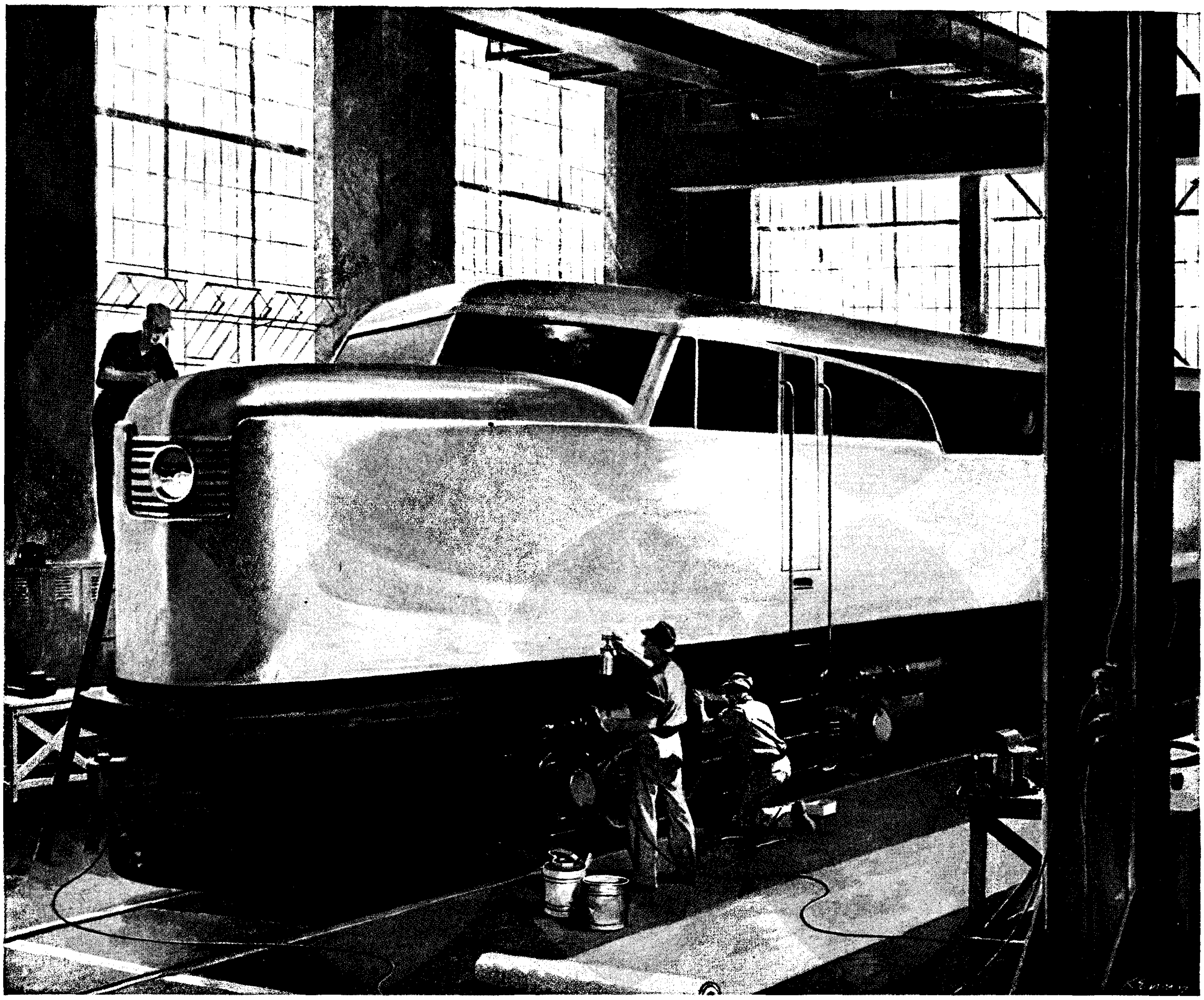

How much is a locomotive worth?

THE *price* of a locomotive may range up to half a million dollars—or more. But its *worth* depends on what it can do.

You see, there are many different kinds of jobs that locomotives must perform for a railroad. It has been common practice to meet this problem by using many different types of locomotives, each specially designed for certain types of work. Passenger locomotives, designed primarily for speed; freight locomotives, built chiefly for heavy hauling; and "helper" locomotives, to assist on steep grades.

Now, however, as a result of long, close cooperation between American Locomotive and railroad designers, locomotives are being built that can do *a number* of special jobs and do them well—locomotives that are truly multipurpose.

For example, the new "Niagaras," built by American Locomotive for the New York Central, have set top passenger-performance records on the crack Commodore Vanderbilt run—and, *in addition*, can pull the heaviest freights at any speeds they wish to run them. The New Haven has a large number of diesel-electrics, built jointly by American Locomotive and General Electric, that are doubling in freight and passenger service and doing an outstanding job at both.

The new steam locomotives, built by American Locomotive for the Delaware & Hudson, are now hauling heavy trains, unassisted, over steep grades where formerly it was necessary to employ two or three "helper" locomotives.

This development means real economy, because it reduces the number of locomotives a railroad needs to do its job. And that's important to you. For the more money a railroad can save, the more money it has to improve its service.

This is one of many developments that will contribute to finer railroading. And it is significant that it comes from the Company that designed America's first diesel-electric locomotive, built the world's largest steam locomotive, and supplied many of the war locomotives used by the United Nations.

American Locomotive

Alco

THE MARK OF MODERN LOCOMOTION

SHE'LL BE ALONG

BY GARTH R. SPENCER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Ex-Corporal Bates faced the numbing possibility that she might not come. He looked at his watch. For fifteen minutes more he could at least hope

THE afternoon sun poured brightly over the scattered crowd at the airport. Ex-Corporal James Bates, still in uniform, leaned against the fence in front of the runway. He was unaware of the sunshine; its cheerful warmth could not penetrate the growing chill in his heart. He gazed moodily into the empty sky to the west.

She had not come on the morning plane. She might not come even this afternoon. If not—ex-Corporal Bates drew a tight breath. He faced the numbing possibility that she might not come at all.

Lifting a lean wrist, he looked at his watch. The plane was not due for fifteen minutes. For fifteen minutes more he could at least hope.

Ex-Corporal Bates sighed. He was turning his eyes westward again when he became aware of a man standing near him. He looked to be in his early fifties; well-dressed and prosperous, with smooth healthy cheeks under slightly graying temples. He seemed to be watching ex-Corporal Bates; had been watching him, for perhaps some time.

Their eyes met, and the stranger smiled in a friendly manner. "Waiting for someone?"

"Uh—yeah," ex-Corporal Bates grunted shortly. He turned away.

"Well—" The stranger hesitated, checked by the obvious coolness. Then he smiled understandingly. "Well, don't worry, soldier. She'll be along."

Ex-Corporal Bates said nothing. He wished the man would go away.

Instead the stranger leaned against the fence, produced a cigar and bit off the end reflectively. "Takes me back twenty-six years," he said, "seeing all you youngsters coming home. Wondering what has happened while you were gone; wondering if you will find things like you left them. Yes, sir, it takes me back. I was in the other mess." Quite casually he offered his hand. "Bartow's my name— Ward Bartow."

The hand could not be ignored. Reluctantly ex-Corporal Bates took it. "Mine's Bates," he admitted.

"Glad to know you," the older man said. He put a match to his cigar. "Yes, sir, takes me back. I remember the day I landed. I'd been two years overseas."

Ex-Corporal Bates made no comment. He edged away slightly.

"Two years," the smooth-cheeked man repeated. "That's a long, long time to be gone."

"Yeah, it's tough," ex-Corporal Bates agreed absently.

"Especially," said the older man, "when the mail service is bad. You get to worrying. I'd left my girl in the States. Of course, I didn't expect her to write every day, but when weeks would pass, and no letters—Well, a man just can't help wondering a little then."

"Uh-huh," said ex-Corporal Bates. He shifted uncomfortably and turned his eyes westward again.

His companion drew on his cigar and sighed reminiscently. "We'd planned to be married right after the war, and I knew she'd wait for me— I was fairly sure of that. But the waiting was so long. Night after night I'd lie awake and think of Lila, and wonder just how much longer it might be. Wondering, too, sometimes, if anything could have changed, if she still cared."

Ex-Corporal Bates glanced at the older man with a sharp sense of irritation. The man did not look as though he had ever suffered much. His well-kept figure wore an air of comfortable contentment like a badge.

"I'd always been crazy about Lila," his companion continued. "It wasn't one of those simple boy-and-girl affairs, not on my part, at least. Lila meant everything to me."

Ex-Corporal Bates winced. He wished to high heaven the man would go and leave him alone.

"And then at last, after two years," the older man went on, "we were ordered home." He paused, then added quietly, "It was those last few days of waiting that was the worst of all. Knowing that soon, after all those endless months, I would really see her—touch her— And wondering, in a sort of agony, if she still wanted to see me."

EX-CORPORAL JAMES BATES drew a deep breath and shut his teeth tightly. He edged farther away.

"Because, even though she really loved me, two years is an awfully long time to be away. Things can happen. And if anything *had* happened— Well, without Lila, life wouldn't have been worth living for me."

Ex-Corporal Bates let his breath out slowly. Why *couldn't* the man go away!

"All the way across the Atlantic, with the tension growing hour by hour. Wondering, hoping, tortured by doubt. Up to the very moment when at long last we tied up at the pier."

Ex-Corporal Bates endured a moment of silence, then turned to him. "Well," he demanded, "was she there?"

The older man smiled softly. "It was a day like this, a bright sunny afternoon. From the deck I could look down on the upturned faces on the pier—"

Ex-Corporal Bates suddenly stiffened. From the far side of the field came a long, smooth roar. The plane had arrived and was sweeping down toward the runway. It landed, and taxied up to the gate. Ex-Corporal Bates felt his chest tighten; his fingers clenched about the wire of the fence.

He watched the passengers get out. Men, women, a girl or two. No one he recognized. Now the plane was empty. No, there was one more. A woman, a well-kept woman of fifty, with a touch of gray in her hair. And that was all.

Ex-Corporal Bates turned away. He stood motionless, his eyes shut against the sudden bitter tears. So this was the end—

From behind him voices broke through the gloom of his thoughts. There was a flurry of eager greetings, and a woman's voice saying, "I hope you've not had to wait too long."

"Hasn't seemed long." It was Bartow replying. "Been talking with a friend here. Like you to meet him. Corporal. . . . Oh, Corporal!"

Dully ex-Corporal Bates turned about. With Bartow stood the woman from the plane. She smiled at ex-Corporal Bates, and there was warmth and beauty in her smile.

"Corporal," said Bartow, "I want you to meet my wife. Corporal Bates, this is Mrs. Bartow. The corporal and I had quite a talk together, Grace."

James Bates took the hand she offered. "Glad to—" he began automatically, then stopped. His jaw went slack. Grace! Why, that wasn't the name of the girl Bartow had waited for. Lila, he'd called her. Lila. . . .

"Yes, sir," Bartow was saying, "quite a talk." He glanced at his watch. "Well, Corporal, we'll have to be going." His hand closed on ex-Corporal Bates' with a solid farewell grip. "Good luck, soldier, and don't you ever worry." His fingers tightened. "Just as I said, she'll be along."

a short short story complete on this page

At Home...
for the Holidays!
Crême de Menthe
60 PROOF
CRÊME DE CACAO
60 PROOF
Triple Sec
80 PROOF
APRICOT Liqueur
60 PROOF
NUYENS
NUYENS Triple Sec
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To John - from Elsie

TOASTS TO PROPOSE . . . old times to recall . . . gifts to exchange . . . amid the heart-warming cheer of re-united families and friends!

More than ever this season, the delightful Nuyens liqueurs . . . perfectly at home in every home . . . will be joining family circles . . . adding to holiday pleasures.

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and fruit flavored brandies (70 proof)

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The Customer Is Always Wrong

Continued from page 21

Practically all of the idle actors in Hollywood hang out at Ruben's, drawn there by other inducements besides the hope of meeting producers. Ben exhibits a certain amount of favoritism toward jobless actors, and he is more interested in getting them parts in pictures than in selling groceries.

He has a book full of the names of actors, directors, writers and producers whom he's carried when they've been down on their luck. One famous European director has been getting all of his groceries from Ben for six years and has yet to pay him a dime. However, a couple of years ago, when the director obtained the rights to a screen story, he attempted to repay Ben for his generosity by cutting him in for fifty per cent of the sale of pictures. Thus far, no one has purchased the yarn, but Ben insists the picture will be an Academy Award winner if it's produced. Meanwhile he continues to provide the director with groceries.

The Best Talent—for Free

Movie stars seem to find relaxation in entertaining their fellow habitués at Ruben's. Before he entered the Army, Mickey Rooney came in regularly and rendered impersonations of various radio singing commercials, accompanying them with tap routines. Ann Miller can't resist beating out a tap when Ben's radio plays a catchy melody. Lou Costello, Martha Raye and John Carroll are others who entertain Ben's customers.

To the regulars of the market, Ben serves as a sort of father confessor. Outside of Bill Lundigan's family, Ruben was the first to know that the actor was going to marry the late Helen Morgan's adopted daughter, Rena, because she confided in him almost as soon as Bill proposed.

Cognizant of the fact that news is made at Ruben's market, numerous columnists frequent the place. Hedda Hopper comes in regularly to shop and always urges Ben to tell her the latest gossip. Whenever Hedda comes around, all the male stars who hang out there vie for the privilege of carrying her packages to her car.

At any hour of the day, there is probably more movie glamor concentrated at Ruben's Market than anywhere else in Hollywood. His regular customers include Lana Turner, Lauren Bacall, Maureen O'Hara, Carole Landis, Betty Hutton, Ann Miller, Martha Raye, Belita, Ida Lupino, Helen Hayes, Marlene Dietrich, Susan Hayward, Evelyn Keyes, Marguerite Chapman, Norma Shearer and Martha O'Driscoll.

Among the men who are there often are Humphrey Bogart, Lou Costello, Wallace Beery, José Iturbi, John Garfield, Danny Kaye, Leo Durocher, Charles Laughton, Ray Milland, John Wayne, Philip Dorn, Rudolf Friml, Aldous Huxley, Dane Clark, Jackie Coogan, Walter Duranty, Robert Mitchum, Borrah Minevitch, Freddie Bartholomew, Bill Lundigan, John Carroll, Michael O'Shea, Albert Coates, Lee DeForrest, Jess Barker, Dudley Nichols, Pat Knowles, Jean Renoir, William Haines and Joe Kirk.

Mother Must Be Vigilant

Ann Miller, whose mother accompanies her everywhere, even to the market, is a very obedient child, says Ben. Frequently, she'll plead with her mother for permission to buy cookies or other sweets, but her mother, ever mindful of Ann's weight, invariably vetoes such purchases. Martha Raye, who likes to cook Irish stew, will buy $300 worth of groceries at one time so she can prepare enough for all of her friends.

John Wayne does his shopping for the entire week on Sunday. Wallace Beery invariably argues with Ben about his change, and Ben has to count it over for him two or three times to prove that it's correct. Charles Laughton buys hors d'oeuvres and rare English delicacies. Borrah Minevitch infuriates Ben by showing up two seconds before closing time, keeping him there overtime. Albert Coates, former conductor of the London Philharmonic, rushes to Ben's market after work all the way from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City, passing up scores of markets along the way. Rudolf Friml, one of the deans of contemporary music, does all of his own shopping.

John Garfield always drops in to listen to Ben's radio and catch the football and baseball scores. Before his death, Leslie Howard used to shop at Ben's daily, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, a small English cap and unkempt tweeds, and none of the Hollywood autograph fiends ever recognized him. John Carroll, one of Ben's zanies, once bought $400 worth of olive oil from him at one stroke, and Ben is still trying to figure out what it was for.

Ida Lupino makes Ben nervous because she's perpetually in a hurry. One evening she parked her car, raced into the market and told Ben, "Wait on me fast. I left my radio on. I'm listening to a mystery and I've got to get back to learn who done it!"

Right after Louis Hayward married Ida, they ran into the market with a large bottle of perfume, sprayed it all over Ben and departed, taunting, "Try and explain that to your wife!"

The song-writing profession is represented at the market by Johnny Mercer and Lou Pollack. With the latter Ben has a running gag. The moment after Pollack has made a purchase, Ben will shout to him in a voice loud enough to be heard by passers-by on the street, "When are you going to pay this bill?"

With equal consistency, Lou shouts back, "Don't be an optimist. I have no intention of paying it!"

The former owner of a New York night club, Ruben came to Hollywood eight years ago for a rest and relaxation. Before he knew it, he had opened a market. Apparently, the market business has been remunerative, since Ben lives on a ranch in Encino, on the same street with Spencer Tracy and Dinah Shore and George Montgomery.

Meet the Proprietor—in Person

The fantastic owner of this fantastic market is a baldish married man of fifty who bears a fair resemblance to Edgar Kennedy and is equally volatile. When a customer got gypped in an auto purchase, Ben became so excited he was on the verge of phoning the president of the automobile company before he was restrained.

His pet phobia, however, is marriage, and he is prepared at all times to talk any man out of entering the state of matrimony. When Press Agent Alan Gordon was going with Linda Darnell, he used to kid Ben by repeatedly asking him, "What would be wrong with marrying a sweet girl like Linda?" Ben would become apoplectic and shout, "They're all sweet—until they get that little gold band on their finger!"

Actors aren't the only ones who lean on Ben for professional help. Among his vast army of protégés are several aspiring song writers, including a former major, recently discharged from the Army. Another is a youngster who walked into the market one day and deposited a song titled, Highway to Love, on the counter. Ben read it over and observed that the lyrics sounded pretty good, but he had no way of determining the quality of the melody as he couldn't read music. The kid promptly whipped out a harmonica and played it.

Enthused, Ben phoned Harry Warren's brother, Charlie, who runs a music publishing house, and told him he was sending the song over for consideration. Several days later, Charlie phoned Ben and told him he couldn't use the song. Ben started to argue with him.

It wound up with Charlie shouting over the phone, "Look here, don't tell me how to run the music business. You stick to your groceries!"

When he hung up, Ben was furious.

"What an insult!" he exclaimed. "Me—sell groceries!"

THE END

Beauty Treatment

Continued from page 12

salesman. "Do I look like a man sixty-seven years of age?"

"No," says Cowboy, still shook up some from sniffing the bottle.

"Friend, I am just that age," says the hair-tonic salesman. "What I hold here in my hand is the reason for my youthful appearance. Here in this magic blend of rare Indian herbs is the secret of youth and beauty that man has searched for these long centuries!"

Cowboy stands there taking it all in. He's no fool, but Cowboy just can't believe that a Democrat could ever be a liar.

"Sure is a marvel," says Cowboy, studying the bottle but taking good care not to go sniffing at it again.

The hair-tonic salesman is bending over now, hunting around in that old beat-up suitcase of his. Directly he stands up with a little leather wallet in his hand. It is full of photographs. He hands one of them to Cowboy Cottrill. Cowboy studies it. It's a picture of a homely woman.

"Lordy," whispers Cowboy Cottrill. "That's *almost* the ugliest woman I ever laid eyes on."

"Observe!" cries the hair-tonic salesman, shoving another photograph in Cowboy's hand. "Observe the results of three—only three, mind you!—applications of Doctor Zambini's Elixir!"

COWBOY studies the photograph. It is a picture of a beautiful blond-haired girl in a snappy bathing suit.

Cowboy's eyes is big as saucers. "I'll be damned!" says Cowboy Cottrill directly. Then he looks at the other pictures the hair-tonic salesman has in the little leather wallet. They all show real good-looking women and how ugly they was before the Elixir went to work on them.

"You mean to claim—if a woman is ugly—this here stuff will make her good-looking? Just like these here women in the photographs?" says Cowboy Cottrill.

"Absolutely!" cries the hair-tonic salesman. "Or your money cheerfully refunded with a smile and no questions asked."

Cowboy studies a minute, working his chew around thoughtfully in his mouth.

"I'll take a bottle," he says directly. "No—better make that two bottles. This here case I have in mind is pretty far gone. I reckon she'll take every drop of two bottles before it begins to show much good."

"Two bottles," says the hair-tonic salesman, snatching out his little yellow order pad. "Friend, allow me to shake your hand. For a few paltry pennies you have helped to lift the sacred lamp of science! Now . . . just let me have the two dollars—"

Cowboy's eyes is narrow and his chew has stopped working in his cheek.

"I ain't seen the miracle yet," says Cowboy, eying the salesman carefully. "Which is why you ain't seen the two dollars."

The hair-tonic salesman gets a little pale and his Adam's apple bobs up and down in his neck like a cork float before he can speak.

"I don't understand—!"

"Brother," says Cowboy Cottrill, "I'll take a good Democrat's word for damn' near anything in the book. But you ain't never seen the ugliest woman ever born because she lives in this town. When I see you make a raving beauty out of her I'll believe anything. And you'll get your two dollars."

The hair-tonic salesman puts down his suitcase and you can tell he's worked up something awful. "Friend!" he cries. "You saw the pictures—!"

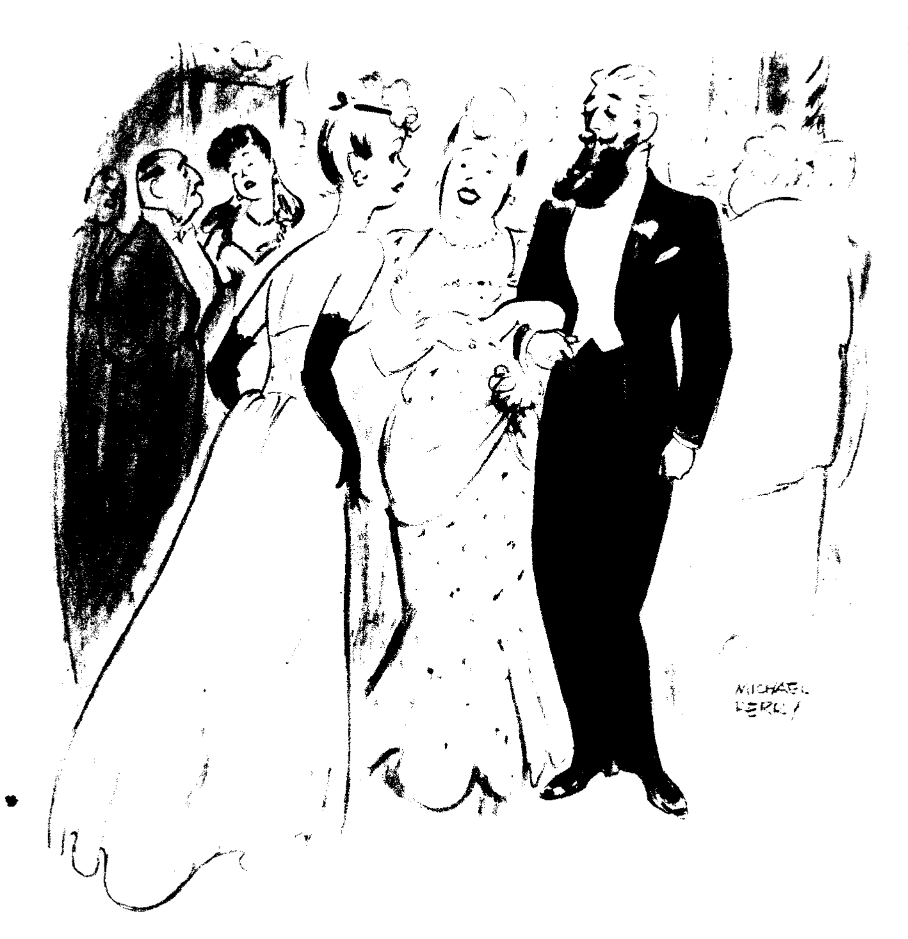
"Correct," says Cowboy Cottrill. "But you ain't never seen Miss Laury Thompson. That is you ain't seen her *yet!* You and me is gonna get in your car and drive out to her place right now."

"Perhaps if we just forgot about the whole thing," says the hair-tonic salesman. "And said no more about it—"

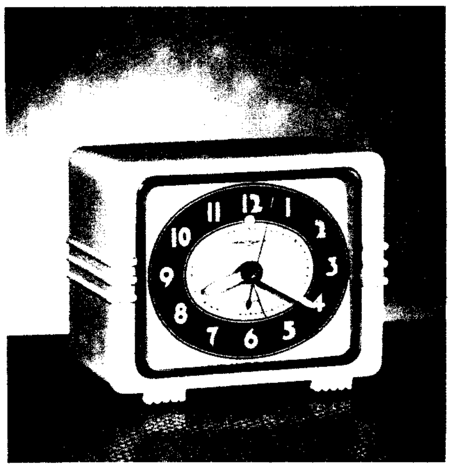
"Let's go!" hollers Cowboy Cottrill, his face getting red. "I don't aim to stand here arguin'! Git on out there and climb in that jalopy of yours. Me and you is goin' out to Miss Laury's place."

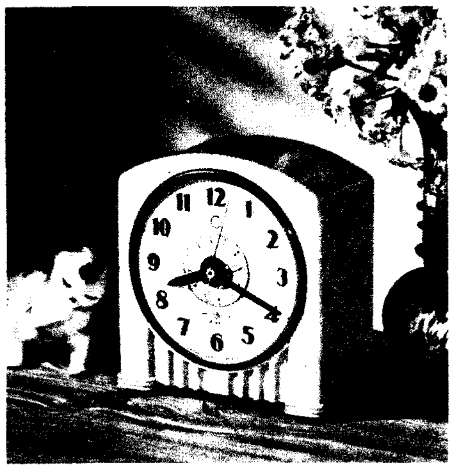
And with that he grabs the poor hair-tonic salesman by the coat collar and hustles him out to the car, suitcase and all.

It's nearly two miles out of town that Cowboy and the salesman has to drive to where Miss Laury lives. The old jalopy is taking the mud ruts like a jack rabbit and Cowboy is clutching on to the seat to keep from get-



COLLIER'S "The count speaks only French with English subtitles" MICHAEL BERRY





"TROUBADOUR"
Price, $4.95, plus tax.

"CHANTILLY"
O. P. A. Ceiling Price, $4.95, plus tax.

give the gift you'd like to get!

Christmas, 1945 . . . *and General Electric Alarm Clocks are back on the gift list!*

First choice for giving or getting, the smart simplicity of their appearance will compliment any bedroom.

The quiet, self-starting G-E mechanism is *sealed-in-oil* for year after year of accurate, attention-free service. And the pleasant alarm is a sure "waker-upper."

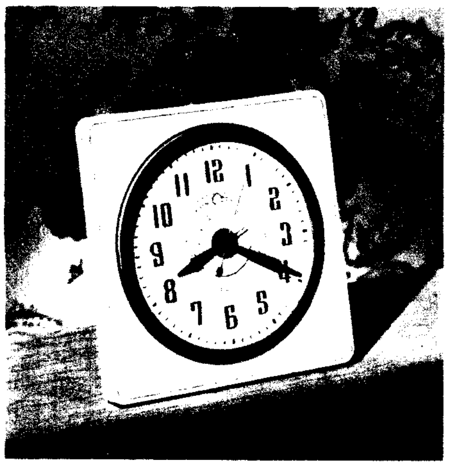
See your dealer today for gifts that will ring the Christmas bell with everyone on your list!

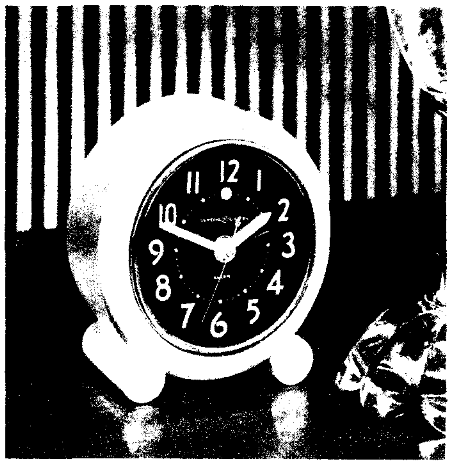
Because we can't make alarm clocks fast enough to keep up with the demand, don't expect your dealer to have *all four* of the models shown. But we'll try to make sure he has enough for your gift needs.

Soon, we hope, he'll have plenty of alarm clocks, plus a complete line of G-E Kitchen, Occasional, and Striking Clocks. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC





"CORPORAL"
O. P. A. Ceiling Price, $4.50, plus tax.

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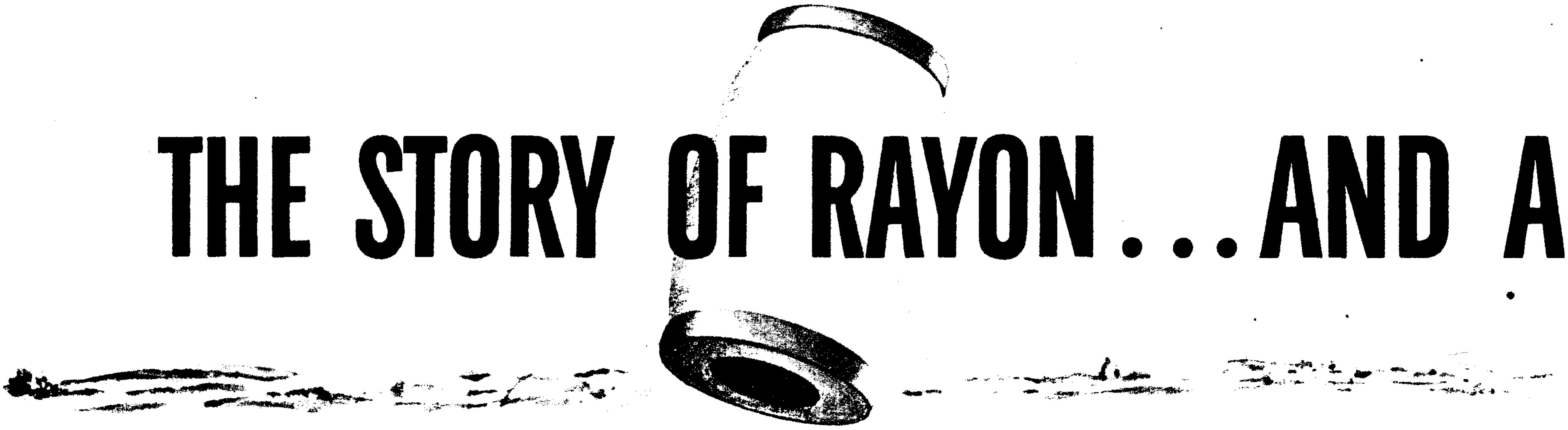
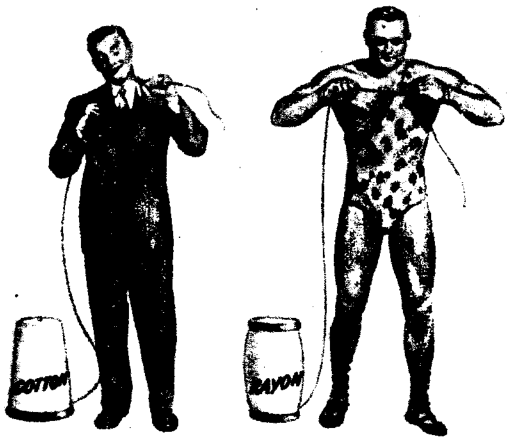
THE STORY OF RAYON...AND A



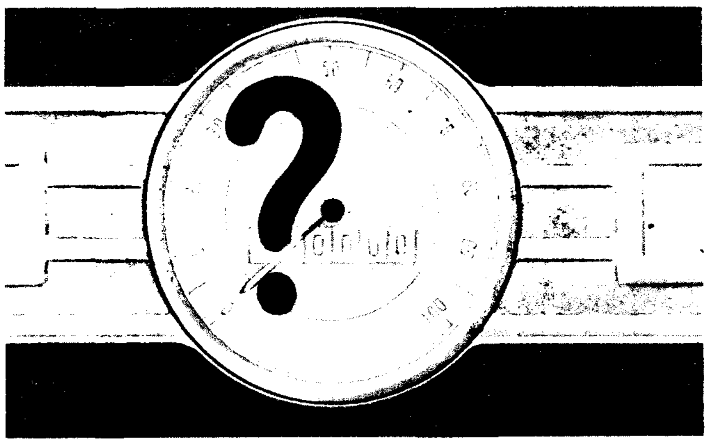
How and why Goodyear developed the rayor
what it will mean to you...

1. HEAT--A TIRE'S WORST ENEMY! On a hot day, at high speeds, your tires will actually run a temperature of 225°F. And heat shortens tire life more than anything else—it burns tires up. But the most damaging heat is internal heat, which comes largely from the constant flexing of the tire cords— internal friction. Tire makers used to dream of the day when they could lick this heat problem!

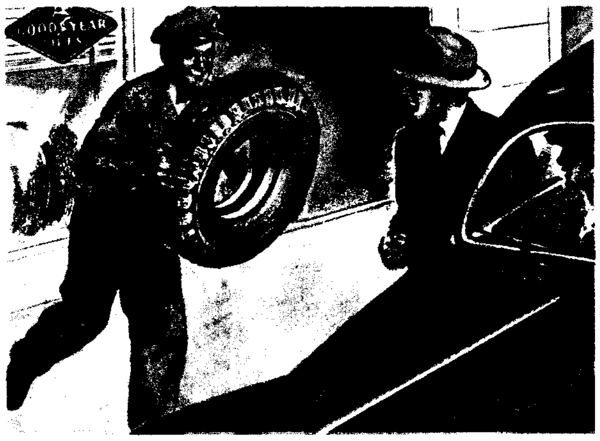


2. BACK LONG BEFORE THE WAR, Goodyear was experimenting with rayon to see if it wouldn't make a better tire cord than the cotton cord then in use. We found that rayon was stronger than cotton, so that a thinner tire which flexed more easily and thus generated less heat would still have the necessary strength. We went to work on rayon—hard.

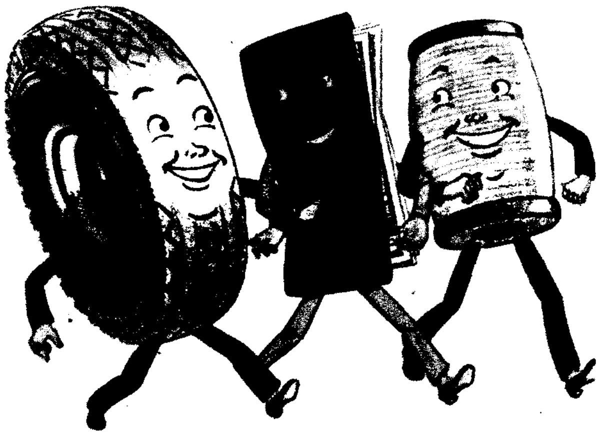
3. NOBODY MADE a rayon tire cord in those days. So, first, in our own laboratories we developed the kind of cord we had to have. Then we worked with the rayon industry until they were not only ready to produce it, but to produce it in sufficient quantities. We finally got the cord, and with it built the first rayon cord tire.



6. WHAT WILL THIS NEW TIRE MEAN TO YOU? We can't promise you 50,000 or 75,000 miles from a set of Goodyear rayon cord tires. Too much depends on *how* you drive and *where* you drive. But we *can* tell you that these new cooler-running tires will give you many thousands of extra miles, and will probably last longer than you will want to keep your car. They will roll so easily that you will actually use less gas. From them, you'll get such mileage, such safety, such comfort, such economy as you've never before enjoyed.

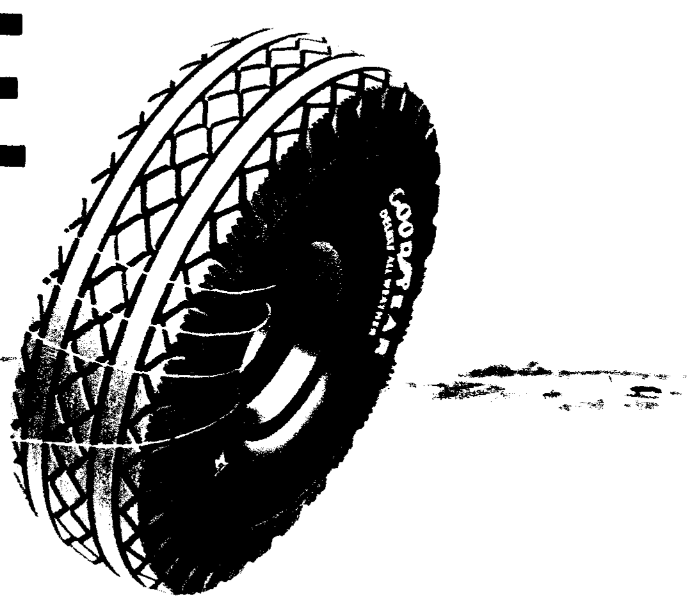


7. WHEN WILL YOU GET THEM? Today, we must use all our tire rayon for truck and other heavy-duty tires, by Government order. And, today, the rayon industry can't produce enough rayon to fill all demands. But restrictions may have been lifted by the time you read this. And expansion in the rayon industry is under way. As soon as these two "stops" are removed, you'll get your tires.

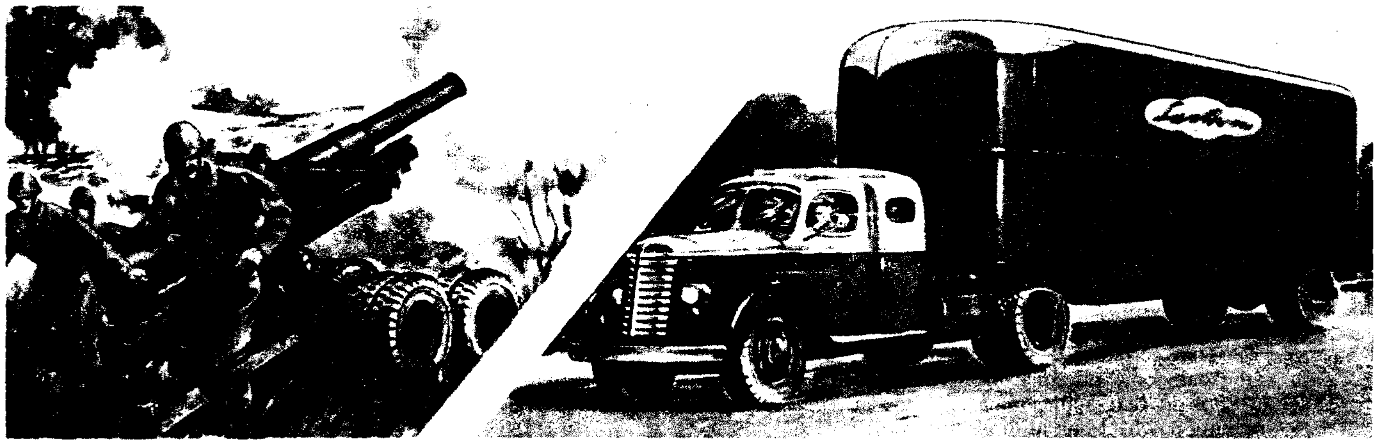


8. WHAT WILL THEY COST? We can't give you the exact price yet. But we can tell you this: because of Goodyear's greater experience in building rayon cord tires—both before and during the war—you can count on a low cost per mile that will spell *real* economy.

WONDERFUL NEW TIRE



ord tire...what it did in the war...
en you will get it...what it will cost



HEAT, SAND, HIGH SPEEDS— *and grins a ile wide!* Before the tests were finished, the fel- ws who'd engineered this new tire began to grin. nder wicked conditions of broiling desert sun and illing speeds, the new rayon cord tire gave such ratifying mileage and safety that this fact quickly ecame clear: *the heat problem was well on the way being licked.* We were making rayon cord tires by e thousand when—along came the war.

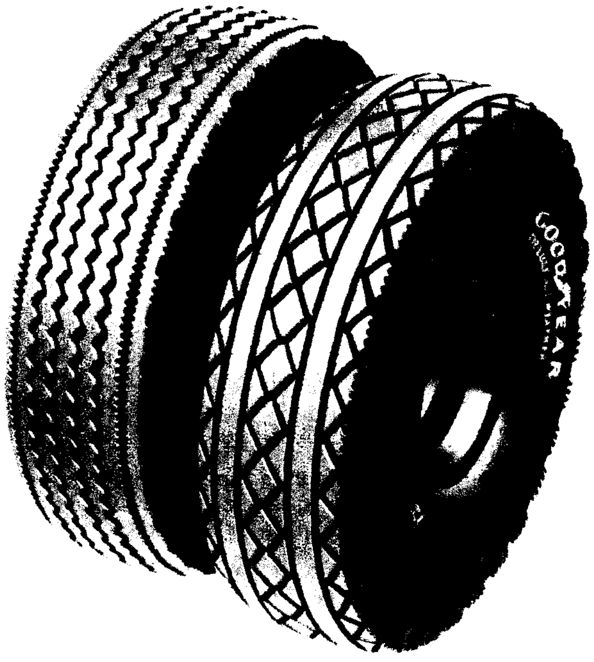
5. IN WORLD WAR II, rayon almost literally saved our lives! Without it, neither America's industries nor America's armies could have kept going. For truck tires, military tires, in fact *all* large tires made of synthetic rubber—the only rubber we had—*burned out prematurely unless they were made with rayon cord.* Goodyear made more truck and army tires than anyone else, and came out of the war having perfected the rayon cord tire and having learned how to mass-produce it.

THE MOST IMPORTANT STEP FORWARD IN 33 YEARS

We don't hesitate to state that Goodyear's perfection of the rayon cord tire is the most important development in tire making since Goodyear's development of the multiple-ply cord tire itself 33 years ago.

We're proud of this new Goodyear "First," and we're confident that these new tires, like today's fine Goodyears, will make it truer than ever that "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

Two versions of the world's finest tire:
The De Luxe Rib Tread
The De Luxe All-Weather Tread



GOODYEAR

TIRES MADE WITH RAYON ARE ANOTHER GOODYEAR FIRST

All-Weather—T. M. The Goodyear T & R Co.

ting throwed out. His eyes is full of the wild dream that maybe the miracle will happen.

"Friend," hollers the salesman after a while. "If this lady is so homely—may I ask why, in heaven's name, you want to marry her?"

Cowboy studies that a while before he answers. "It's this way," he says, "Miss Laury lives way out there in the country on her three-hundred-acre farm and—and, well, sometimes I get plumb sad thinking about how lonesome it must get for a charming wealthy lady like that living all by herself. I reckon it's just pure chicken-heartedness on my part."

WHEN they get to the top of the hill they can look down in the valley and see Miss Laury's farm—all rich and lonesome and beautiful like Cowboy said it was. You could see her green fields shimmering in a light haze as the sun dried the morning dew. And an apple orchard was in full bloom off in one corner. Miss Laury's white house was set like a jewel among all this splendor.

"Stop!" yells Cowboy right then.

"I 'low we better walk the rest of the way," says Cowboy, all nervous and fidgety as he peers down the hill toward Miss Laury's. "So's we can look the situation over before we decide to go in."

The hair-tonic salesman climbs out of his car and looks down the hill toward the farm. He can see the figure of Miss Laury out in her yard hanging out the wash on a rope strung up between two little peach trees.

"There!" hollers Cowboy, grabbing the salesman's arm. "That's her. That's Miss Laury!"

"My, my," says the hair-tonic salesman, clearing his throat hopefully and sneaking a glance at Cowboy out the corner of his eyes. "Charming! It certainly seems to me that any man would be happy to spend his days with a charming, wealthy lady on a beautiful farm like that!"

"Wait!" hollers Cowboy. "Wait'll you see her up close. Lord, it gives me the shivering shakes to think about it!"

Him and the hair-tonic salesman start walking down the dirt road toward Miss Laury's farm.

"That certainly is a beautiful farm," says the hair-tonic salesman from time to time. "Look at that apple orchard. Look at that potato patch! Look at those fine grape vines. There's many a gallon of fine wine there, friend!"

When they get down close to Miss Laury's place Cowboy gets so nervous he can't hardly hold his hands still.

"Maybe we better go along over there behind those high raspberry bushes so's Miss Laury won't see us," says Cowboy, with the nervous sweat dropping off his face. "We don't want to rush into this blindly."

When they get to the end of the raspberry bushes Cowboy motions the hair-tonic salesman to pull the bushes apart so he can look at Miss Laury through the fence.

The salesman looked and looked. It didn't seem like he could tear his eyes away. But finally he climbed down into the ditch back of the raspberry bushes where poor Cowboy was crouching, shivering like a horse with the bull heaves.

Cowboy looked at the hair-tonic salesman and he could tell he'd been shook up pretty bad by what he'd seen.

"Friend," says the salesman directly, "please pass me the Elixir."

"Whatcha gonna do?" says Cowboy, all excited. "Gonna take it up there and pour it on her right now?"

"No," says the salesman, looking green.

"Well, what—?"

"I'm going to drink it," says the salesman.

"Drink it!" whispers Cowboy hoarsely. "Lord a'mighty!"

"Friend," says the salesman, "Doctor Zambini's Elixir can be taken either internally or externally. When drunk it soothes the nerves and restores calm to the ruffled disposition. At the moment I feel the need for such a restoration."

"Can't say as I blame you for that," says Cowboy, rubbing the side of his nose with his finger. "I could sorta do with a little snort myself right now."

Cowboy hands one of the bottles over and watches the salesman pull out the cork with his teeth and take a good stiff swallow. Then Cowboy takes himself a snort, too.

"Yowee!" The Elixir grabs ahold of Cowboy's tongue and races down like a fast autumn grass fire clean to the tips of his toes.

"Sure does pack a nice wallop," says Cowboy, smacking his lips. "I'll say that much for it. I don't know if it'll make Miss Laury good-looking or not but it sure does make me feel finer'n frog fur!"

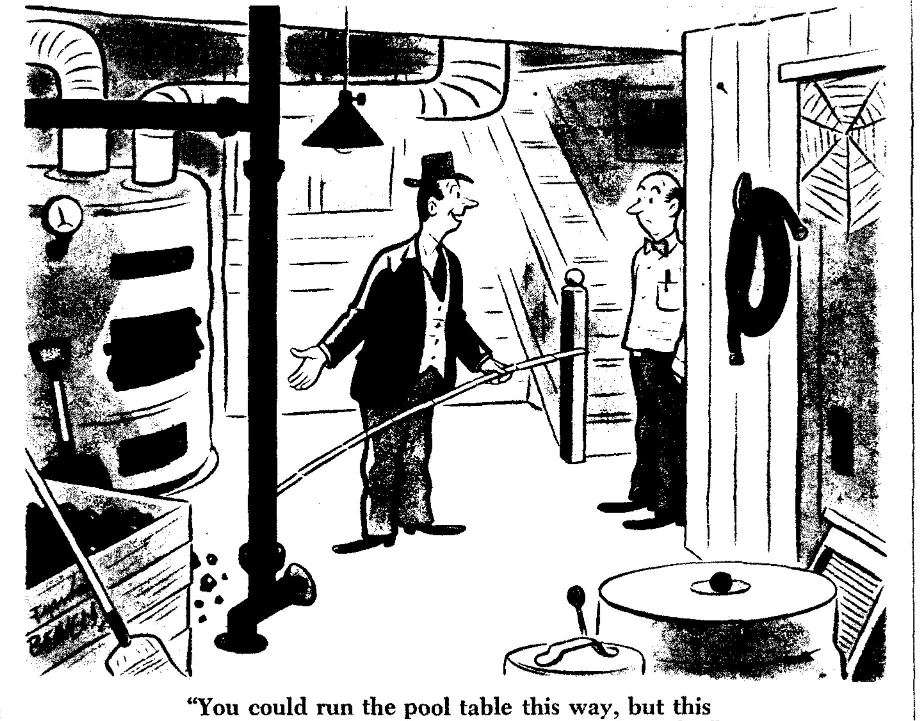
But the salesman don't hear Cowboy. He is back up in the raspberry bushes having himself another look. Directly he climbs back down beside Cowboy with a thoughtful look on his face.

"Of course, friend," says the salesman with a sly, new gleam in his eyes. "Beauty isn't everything. There is such a thing as nobleness of spirit, too. The sort of nobleness that blossoms just like those fine, beautiful apple trees up there."

With that he points to the other bottle of Elixir in Cowboy's coat pocket. "Perhaps," says the salesman, "we had better open that one, too. Just in case."

"Just so's we leave some for her," says Cowboy, motioning up toward Miss Laury's with his thumb.

When the salesman had passed the bottle back Cowboy took him another good snort.



"You could run the pool table this way, but this pipe would have to run through the side pocket"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

"Wheeew!" says Cowboy, coughing and choking.

He looks at the hair-tonic salesman. But the salesman is looking through the raspberry bushes again, watching Miss Laury hanging out the wash in her yard.

"No, friend," says the salesman, after he's back again beside Cowboy in the ditch. "Beauty is not everything. And, in truth, I do not find Miss Laury as homely as—well as some people do. Pass the Elixir, please."

THE hair-tonic salesman's eyes is narrowed and twinkling as he stares across the road like he's working something over pretty hard in his mind.

"Friend, old friend, I have a plan," says the salesman, throwing the empty bottle over his shoulder.

"I have a plan, friend," says the salesman again. "Since you find it so difficult to propose marriage to this charming lady with all this beautiful farm land—permit me to be your spokesman as it were and ask her in your behalf."

Cowboy studied on it a good while before he answered. Directly he lit up all smiles and grabbed the salesman by the shoulders.

"Would you?" Cowboy says. "Lordy, if I could just git over that part I 'low I could stand anything—even the weddin'!"

"Of course, friend," says the hair-tonic salesman in his slickest, smoothest voice. "Anything for a fellow Democrat."

"Damn' if that ain't nice now!" says Cowboy, with tears in his eyes.

"Don't worry," says the salesman, and directly Cowboy is watching him squeeze through the raspberry bushes and climb over the fence into Miss Laury's yard.

Cowboy sat there listening as hard as he could. His head was buzzing like a hive of bees but he could hear Miss Laury's little squeal of surprise when she first saw the salesman and directly Cowboy could hear the salesman's low, slick voice talking and Miss Laury starting to let out little giggles every now and then.

Cowboy sat there in the ditch and like to went crazy trying to hear what they were talking about but it wasn't no good. His head was buzzing and all he could think of was his dream of a four-chair barbershop instead of a three. He could see the china spittoons with rosebuds all around the top instead of the old brass ones he had now.

When the salesman came climbing back over the fence Cowboy knowed something had gone wrong the minute he seen his face.

"Friend, old friend," says the salesman.

"Yes!" whispers Cowboy, all hoarse and crazy and clutching at the salesman's shoulders with his clammy hands. "What she say?"

"Friend," says the salesman with a sad, mournful voice like a preacher at a burying. "We mortals are in truth but leaves tossed ruthlessly on the winds of irrevocable chance . . ."

"Never mind that!" cries Cowboy, his eyes like a crazy man's. "Tell me! What'd Miss Laury say! Is she willin'?"

"Friend," says the hair-tonic salesman, "Miss Laury—wants to marry me."

Cowboy couldn't say nary a word for a long minute. He set there with his mouth hanging open like a stove door.

"This life," says the salesman, "is verily a vale of tears—of unexpected turnings on the rocky road of circumstances. I pleaded with her on bended knee to reconsider her rash choice. I pointed out what small chance she had of finding happiness with such as I—"

Cowboy's face started getting red at the collar and pretty soon it had spread all the way up to his hair. He climbed up onto the road and started walking up the hill, taking big long steps to keep from falling on his face.

"Wait!" hollers the hair-tonic salesman. "Friend, wait."

But Cowboy never looked back. He never looked back once all the way into town. . . .

Well, the next morning Cowboy opened up his barbershop as usual. By ten o'clock the old sun was shining through the big window and winking on the brass spittoons. Cowboy sat over in his number-one chair with his head resting easy in his hands like it was made out of fancy cut glass.

He wasn't much surprised when he heard the hair-tonic salesman's jalopy pull up in front of the barbershop and stop. Cowboy lifted his head real easy and looked. He saw the hair-tonic salesman in the front seat looking kind of sickly white and beside him all dolled-up, sassy-looking and happy was Miss Laury Thompson. Cowboy gulped and shook his head to clear his head and then stared at Miss Laury till he couldn't stand it no more. Cowboy hadn't seen Miss Laury in broad daylight like that for almost five years. He shut his eyes and shook his head and looked again.

THE salesman didn't say nary a word when he first came in the doorway of Cowboy's barbershop. He just stood there lookin' like two cents with that beat-up old suitcase in his hand.

"Friend," says the salesman cautiously, keeping his eyes on the floor. "I hope you understand how it all happened. Though you are by far the better man, fate has, by strange chance, favored another. Perhaps I wouldn't have acted so—ahem—precipitously if I—ahem—well, no matter!"

"Lord A'mighty," whispers Cowboy to himself as he looks at Miss Laury out there, sitting with the broad daylight all over her. "Ain't that a caution?"

"Beauty," gulps the hair-tonic salesman, following Cowboy's eyes and looking a little sicker than before. "Beauty is not everything, friend."

"No," says Cowboy. "I reckon it ain't. But it sure helps pass away a long evening."

The salesman cleared his throat and swallowed.

"Friend," he says, "I have come to give you something. I know it can never ease the pain of a broken heart but—here! I want to give you this suitcase full of the good doctor's Elixir. I might add that—ahem—although the Elixir's value is beyond the price of mere money there is—ahem—there is the small matter of the suitcase. It cost me four dollars. If you wouldn't mind—"

"Mind?" hollers Cowboy Cottrill, jumping out of the barber chair and slapping the hair-tonic salesman on the arm till he like to broke it. "Mind! Lord bless you, brother. It's a pleasure!"

Cowboy dips down in his pocket and fetches out a little roll of greenbacks.

"Here's four dollars!" hollers Cowboy Cottrill, shoving the money into the salesman's hand. "No, wait! Here's five! If times wasn't hard I'd make it ten!"

Cowboy's face is all wild and happy. "You tell old Doc Zamboozle something for me next time you see him, will yuh, brother!" hollers Cowboy. "Tell him that hooch of his has got more miracles in it than could be wrote down on a label two miles long. Will you do that, brother? Will you tell him how he saved me from a fate worse than death?"

Right then the salesman jumped out of the door and hopped on board his jalopy and high-tailed it off down Pike Street with Miss Laury Thompson.

Cowboy stood there chuckling to himself a minute and then directly he lit up a fifteen-cent seegar and stooped down to open up the salesman's suitcase. There they were—two dozen bottles of miracles. Some more pictures, too, and an old pair of red-and-white suspenders. Stuck back in a corner all wrapped up in a dirty string was a little bundle of handbills. Cowboy undid the string and read one.

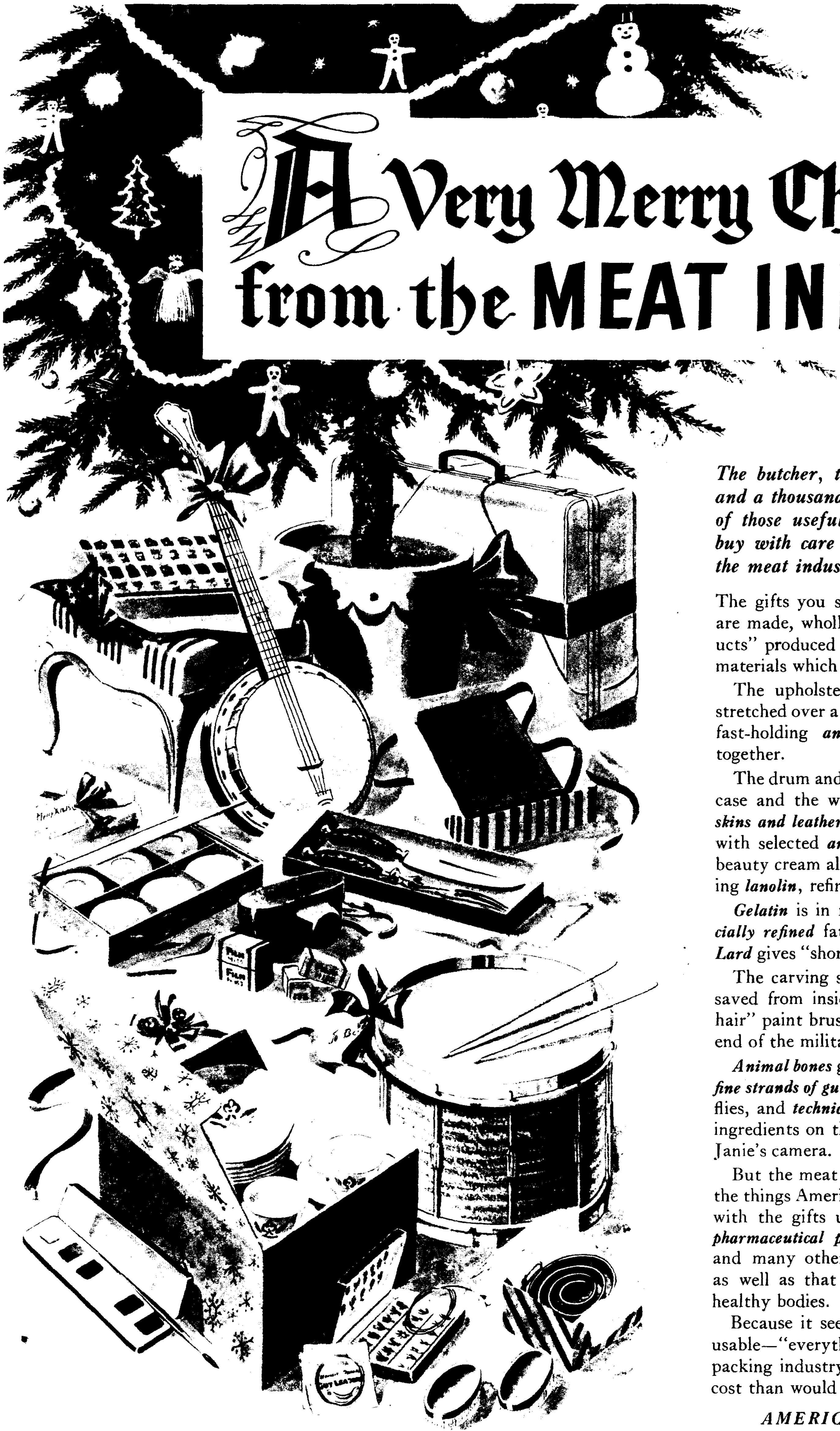
"John Albert Rafferty," said the black letters. "Republican Candidate for County Assessor. Marietta, Ohio. The People's Choice!"

Cowboy was dumfounded. He went over and sat back in his number-one chair, chewing on his seegar and blowing smoke at himself in the long mirror. Cowboy looked up at the round face of Arch M. Leatherboot staring at him from the frame over the mug rack and began to chuckle.

"Arch," says Cowboy at last, "I hate to admit it but, Lord a'mighty, there's some things a feller hates to see happen even to a Republican!"

THE END

A Very Merry Christmas from the MEAT INDUSTRY



The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker and a thousand and one more of the fashioners of those useful and wonderful things that we buy with care and give with love, depend on the meat industry for materials of their crafts.

The gifts you see here, and ever so many others, are made, wholly or in part, from those "by-products" produced by the meat industry or from raw materials which it supplies.

The upholstery of that handsome footstool is stretched over a resilient padding of ***curled hair***, and fast-holding ***animal glues*** hold its framework together.

The drum and banjo heads, the belt, the traveling case and the well-styled handbag are made from ***skins and leathers.*** The toilet soap is compounded with selected ***animal fats and oils***, and the jar of beauty cream alongside it has a base of skin-softening ***lanolin***, refined from ***wool fat.***

Gelatin is in many of those good candies; ***especially refined*** fat gives chewiness to the caramels. ***Lard*** gives "shortness" to those cookies on the tree.

The carving set handles are ***polished horn. Hair*** saved from inside cattle ears makes the "camel's hair" paint brush, and ***fine bristles*** are the business end of the military brushes.

Animal bones go to make that bone china tea set, ***fine strands of gut*** are the leaders on those hand-tied flies, and ***technical gelatin*** holds the picture-taking ingredients on the surface of those rolls of film for Janie's camera.

But the meat packing industry's contribution to the things America eats, wears and uses doesn't end with the gifts under Christmas trees. ***Lifesaving pharmaceutical products***, ***rare laboratory chemicals*** and many other essentials come from its plants, as well as that delicious ***meat*** which helps build healthy bodies.

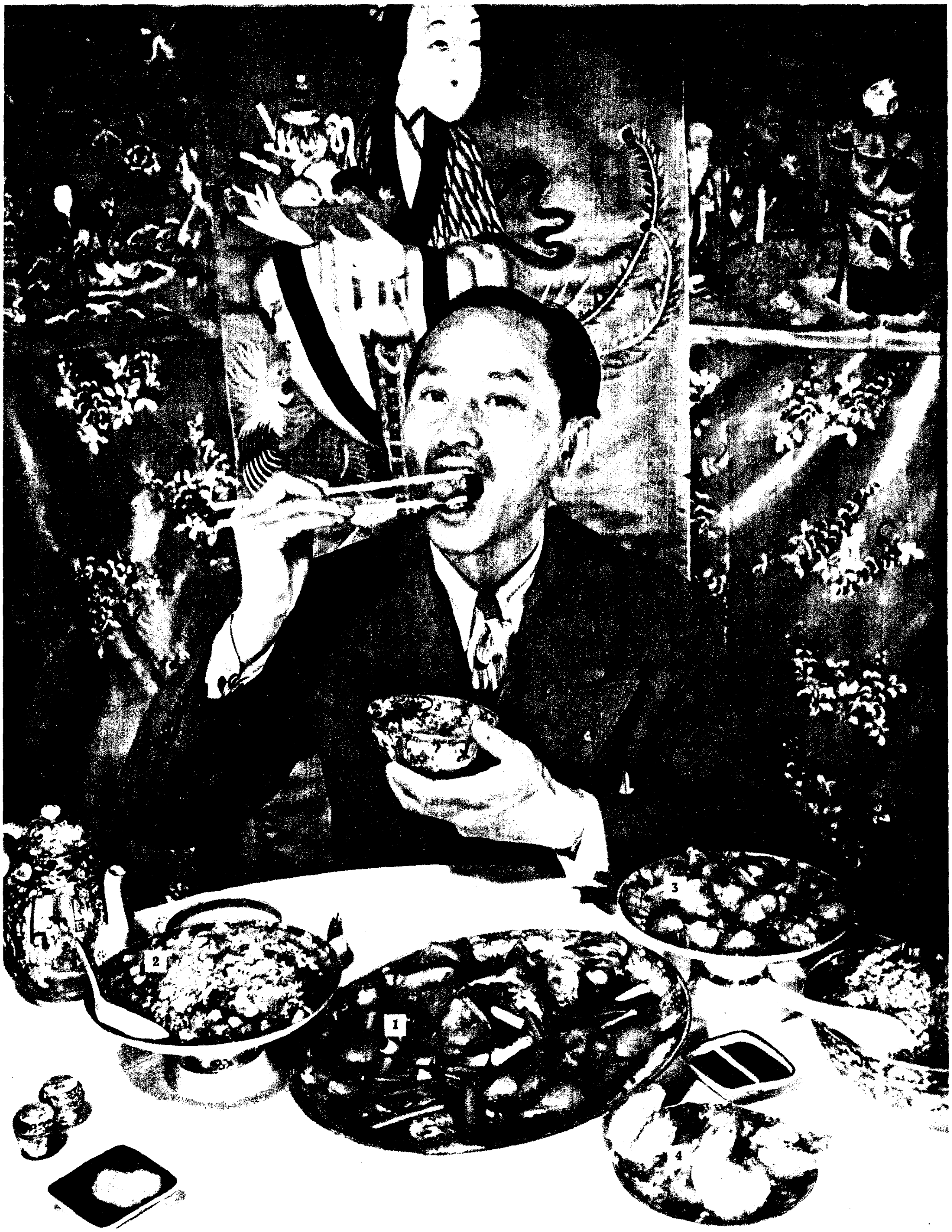
Because it seeks and finds a use for everything usable—"everything but the squeal"—the meat packing industry can bring ***meat*** to America at less cost than would otherwise be possible.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago **Members throughout the United States**

CHINATOWN POTLUCK

BY FRANK J. TAYLOR



This is what Ernie Tsang means when he says he can make a meal out of a bottle of soy sauce and what he finds in the icebox

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GUNTHER–LIPNEY–FPG

Ernie Tsang is no stickler for form when preparing his Chinese dishes. Improvising, he believes, is the key used by all the best chefs

THE trick about Chinese cooking, said Ernie Tsang, lies in not getting too tied up in recipes. In fact, the Chinese don't have written recipes. Their chefs start out with a general idea and improvise as they go, with what they have on hand.

"I can come to your house with only a bottle of soy sauce and turn out a Chinese meal with what I can find in your icebox and your cupboard—a little oil, a couple of eggs, onions or peppers or tomatoes, and some rice," insisted Mr. Tsang. "I have done that lots of times, just to prove that Chinese cooking is simple."

Of course, if he happens to find a small chicken or some spareribs in your refrigerator, Ernie Tsang can do better by your appetite and so can any other Chinese chef you might bring home for supper. Incidentally, that includes just about any person of Chinese extraction in the United States. They're all chefs, says Mr. Tsang, men and women alike. That's probably the reason he seldom has trouble getting help for Cathay House, a famous San Francisco Chinese restaurant of which he is manager.

"One advantage of Chinese cooking," explained Mr. Tsang, "is that you don't have to spend hours getting dinner. You don't need a lot of utensils. Just a heavy iron frying pan and a kettle in which to steam your rice—and some soy sauce."

We asked Mr. Tsang for some pointers on how to knock together some of his favorite Chinese dishes in our own kitchen. Just

(Continued on page 51)

Here's how to prepare a few Chinese dishes recommended by Ernie Tsang

1

FON KER SHECK BON
(Rock Cod with Tomatoes)

Cover the bottom of an iron skillet with cooking oil and bring it to a fairly hot temperature. In it, place a medium-sized rock cod (or similar fish) and fry on both sides until brown and partly done. In turning the fish, care should be taken that the meat is not separated from the bone, as having the fish remain as intact as possible will add much to its attractiveness when done. After the fish is cooked to this stage, add small quarters of tomatoes (about three or four whole ones) and pieces of bell pepper cut to large bite size. Cook until the tomatoes and peppers are done (about 20 minutes), then add about two tablespoonfuls of soy sauce and pieces of green onions. As the tomatoes will have given out juice, a very little thickening may be needed. This latter is optional. Serve on a large platter. Gravy from this dish will be very delicious over steamed rice.

2

HUNG NGON GAI DING
(Diced Chicken with Almonds)

Dice one large cupful of cooked chicken meat and cook in skillet to which has been added a good grade of cooking oil, for about ten minutes. To this add about one-half cupful of diced celery, one tablespoonful of finely cut onion, about two tablespoonfuls of cut button mushrooms and two tablespoonfuls of diced bamboo shoots, if obtainable. Cook all of the above together for about ten minutes, or until all of the vegetables are done, then add about a small half cupful of thickening made of cornstarch and water and about a tablespoonful of soy sauce. Serve on compote and sprinkle with crushed and chopped almonds.

3

BOR LOR PAI GWUT
(Pineapple with Spareribs)

Spareribs should be cut into small pieces of about large bite size and precooked in deep oil and then allowed to have all the oil drained off. Replace in skillet with a little oil and then add a little water. After allowing spareribs to simmer for about five minutes, add several slices of pineapple which have been diced to about bite size. Now proceed with the sweet and sour sauce as follows: Make a thickening out of cornstarch and water. Add a good wine vinegar with sugar to suit the individual taste. Consistency of this thickening should be heavier than usual. Add to the spareribs and bring to a slight simmer, then serve.

4

JOW DAI HAR
(Deep Fried Jumbo Prawns)

Large shrimps or prawns should be sliced in half, then dipped into a thick batter similar to a fritter batter and fried in oil or deep fat.

And its styling will stay smart!

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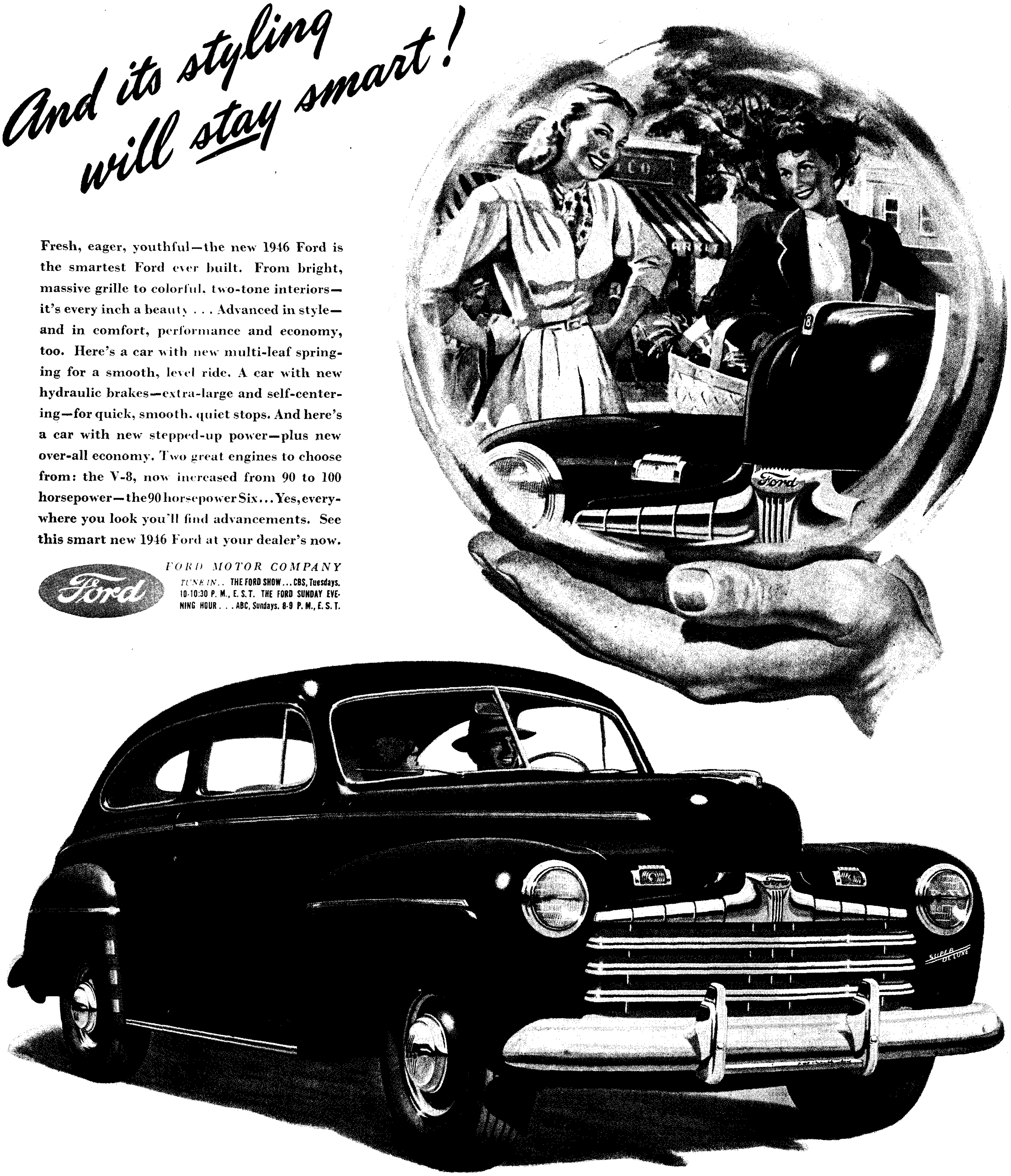


There's a Ford in your future!

I'm Crazy

Continued from page 36

enjoy almost everything all the time if it had to be in just a half-shot way.

Old Spencer was sitting in the big easy chair in his bedroom, all wrapped up in that Navajo blanket he and Mrs. Spencer bought in Yellowstone Park about eighty years ago. They probably got a big bang out of buying it off the Indians.

"Come in, Caulfield!" old Spencer yelled at me. "Come in, boy!"

I went in.

THERE was an opened copy of the Atlantic Monthly face down on his lap, and pills all over the place and bottles and a hot-water bottle. I hate seeing a hot-water bottle, especially an old guy's. That isn't nice, but that's the way I feel. . . . Old Spencer certainly looked beat out. He certainly didn't look like a guy who ever behaved like a perfect I-don't-know-what. Probably Mrs. Spencer just liked to think he was acting that way, as if she wanted to think maybe the old guy was still full of beans.

"I got your note, sir," I told him. "I would have come over anyway before I left. How's your grippe?"

"If I felt any better, boy, I'd have to send for the doctor," old Spencer said. That really knocked him out. "Sit down, boy," he said, still laughing. "Why in the name of Jupiter aren't you down at the game?"

I sat down on the edge of the bed. It sort of looked like an old guy's bed. I said, "Well, I was at the game a while, sir. But I'm going home tonight instead of tomorrow. Dr. Thurmer said I could go tonight if I really wanted to. So I'm going."

"Well, you certainly picked a honey of a night," old Spencer said. He really thought that over. "Going home tonight, eh?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

He said to me, "What did Dr. Thurmer say to you, boy?"

"Well, he was pretty nice in his way, sir," I said. "He said about life being a game. You know. How you should play it by the rules and all. Stuff like that. He wished me a lot of luck. In the future and all. That kind of stuff."

I guess Thurmer really was pretty nice to me in his slobby way, so I told old Spencer a few other things Thurmer had said to me. About applying myself in life if I wanted to get ahead and all. I even made up some stuff, old Spencer was listening so hard and nodding all the while.

Then old Spencer asked me, "Have you communicated with your parents yet?"

"No, sir," I said. "I haven't communicated with them because I'll see them tonight."

Old Spencer nodded again. He asked me, "How will they take the news?"

"Well," I said, "they hate this kind of stuff. This is the third school I've been kicked out of. Boy! No kidding," I told him.

Old Spencer didn't nod this time. I was bothering him, poor guy. He suddenly lifted the Atlantic Monthly off his lap, as though it had got too heavy for him, and chucked it towards the bed. He missed. I got up and picked it up and laid it on the bed. All of a sudden I wanted to get the heck out of there.

Old Spencer said, "What's the matter with you, boy? How many subjects did you carry this term?"

"Four," I said.

"And how many did you flunk?" he said.

"Four," I said.

Old Spencer started staring at the spot on the rug where the Atlantic Monthly had fallen when he tried to chuck it on the bed. He said, "I flunked you in history because you knew absolutely nothing. You were never once prepared, either for examinations or for daily recitations. Not once. I doubt if you opened your textbook once during the term; *did* you?"

I told him I'd glanced through it a couple of times, so's not to hurt his feelings. He thought history was really hot. It was all right with me if he thought I was a real dumb guy, but I didn't want him to think I'd given his book the freeze.

"Your exam paper is on my chiffonier over there," he said. "Bring it over here."

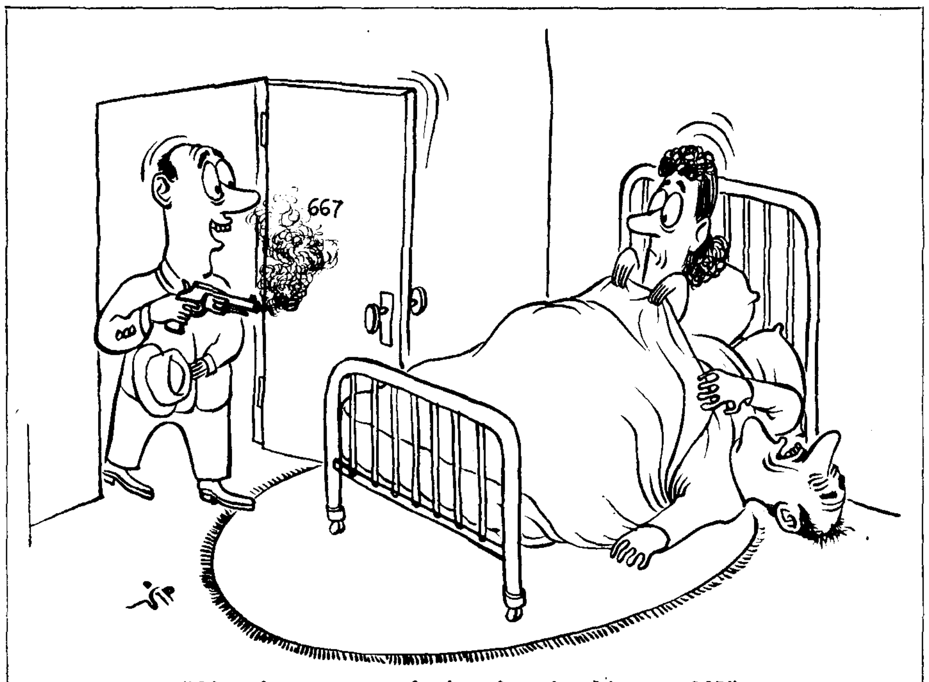
I went over and got it and handed it to him and sat down on the edge of the bed again.

Old Spencer handled my exam paper as though it were something catching that he had to handle for the good of science or something, like Pasteur or one of those guys.

He said, "We studied the Egyptians from November 3d to December 4th. You *chose* to write about them for the essay question, from a selection of twenty-five topics. This is what you had to say:

"'The Egyptians were an ancient race of people living in one of the northernmost sections of North Africa, which is one of the largest continents in the Eastern Hemisphere as we all know. The Egyptians are also interesting to us today for numerous reasons. Also, you read about them frequently in the Bible. The Bible is full of amusing anecdotes about the old Pharaohs. They were all Egyptians as we all know.'"

Old Spencer looked up at me. "New paragraph," he said. "'What is most interesting about the Egyptians was their habits. The Egyptians had many interesting ways of doing things. Their religion was also very interesting. They buried their dead in tombs in a very interesting way. The dead Pharaohs had their faces wrapped up in specially treated cloths to prevent their features from rotting. Even to this day physicians don't know what that chemical formula was, thus all our faces rot when we are dead for a certain length of time.'" Old Spencer looked over the paper at me again. I stopped looking at him. If he was going to look up at me every time he hit the end of a paragraph, I wasn't going to look at him.



"Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought this was 665"

"'There are many things about the Egyptians that help us in our everyday life,'" old Spencer said. Then he said: "The End." He put down my paper and chucked it towards the bed. He missed. The bed was only about two feet from his chair. I got up and put my exam paper on top of the Atlantic Monthly.

"Do you blame me for flunking you, boy?" old Spencer asked me. "What would you have done in my place?"

"The same thing," I said. "Down with the morons." But I wasn't giving it much thought at the minute. I was sort of wondering if the lagoon in Central Park would be frozen over when I got home, and if it was frozen over would everybody be ice skating when you looked out the window in the morning, and where did the ducks go, what happened to the ducks when the lagoon was frozen over. But I couldn't have told all that to old Spencer.

He asked me, "How do you feel about all this, boy?"

"You mean my flunking out and all, sir?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

Well, I tried to give it some thought because he was a nice guy and because he kept missing the bed all the time when he chucked something at it.

"Well, I'm sorry I'm flunking out, for lots of reasons," I said. I knew I could never really get it over to him. Not about standing on Thomsen Hill and thinking about Buhler and Jackson and me. "Some of the reasons would be hard to explain right off, sir," I told him. "But tonight, for instance," I said. "Tonight I had to pack my bags and put my ski boots in them. The ski boots made me sorry I'm leaving. I could see my mother chasing around stores, asking the salesmen a million dumb questions. Then she bought me the wrong kind anyway. Boy, she's nice, though. No kidding. That's mostly why I'm sorry I'm flunking out. On account of my mother and the wrong ski boots." That's all I said. I had to quit.

OLD Spencer was nodding the whole time, as though he understood it all, but you couldn't tell whether he was nodding because he was going to understand anything I might tell him, or if he was only nodding because he was just a nice old guy with the grippe and a screwball on his hands.

"You'll miss the school, boy," he said to me.

He was a nice guy. No kidding. I tried to tell him some more. I said, "Not exactly, sir. I'll miss some stuff. I'll miss going and coming to Pentey on the train; going back to the dining car and ordering a chicken sandwich and a Coke, and reading five new magazines with all the pages slick and new. And I'll miss the Pentey stickers on my bag. Once a lady saw them and asked me if I knew Andrew Warbach. She was Warbach's mother, and you know Warbach, sir. Strictly a louse. He's the kind of a guy, when you were a little kid, that twisted your wrist to get the marbles out of your hand. But his mother was all right. She should have been in a nut house, like most mothers, but she loved Warbach. You could see in her nutty eyes that she thought he was hot stuff. So I spent nearly an hour on the train telling her what a hot shot Warbach is at school, how none of the guys ever make a move and all without going to Warbach first. It knocked Mrs. Warbach out. She nearly rolled in the aisle. She probably half knew he was a louse in her heart, but I changed her mind. I like mothers. They give me a terrific kick."

I stopped. Old Spencer wasn't following. Maybe he was a little bit, but not enough to make me want to get into it deep. Anyway, I wasn't saying much that I wanted to say. I never do. I'm crazy. No kidding.

Old Spencer said: "Do you plan to go to college, boy?"

"I have no plans, sir," I said. "I live from one day to the next." It sounded phony, but I was beginning to feel phony. I was sitting there on the edge of that bed too long. I got up suddenly.

"I guess I better go, sir," I said. "I have to catch a train. You've been swell. No kidding."

Well, old Spencer asked me if I didn't want a cup of hot chocolate before I left, but I said no thanks. I shook hands with him. He was sweating pretty much. I told him I'd write him a letter sometime, that he shouldn't worry about me, that he oughtn't to let me get him down. I told him that I knew I was crazy. He asked me if I were sure I didn't want any hot chocolate, that it wouldn't take long.

"No," I said, "goodby, sir. Take it easy with your grippe now."

"Yes," he said, shaking hands with me again. "Goodby, boy."

He called something after me while I was leaving, but I couldn't hear him. I think it was good luck. I really felt sorry for him. I knew what he was thinking: how young I was, how I didn't know anything about the world and all, what happened to guys like me and all. I probably got him down for a while after I left, but I'll bet later on he talked me over with Mrs. Spencer and felt better, and he probably had Mrs. Spencer hand him his Atlantic Monthly before she left the room.

It was after one that night when I got home, because I shot the bull for around a half hour with Pete, the elevator boy. He was telling me all about his brother-in-law. His brother-in-law is a cop, and he shot a guy; he didn't need to, but he did it to be a big shot, and now Pete's sister didn't like to be around Pete's brother-in-law any more. It was tough. I didn't feel so sorry for Pete's sister, but I felt sorry for Pete's brother-in-law, the poor slob.

JEANNETTE, our colored maid, let me in. I lost my key somewhere. She was wearing one of those aluminum jobs in her hair, guaranteed to remove the kink.

"What choo doin' home, boy?" she said. "What choo doin' home, boy?" She says everything twice.

I was pretty sick and tired of people calling me "boy," so I just said, "Where are the folks?"

"They playin' bridge," she said. "They playin' bridge. What choo doin' home, boy?"

"I came home for the race," I said.

"What race?" the dope said.

"The human race. Ha, ha, ha," I said. I dropped my bags and coat in the hall and got away from her. I shoved my hat on the back of my head, feeling pretty good for a change, and walked down the hall and opened Phoebe and Viola's door. It was pretty dark, even with the door open, and I nearly broke my neck getting over to Phoebe's bed.

I sat down on her bed. She was asleep, all right.

"Phoebe," I said. "Hey, Phoebe!"

She waked up pretty easily.

"Holden!" she said anxiously. "What are you doing home? What's the matter? What happened?"

"Aah, the same old stuff," I said. "What's new?"

"Holdie, what are you doing home?" she said. She's only ten, but when she wants an answer she wants an answer.

"What's the matter with your arm?" I asked her. I noticed a hunk of adhesive tape on her arm.

"I banged it on the wardrobe doors," she said. "Miss Keefe made me Monitor of the Wardrobe. I'm in charge of everybody's garments." But she got right back to it again. "Holdie," she said, "what are you doing home?"

She sounds like a goody-good, but it was only when it came to me. That's because she likes me. She's no goody-good, though. Phoebe's strictly one of us, for a kid.

"I'll be back in a minute," I told her, and I went back in the living room and got some cigarettes out of one of the boxes, put them in my pocket; then I went back. Phoebe was sitting up straight, looking fine. I sat down on her bed again.

"I got kicked out again," I told her.

"Holden!" she said. "Daddy'll *kill* you."

"I couldn't help it, Phoeb," I said. "They kept shoving stuff at me, exams and all, and study periods, and everything was compul-

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sory all the time. I was going crazy. I just didn't like it."

"But, Holden," Phoebe said, "you don't like *anything*." She really looked worried.

"Yes, I do. Yes. I do. Don't say that, Phoeb," I said. "I like a heck of a lot of stuff."

Phoebe said, "What? Name one thing."

"I don't know. Gosh, I don't know." I told her. "I can't think any more today. I like girls I haven't met yet; girls that you can just see the backs of their heads, a few seats ahead of you on the train. I like a million things. I like sitting here with you. No kidding, Phoeb. I like just sitting here with you."

"Go to bed, Viola," Phoebe said. Viola was up. "She squeezes right out through the bars," Phoebe told me.

I picked up Viola and sat her on my lap. A crazy kid if ever there was one, but strictly one of us.

"Holdie," Viola said, "make Jeannette give me Donald Duck."

"Viola insulted Jeannette, and Jeannette took away her Donald Duck," Phoebe said.

"Her breath is always all the time bad," Viola told me.

"Her *breath*," Phoebe said. "She told Jeannette her breath was bad. When Jeannette was putting on her leggings."

"Jeannette *breathes* on me all the time," Viola said, standing on me.

I asked Viola if she had missed me, but she looked as though she weren't sure whether or not I'd been away.

"Go on back to bed now, Viola," Phoebe said. "She squeezes right out through the bars."

"Jeannette breathes on me all the time and she took away Donald Duck," Viola told me again.

"Holden'll get it back," Phoebe told her. Phoebe wasn't like other kids. She didn't take sides with the maid.

I GOT up and carried Viola back to her crib and put her in it. She asked me to bring her something, but I couldn't understand her.

"Ovvels," Phoebe said. "Olives. She's crazy about olives now. She wants to eat olives all the time. She rang the elevator bell when Jeannette was out this afternoon and had Pete open up a can of olives for her."

"Ovvels," Viola said. "Bring ovvels, Holdie."

"Okay," I said.

"With the red in them," Viola said.

I told her okay, and said to go to sleep. I tucked her in, then I started to go back where Phoebe was, only I stopped so short it almost hurt. I heard them come in.

"That's *them!*" Phoebe whispered. "I can hear *Daddy!*"

I nodded, and walked toward the door. I took off my hat.

"*Holdie!*" Phoebe whispered at me. "Tell 'em how sorry you are. All that stuff. And how you'll do better next time!"

I just nodded.

"Come back!" Phoebe said. "I'll stay awake!"

I went out and shut the door. I wished I had hung up my coat and put away my bags. I knew they'd tell me how much the coat cost and how people tripped over bags and broke their necks.

When they were all done with me I went back to the kids' room. Phoebe was asleep, and I watched her a while. Nice kid. Then I went over to Viola's crib. I lifted her blanket and put her Donald Duck in there with her; then I took some olives I had in my left hand and laid them one by one in a row along the railing of her crib. One of them fell on the floor. I picked it up, felt dust on it, and put it in my jacket pocket. Then I left the room.

I went into my own room, turned the radio on, but it was broken. So I went to bed.

I lay awake for a pretty long time, feeling lousy. I knew everybody was right and I was wrong. I knew that I wasn't going to be one of those successful guys, that I was never going to be like Edward Gonzales or Theodore Fisher or Lawrence Meyer. I knew that this time when Father said that I was going to work in that man's office that he meant it, that I wasn't going back to school again ever, that I wouldn't like working in an office. I started wondering again where the ducks in Central Park went when the lagoon was frozen over, and finally I went to sleep.

THE END

Chinatown Potluck

Continued from page 46

simple dishes, say—chop suey, for example.

A look of alarm spread over his face. "No chop suey," he replied. "There is no such dish in real Chinese cooking. Chop suey means a lot of things cooked together. Chop suey is a dish cooked for Americans. We don't serve it. Chop suey isn't even on our menu."

First, though, Mr. Tsang wished to clear up some over-all fundamentals of Chinese cooking.

One was the matter of woo suey, which is gravy. Nearly every Chinese dish requires woo suey at some point, so the first move toward getting dinner going is to make some gravy.

Mix a tablespoon of cornstarch into a cup of water, add a tablespoon of the inevitable soy sauce, a teaspoon of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, and keep stirring until the result is a smooth sauce—ready when the moment arrives. Woo suey is precooked when poured over food just before serving; used raw when cooked into other foods.

Next was the fon, which is rice, and without which no Chinese meal is complete. With woo suey to flavor it, steamed rice is a meal in itself, if you know how to cook rice, which few Americans do, says Ernie Tsang. His way is to swish two cups of Texas or Chinese rice in cold water, to rinse off the starch, repeating the swishing and pouring off the water until the liquid is clear, even when the rice is stirred. Then he covers the rice in a heavy iron pot, with an inch of water, brings it to a boil, turns the burner low, and simmers until all of the water is evaporated and the rice is flaky and dry.

"Don't worry if there is some burned rice sticking to the bottom," he said. "Just pour in some boiling water, turn on the heat and stir. Soon you have some delicious rice tea."

Another important angle to rice-steaming is to cook twice as much as you want for the forthcoming meal. Start with four cups instead of two. Then you're all set for fried rice for another meal. Empty the steamed rice into a hot frying pan, the bottom of which is covered with vegetable oil, peanut or olive or cottonseed. Keep stirring and mashing it with a spatula until the rice is dry. Then add diced beef, chicken, bacon, ham or prawns. "Anything you have," says Mr. Tsang. Add finely chopped onion, two beaten eggs and two tablespoons of soy sauce. Keep stirring to prevent sticking to pan. Try that, and you'll have rice at its best, promised Mr. Tsang.

Bean Sprouts Rate a Specialist

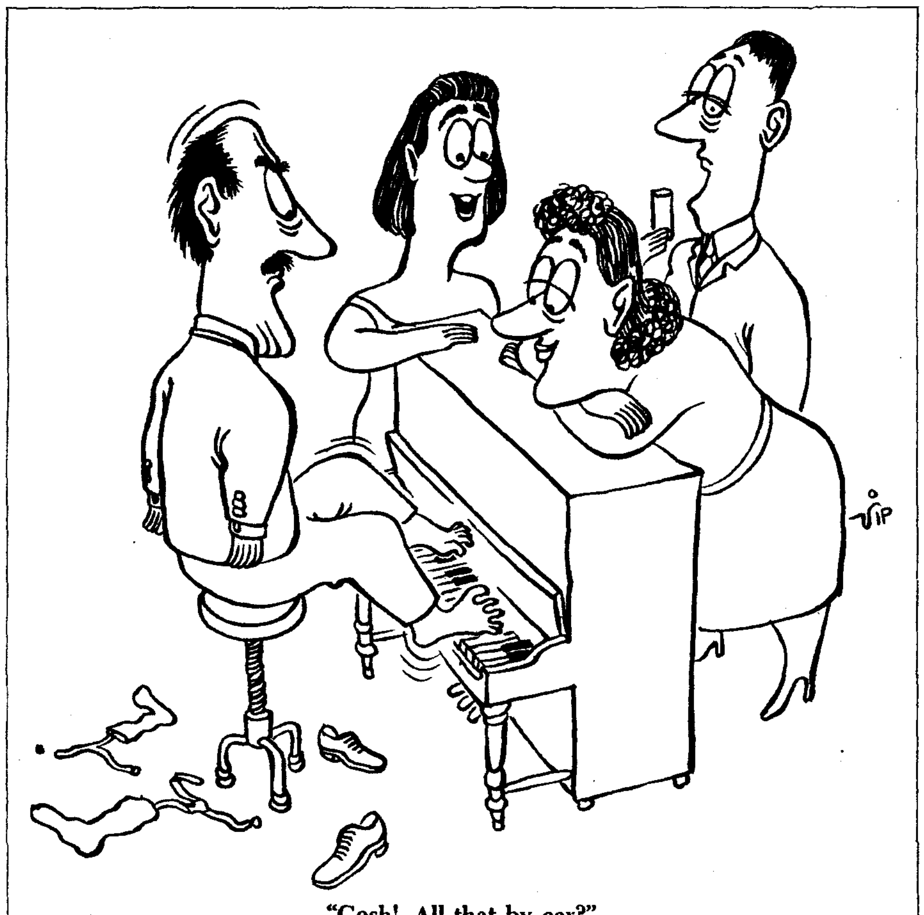
Among the preliminaries, too, is the business of bean sprouts. The Chinese sprout the little round green beans or else Mung beans in damp matting baskets, but it is a four- or five-day operation calling for a lot of devoted attention. Every Chinatown has a specialist on bean sprouts, and Ernie Tsang's advice is to do as the Chinese do and buy the beans already sprouted. Or bean sprouts are available in cans in many stores.

There is the tea with which every Chinese meal begins. The way to bring out the best of the tea taste is to pour violently boiling water on the leaves in the teapot. Most people try to make tea with water that isn't hot enough, insists Ernie Tsang.

Then, if you are going to have dessert—little cakes or dried kumquats—serve them at the start, too, to whet your appetite for any of the dishes here described, which may be served individually or in combination. In the Chinese manner, the entree comes to the table at the same time, and not in courses.

We asked Mr. Ernie Tsang what he likes to cook in his kitchen when he gets a little bit hungry, late at night or any other time, for that matter. You guessed it. He likes to cook a hamburger. And this is how he does it Chinese style: First, he works one egg and some chopped onion into the raw hamburger, along with some cornstarch and soy sauce. The soy sauce makes the meat cook nice and brown, and the cornstarch gives it body. He fries it in a hot pan until it is very well done. All you need for this little snack, he says, is the hamburger.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Gosh! All that by ear?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

ФРУКТОВЫЕ ВОДЫ
(Fruit Water)
is Typically Russian

Fruktovie Vodi (fruit water) is made throughout the year of different seasonal fruits. Usually a mixture of apple, lemon and orange juice, plus gingerale. One of Russia's most popular soft drinks.

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The Sea Shell

Continued from page 22

rich this spring, he raised his eyes to the tops of the pine trees and there was thanks in them, for the good land, and a prayer, too, for a good year.

He drew a deep breath, stretching his back, easing the weariness out. Then he turned toward home. He walked slowly up through the woods, coming out close to the tobacco barns, skirting the big west field on the path to the house.

When he came in sight of the chinaberry tree his head lifted; sometimes Lulie was sitting there. He liked to think that she was watching for him, waiting for him, but he never asked her if it was so. He didn't want to make her feel he expected it.

He saw now that she wasn't under the tree. Well, he told himself, he hadn't expected it. . . . But some of that good feeling he'd had down there in the woods died. He wanted to keep that good feeling; it made him strong and sure of things—sure that he and Lulie were making a go of it, sure that they had been right to marry the way they did. Sometimes, when he stayed awake at night, he was unhappy and unsure, wondering if a marriage could work that didn't have the head-start of a complete love. Once, when she had lifted her face to him in the dark room, when he had felt her trembling with him, he'd been sure she loved him; he'd been dead sure he loved her. But the spell had broken, or they had broken it with their quarreling. . . .

ONCE again, out on the highway, she'd told him she loved him, and there had been a great tenderness in him too, but even then he wasn't sure. He wasn't sure now, crossing the long shadow of the chinaberry tree, nearing the house.

Since they'd been living here on the place they'd both tried hard to make things seem right. They'd fooled each other, too, trying. But he could always tell when she'd been crying; maybe she could tell when that dark misery had a grip on him and he couldn't see his way clear to even one stronghold. God knows he tried to keep it from her when he saw the future like a black pit ahead. No—and this new thought was grim—not a pit but a cage, and he tending it and its captive. A captive that struggled to get out, that cried, that bit out in vicious fear. Like his squirrel. . . . Like Lulie. . . .

But he didn't always think like that; when he did he got mad and fought the misery down and crushed it. He knew how to do it; he did it now, going up the back steps. He had a smile ready.

The radio was on loud so he didn't call to Lulie. He crossed the porch to the kitchen door and then he halted abruptly and stood still.

Lulie was dancing. She hadn't heard him come in; she didn't see him watching because her eyes were half closed and she was all absorbed in the music. The music was sweet and slow and she was swaying with it, her arms high, her head back. She circled on her tiptoes, arching her neck. The dark curls had grown in the weeks past and they moved with her dancing, falling soft on her neck, when she leaned that way.

Bill drew back in the shadow of the doorway. He was half ashamed of her, dancing like that, by herself. But it was such a pretty sight, she was so light on her tiptoes, so full of the music, her face sweet with the spell of it, that he didn't want to stop her. She looked happy, like a child, the way she used to look. She didn't often look that way now. He knew she had to change, to take hold, to grow up. But he hated to see the growing hurt her. She didn't want to grow up; she wanted to stay like this—playing, happy, dancing with a dream. . . .

She saw him. She stood still at once and her arms came down slowly.

"Hey, honey," Bill said, walking on in. "That was mighty pretty."

"Pooh." She turned away but he went up to her and put his arm around her. She raised her head, he kissed her, and then she withdrew from the circle of his arm and moved over to the radio. She changed the program and walked over to the stove.

"How's everything?" she asked lightly.

Here we go again, he thought, recognizing the sweet, blank smile she gave him. He tried to make his answering smile warm, saying, "Okay. I got my seed in."

"That's fine," Lulie said easily, beginning to dish up their supper.

Bill took the blue pitcher that had been Ma's favorite and carried it out to the back porch. He drew cold water from the pump and filled it. He washed up by the tin shelf and combed his hair with the piece of comb that was kept there ever since he could remember. Using it now reminded him of how little Lulie had changed the place. It was as if she lived in the house without touching it. She left everything the way Ma had had it, except the wedding-ring quilt. Her first day on the farm she had washed the quilt and hung it on the line to dry; when it was dry she had folded it neatly and put it away in the old cedar chest at the foot of the four-poster.

"Your ma was proud of it," she'd explained to Bill. "She'd want it kept just so."

He started to say that Ma would have wanted them to use the quilt, to have it out on the bed, looking pretty. But there was a stubborn look about Lulie's mouth that kept him silent. He missed the quilt, though.

When he went back into the kitchen, carrying the pitcher of water, Lulie had supper on the table—black-eyed peas cooked with fatback, biscuit and pickled peaches. The coffee was thick and black from much boiling and that was the way they liked it. Bill sweetened his with brown sugar.

After supper Bill hitched his chair close to the lamp and opened the mail-order catalogue. Lulie was washing the dishes. It never took her long to get through and sweep up; she was quick and neat in her work about the house. When she had put the broom away she pulled her chair up to the lamp, on the other side of the table. She'd brought a pile of magazines with her from town; she'd long since read them through and now she was starting over again. Bill didn't like those magazines. He didn't like the covers, pictures of girls with big eyes and big mouths all curled up, waiting to be kissed. Inside, the pictures were worse, showing men and women grabbing at each other, or shooting at each other, or just plain necking. He couldn't see why Lulie wanted to read stuff like that. It made him ashamed for her and once he told her so.

"Everybody reads 'em," she'd smiled. "All the girls at the factory."

"Kid stuff." He'd tried teasing her out of them but she got mad.

"I'm not exactly an old woman," she said sharply.

HE DIDN'T say anything about them tonight; he hoped the evening would be pleasant. He wished it could be the way it used to be when Ma and Pa sat together in front of the fire like this. Not talking, maybe, but being easy and comfortable together, understanding each other's thinking so well there was no need to talk. But he ought to remember, he told himself, that by the time he was old enough to notice how Ma and Pa got along they'd been married a good while; they'd probably had their bad times, too—getting to know each other, learning to live together. You had to take it easy, to begin with. He smiled across at Lulie.

"Lulie . . ."

She lifted her head.

"I've been thinking—how would you like to have an oil stove in the sleeping room? I've been reading about them, and it claims here they're cheap to run and clean as can be."

She looked vague, her finger holding her place in the magazine. He could tell that she wasn't really thinking about it; she wanted to get back to her story.

"It's not so cold in there," she said, finally. "Being right across from this room it gets some heat that way."

"I know," Bill said seriously. "But I wasn't thinking of right now. I was thinking of later on—next fall. We ought to plan ahead."

She was looking at him now, listening to him, and he went on with some difficulty:

"I mean— Well, we won't want to keep the kid in here all the time and they say it's important to keep them real warm when they're so little."

"Oh." Now she understood what he was getting at; she didn't like to talk about it. She wanted to keep the future as far off as she could, knowing it was there but not facing it until she had to. It was easier like that.

"Whatever you say, Bill. I don't care." She went back to her magazine.

He saw that she refused to take hold of any thought for the future; he saw that it held no real meaning for her—maybe because she knew she wouldn't be a part of it. She wouldn't be here to share the new stove, to see that the child was kept warm by it. She'd be gone.

Bill closed the mail-order catalogue abruptly and got to his feet. He felt sick all over; they'd been licked from the start and he should have known it.

"I'm going down to see Hadgepatch," he said. "We're late killing pigs this year, but I'm figuring on the end of this month. The almanac says we're due for a cold spell then."

LULIE tossed the magazine on the table and jumped up. She was gay, suddenly, with the prospect of an outing.

"Take me with you, Bill. I'd like to get out—walk somewhere besides just around the house."

Bill didn't look at her. He went to the wardrobe for his gun. "Figured I'd cut through the woods," he said evenly, "and take Sooner. We might scare up something."

"That would be fun!"

"But, Lulie, you can't go. It's dark; there're gopher holes—and deadfalls. . . . Hadgepatch has been cutting firewood, too, and the trees are lying around drying out."

"But I wouldn't mind. Honest. It would be fun."

He tried to sound sweet and easy: "Listen, honey, chances are even you'd trip on something—and me hanging onto you and a gun too isn't a smart idea. If you just want to get out we'll take the car and ride down." He saw that stubborn look tighten her lips.

"But I'd like to walk through the woods—in the dark. It would be fun."

Bill stood looking at her, trying to keep his voice quiet, trying to ease her out of the foolish notion. "It's nice out," he said. "We could ride around some—maybe as far as Highway Inn and get a beer. Wouldn't you like that?"

Her cheeks flushed. She knew what he was doing—treating her like a pouty child, being patient and kind and all the time thinking she was a silly fool. It made her mad, knowing what he was thinking.

"You treat me like a baby," she said in a hard voice. "Like a sick baby. There's nothing the matter with me. And I want to walk through the woods—in the dark—and maybe scare up something, like you said." She was determined to have her way.

Bill could feel himself getting stiff all over. It was hard to go on talking in a nice way. "You've got to take care of yourself, Lulie."

Seeing her face flush, her eyes grow dark with rebellious anger, he knew he'd said just the wrong thing; she hated being reminded of the child. She wanted to pretend, and make him pretend, that it wasn't living and growing inside of her.

She took a step closer to him and spoke bitterly: "I took plenty good care of myself until you came along, Bill Hutterly! And what kind of care do you call it when you're going off down there and leave me here all alone —after dark—and not a soul anywhere near?"

Bill said slowly, "I'll get the car if you want to go riding, Lulie."

"I don't want to go riding!"

Bill reached into the wardrobe for his gun.

"There's nobody around to bother you," he said, "and I won't be gone long."

He had the gun in his hand when she threw herself in front of him, coming up against him and knocking the gun from his grasp.

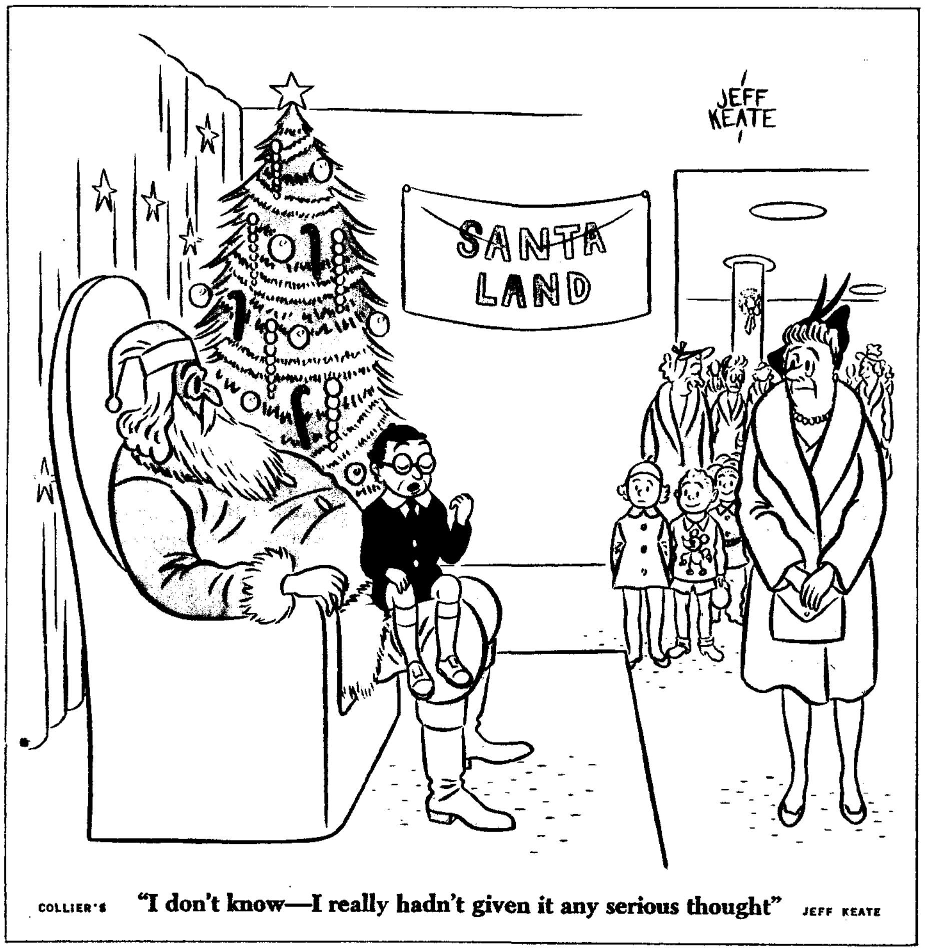
"If you go and don't take me," she cried at him, "I won't be here when you get back!"

Bill was white. He took her by the shoulders and moved her aside as if she weighed no more than a goose feather. He picked up the gun. He reached into the wardrobe for some loose shells and dropped them into his pocket. Then he looked at her.

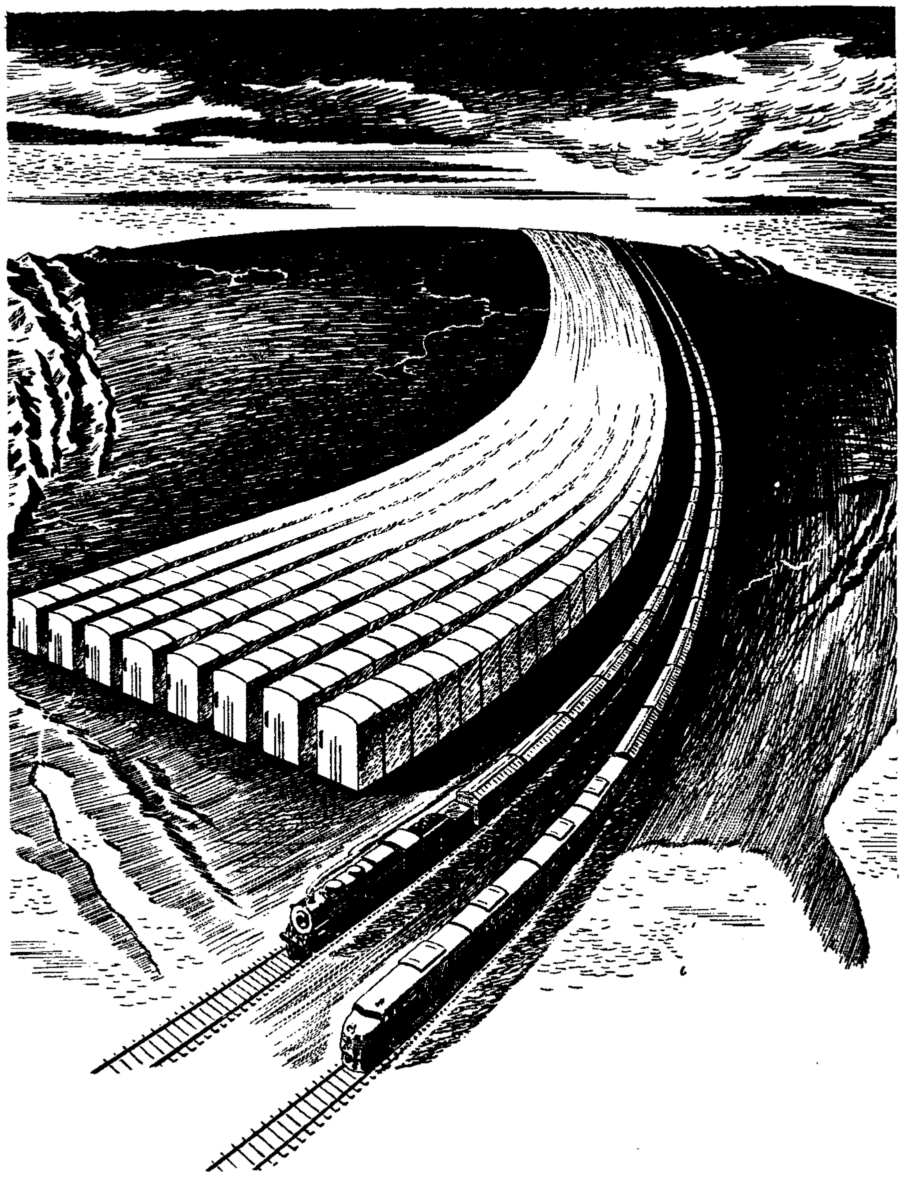
"Nobody's going to tell me what to do, Lulie. And nobody's going to hold something over me to make me do it. Now I'm going down to Hadgepatch's."

She stood in the spot he'd moved her to and watched him go. She heard the screen door slam, heard Sooner scramble out from under the porch steps. She heard Bill speak to him softly, "Heel, Sooner. Heel." And Sooner would obey, sticking close to his heels, no matter how much he wanted to bound off down the path and through the fields. She could picture the dog, trembling with excitement—but doing as he was told.

Lulie gripped the back of the straight chair until her knuckles grew white. "Heel," she said, through her teeth. "Heel—heel—heel!" She was shaking all over now but she let



COLLIER'S "I don't know—I really hadn't given it any serious thought" JEFF KEATE



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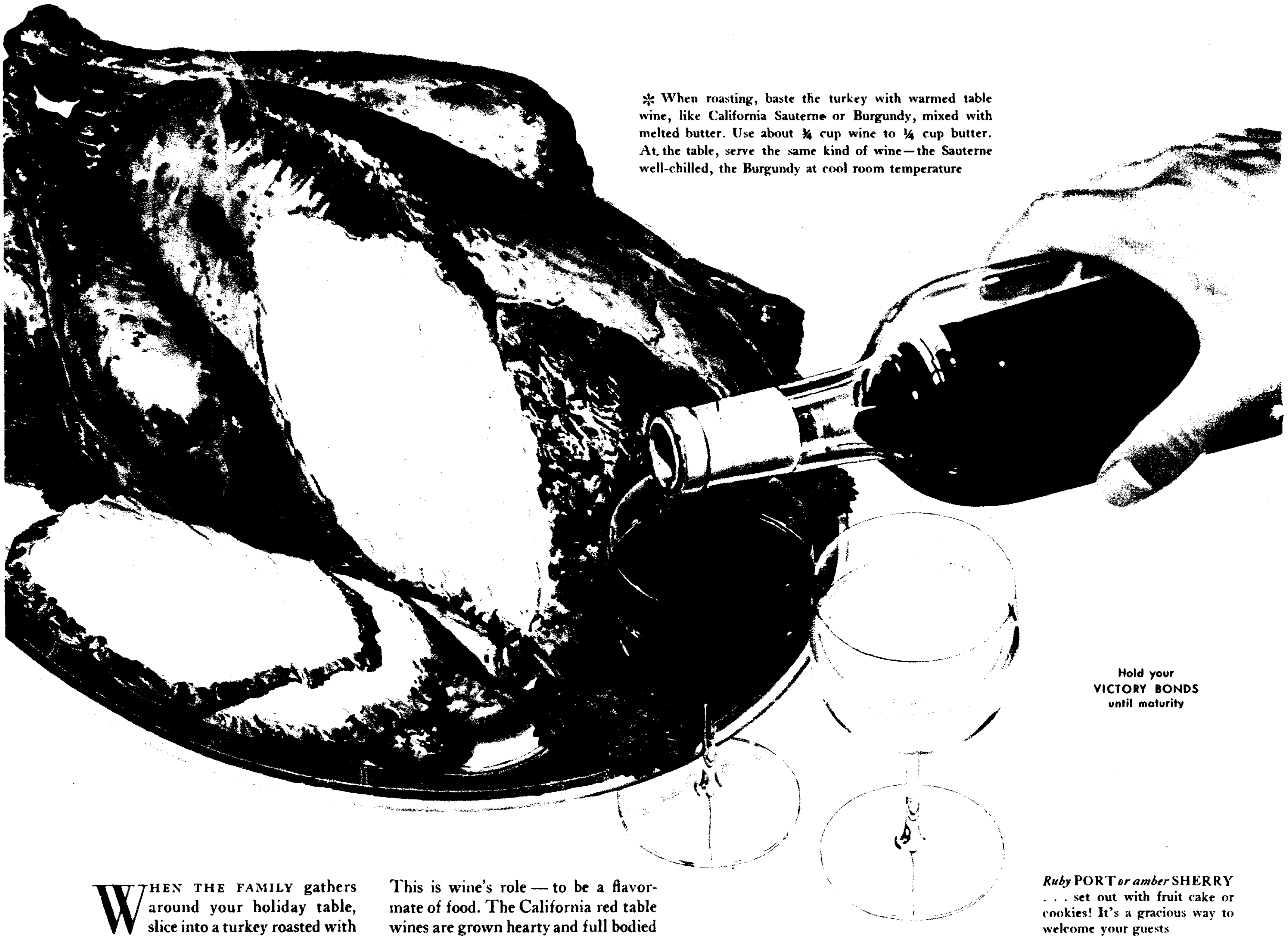

* When roasting, baste the turkey with warmed table wine, like California Sauterne or Burgundy, mixed with melted butter. Use about ¾ cup wine to ¼ cup butter. At the table, serve the same kind of wine—the Sauterne well-chilled, the Burgundy at cool room temperature

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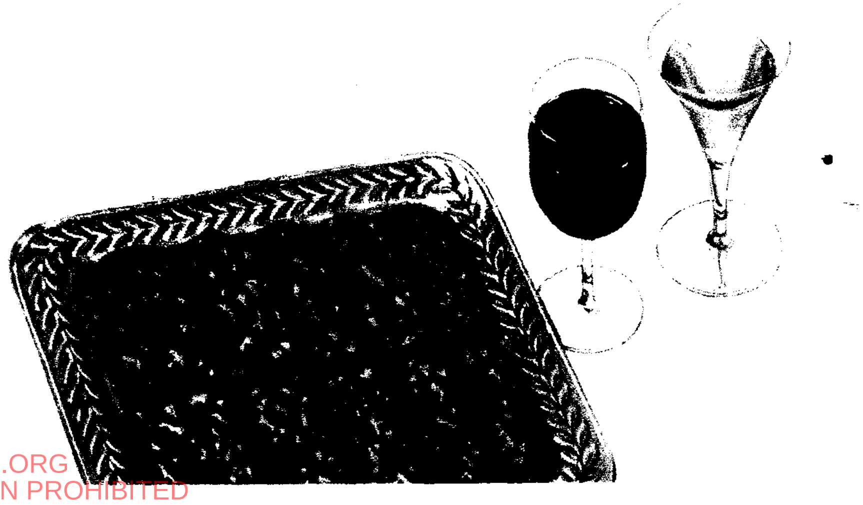


go of the chair and walked across the kitchen, across the hall and into the bedroom. She got down on her knees and dragged her suitcase from under the big bed. She opened it, still kneeling there.

It held the rose-colored suit she was married in, the little flower hat to match, her white gloves and bag. It held also the Bible her father had given her. He was a deacon in the church. Their preacher came only once a month; the other three Sundays her father read out of the Bible and talked to the gathering in the church. Lulie remembered those Sundays vividly because she hated them so.

She closed her eyes now, holding tight to the Bible, thinking back. Some people had got religion just listening to Pa. She'd seen it happen. He always talked about evil and sin and hell. He told the people they were bad and must repent, must suffer, must beg God to lay burdens on them. . . . They must beg God to "thrash them with the lash of life." When he said that, a woman jumped straight up in the air, flinging out her arms and yelling. She screamed that she had sinned and she begged to be beaten so that she could get to God.

Lulie had been ashamed for the woman—her tousled hair, her red face, and her streaming wild eyes. She'd been sorry for her, too, and she'd begged her mother to go to her and comfort her, stop her yelling and crying. Ma had started to rise but Pa saw her and lifted a hand. "Leave her be," he'd boomed, his face flushed, his eyes excited. "Leave her be, for she is agonizing finely!"

She knew then, and she never forgot, that Pa liked to see people suffer. She knew why she'd always been afraid of him.

Lulie opened her eyes and stared down at the Bible. She had never taken it out of the suitcase. Taking it out now was like opening a door and letting her father in. Slowly, she turned to the fly leaf. He had written Eulalee Elizabeth Clements in his strong hand and, underneath, "May the Good Book guide you in God's Ways, make you Strong against Sin, Humble in Suffering and Obedient to His Laws."

LULIE read it over twice. It brought her father close. She could see his dark flashing eyes, merciless and hard in the knowledge of his mission to make people suffer and repent. She could hear his great voice booming. If he could see her now—kneeling here, confused and in pain, struggling for a way out, planning to leave, to run away—he would never hold out his hand to her and help her up; he would never show her the way out. His eyes would be as hard on her as on that poor woman in the church and he would say, "Leave her be, for she is agonizing finely!"

Lulie slammed the book shut and thrust it back in the suitcase. She closed the suitcase and shoved it back under the bed; but she didn't rise. Her hands came up to cover her face. Her mouth was strained open with the great sob that was rising in her, drawing all of her breath to it so that she gasped. And then the cry came and she bent double with it, shaking, and leaned her head against the dust ruffle, feeling the hard frame of the bed beneath. She cried there for a long time—until she was so tired and so beaten that she was ready to sink full length on the floor and go to sleep. But she pulled herself up and undressed and got into bed.

Bill came into the house later, walking slowly. He didn't know if Lulie would be there or not but he wasn't going looking for her. He crossed the kitchen and put his gun and shells in the wardrobe. He held all feeling away from him, crossing the hall to the bedroom. From the doorway he saw the little hump she made under the covers and, not meaning to, he drew a quick breath of relief. He went over to the bed, carrying the lamp low so as not to disturb her. He leaned over. She'd been crying. There were circles beneath the shadow of her wet lashes, and her nose was pink. Her mouth was half open with her breathing because her nose was stopped up.

He lifted a hand to push back, gently, a lock of dark hair lying on her cheek. He could feel the tenderness building up in him and this time he didn't fight it. She was asleep; she wouldn't know. She wouldn't feel the quick light touch of his hand to the tumbled curls, or see the lamp shaking in his other hand.

The day they killed pigs was clear and cold as the almanac had said it would be. Bill was up and ready to leave at daybreak. He grabbed a piece of cold biscuit on his way out and told Lulie to never mind breakfast—he'd be back for coffee later.

"Make plenty of it, Lulie. Some of the men'll want it, too."

He was in a hurry but he stopped, struck by a sudden thought, and smiled at Lulie.

"What say tomorrow night we barbecue some spareribs and have some folks over? It's time we had the neighbors in. They've all been calling, haven't they?"

Lulie nodded. Yes, they had come calling. . . . And she had raised the blinds in the parlor and led them in and asked them to be seated, as a bride should do with her first callers. They had sat on the stiff blue plush chairs, taking care not to lay their hands on the white antimacassars. After some polite talk she'd served them coffee and the store-bought cake they brought, knowing she wouldn't be fixed for company. But you didn't get to know people like that. Everybody put on airs, the way they were supposed to do; a barbecue would be different.

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**

HABERDASHERY
DRESSING ROOMS
Gregory d'Alessio

"We're so busy these days, I thought I'd run things like they do in the Army"

COLLIER'S

She smiled back at Bill, thinking this. She was pleased with the prospect of some excitement. "That would be fine, Bill," she said.

Bill said, "Okay." He saw that she was shivering in her thin white nightgown. "Hop into bed and stay there until the house warms up. You better get your rest this morning; you'll be mighty busy this afternoon, seasoning and packing sausage."

LULIE went back to bed, shoving down deep in the warm, soft mattress; but she didn't go to sleep. She thought of the day ahead and she was glad there would be plenty to do. When you were busy you didn't think, and when you didn't think you could be happy. . . . Take this past week, getting ready for today's butchering. Every evening, after supper, she'd sat at the table before the fire, sewing small muslin bags to pack the sausage in for smoking. They would put up half like that, but the other half would be fried up and put down in its own lard; she had already washed the jars and assembled the rubbers and caps; nothing to do now but boil them at the last minute.

Remembering the long warm evenings, she remembered, too, the pleasant drowsiness, the sense of contentment that had come over her. She could feel herself going soft all over. She might glance over at Bill, half asleep over the catalogue. But if she spoke he would listen, and answer her; it was a good feeling. But she never let it go too far; she would sit bolt upright, suddenly, and start sewing fast, so that she often pricked her finger. But that helped; it made her cross and kept her wide awake.

Lulie stretched long in the bed and drew a deep breath. No, she hadn't let it get her. Now, she thought of town and the fun it would be to go back. If she closed her eyes and sniffed she could smell the town smells: train smoke and factory smoke, stale beer when you walked past the poolrooms, the candy counter in the ten-cent store, fresh toast, medicine and perfume in the drugstore. . . . Good smells, all of them.

THE kitchen would be warm by now. Lulie got up and went to dress in front of the fire. She put a chunk of fat wood in the fire and set water to boil in the big pot. When it was boiling she poured the coffee in with a generous hand and set the pot on the back of the stove to simmer. Before the coffee got good and strong she poured herself a cup, for the sake of something hot.

She stood at the kitchen door, sipping and looking out. Then she saw the men coming, in a close-walking group. They were the neighbors, come to help Bill with his butchering as he had helped them with theirs.

Lulie moved the pot back to the front of the stove. They had come sooner than she expected. She counted them. There were three besides Bill. She didn't recognize any of them and she could feel her cheeks getting pink with the idea of meeting new people.

She pretended to be surprised when Bill led them in, single file. One of the men wore a hat but the other two wore hunting caps. They uncovered, seeing Lulie, and stood there looking at her in a solemn way while Bill made the introductions.

"My wife," Bill said, with a sweep of his hand toward Lulie. "Lulie, this is Hal McIntosh, Tom Harris—and Bud Latham. Bud's kin to Ed Latham at the factory. You remember him?"

Lulie nodded. She ducked her head at the men and gave them a shy smile.

"I know you want some coffee," she said quickly; and then, to be polite and show them she wasn't afraid of company, she added, "Cold out, isn't it?"

"Sure is." They all agreed, nodding their heads emphatically.

Bill pulled a chair out from the table. "Set," he said, and did so himself.

With a scraping of chairs they pulled up to the table. Lulie poured the coffee for them. They passed the cream and sugar around silently and with care. When they had helped themselves they stirred their coffee slowly.

But with the first swallow of the hot stuff they relaxed. They began to talk about the butchering, growing animated, but taking care not to slip up in their talk, what with a lady being present.

Lulie didn't sit down to the table with them. She acted as if she were busy over the stove. But she was watching them and she was enjoying it, pouring out the second cup all around, taking their polite thanks with a smile.

"Mighty good coffee," Hal McIntosh said, not looking straight at her but she knew he meant her to hear.

She smiled again. "Have some more?" She lifted the pot from the stove.

"No, thank you, ma'am. But it's mighty good coffee."

"Sure is."

"Mighty good."

"Hits the spot."

She smiled on all of them, broadly.

Bill was watching her and he was smiling, too. He spoke: "We thought we'd barbecue some spareribs tomorrow night and ask you folks over. How about it?" He grinned at them. "Of course, I know you can't commit yourselves till you've asked the missus. But we'll look for you—and hope you can come. You call Ed too, hear, Bud? Tell him I said to come on out and get some fresh air for a change."

"Okay, Bill. Sounds like a good idea. We haven't had a get-together in a long time. Shall I tell Ava to bring anything?"

"Oh, no," Lulie spoke up. "No, thank you just the same."

Bill came and stood close to her while the men rose, getting ready to leave. He didn't touch her but his smile was sweet on her.

"That was good coffee, honey. Hadgepatch'll be up with a load of sausage in a little bit. Edna's coming to help you pack it and fry it."

"All right." Her eyes came up to his. "The butchering going all right?"

He nodded. "We're through scraping. But there's plenty yet to do. We've got a good bunch working, though. It won't be long." He turned from her then and joined the men by the door as they told Lulie goodby and thanked her again.

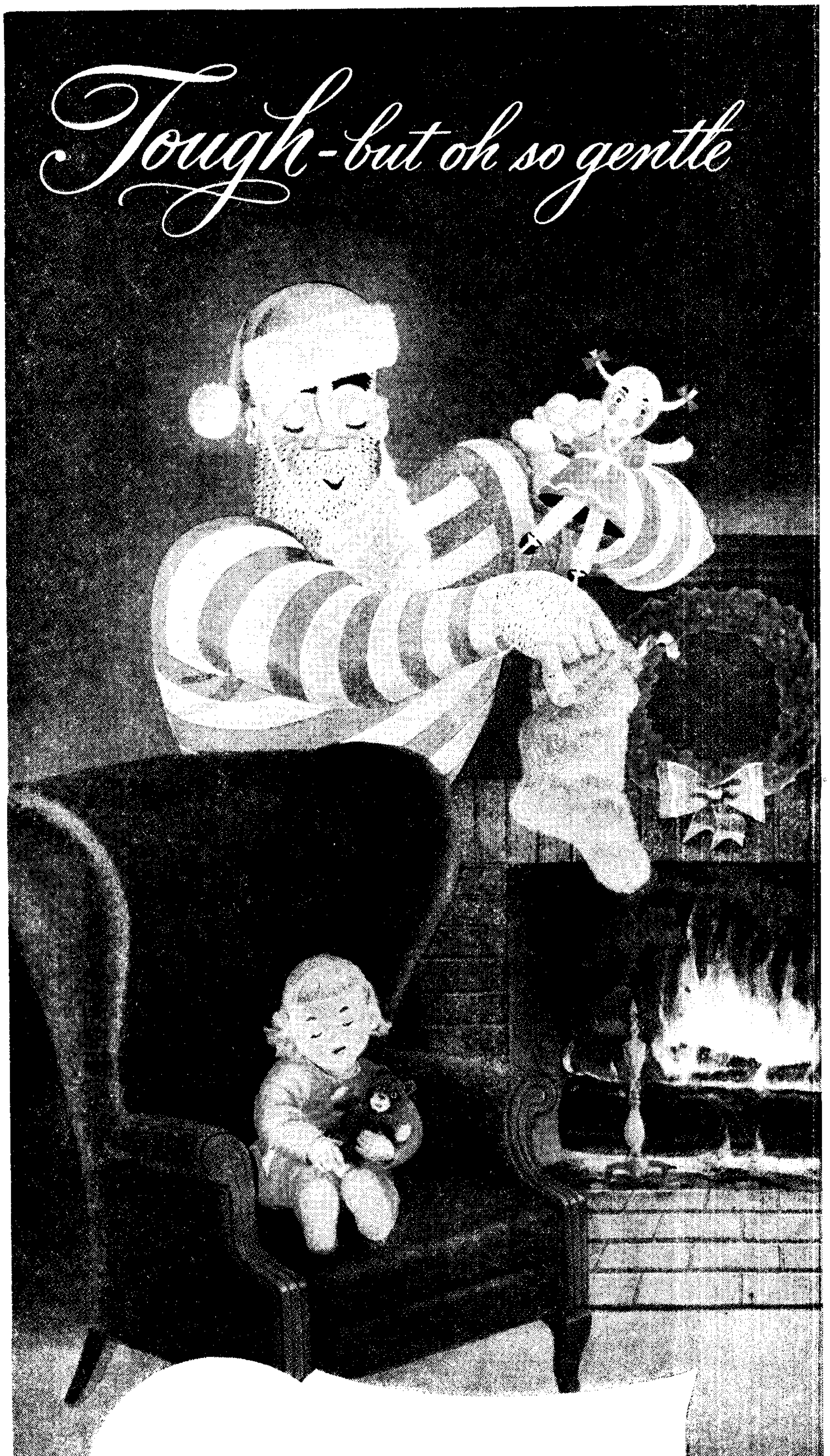
"You're welcome, I'm sure," she said, very polite, smiling and nodding her head the way she'd seen her ma do.

TOMORROW night they would come back and bring their wives. Ed Latham would be here. He would see what a fine gathering they had and the next time he saw Pa he'd tell him. And Pa would think that everything was fine, and not bother to come and make sure.

The Hutterlys were famous the country over for their barbecue and Brunswick stew. Ed Hutterly had felt obliged to do something about it, as the years passed and the gatherings grew bigger and bigger, and so he and Hadgepatch had built a long, low shed—just six poles and a sloping roof—and underneath they had built a long table and benches. On the north side of the shed, out in the open, was the barbecue pit—a long hole in the ground for hot coals and, laid over it, an iron rack for roasting. The coals were brought, big and red hot, from the fire out front where the folks gathered to keep warm if the night was cold.

The mixing of the sauce and the basting was Hadgepatch's job and he was proud of it. He mixed the sauce in Lulie's kitchen in the morning. By noon it was ready and the pit was filled with hot coals. He salted and peppered the spareribs, then, and laid them on the rack. When they began to brown he began to baste, and he basted all afternoon, off and on. He used a soft old rag tied to a long stick, so he didn't have to lean too close over the heat. Now and then he pulled off a sliver of meat and tasted it—for flavor, he said, but he smacked his lips over it. The mixture of butter and vinegar, pepper sauce and homemade catsup, herbs, spices and molasses was his own recipe, perfected over long years of experience.

When Lulie asked him how much of this



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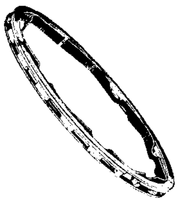

and that he put in the sauce, Hadgepatch shook his head and looked puzzled. "I can't rightly tell you, Miss Lulie," he said with some regret. "I tastes to tell. I pinches, I mixes. . . . It's got to be jes' so, Miss Lulie, to draw the flavor out and hol' the suption in."

Lulie spent the afternoon baking great pans of corn bread to be cut in squares and served cold. She shredded cabbage for coleslaw; she made sour-cream dressing; then she mixed them together and put them in the big stone crock they used for sauerkraut. Hadgepatch took it down to the spring and set it in to keep cool. . . .

The night was crisp and as soon as the guests arrived they gathered around the big fire in front of the shed. The men wore mackinaws and hunting caps and the women wore heavy knit sweaters and scarves tied around their heads. It was a good company and there were no polite airs now; they laughed and talked and teased one another. The women sipped sweet blackberry wine or drank beer and Bill passed Ed Hutterly's five-year-old whisky to the men.

IT WAS up to Bill to make the coffee when they ate outdoors, so now he drew two bricks close into the coals, raked some coals between them and set the coffee on to boil. He was feeling fine, seeing his neighbors enjoying themselves, knowing that Lulie was having a good time, too.

When he had settled the pot securely on the two bricks he looked up at the folks clustered around him. His face was bright with laughter.

"Anybody knocks that coffeepot over," he warned them, rising, "will have to dance a jig by himself in the clearing!"

"Lord help us!" they all exclaimed. "Not me!"

Bud Latham spoke up, "Miss Ava, now—she could do it. Couldn't you, Miss Ava?"

Ava Latham was small and rotund and past forty, but it pleased her that they didn't forget that she could call more sets than anybody in the county and had been the county's fanciest dancer in her day. She laughed at them now, her eyes twinkling over the tin cup of blackberry cordial.

"I've done with sashayin'," she cried, "but Shaw here—" and she took hold of her nephew, who was visiting—"Shaw could show you a thing or two. Down East—where he comes from—they do 'em different. He was born and raised on Ocracoke Island—they raise 'em wild there—but he sure can dance." She gave the young man a playful shove, watching him grin at her talk.

Shaw Latham was slight, with black hair and black eyes, but he didn't seem small; there was a lithe, strong look about him. His shoulders were wide and compact and his waist slimmed into his hips in an unbroken line. He was a fisherman. His skin had the dark, weathered look of his kind, and his eyes were brilliant and far-seeing. He had stood into plenty of rough weather, but it was easy to see that he wasn't afraid of the devil on a pitchfork.

Lulie was watching him, across the fire. Maybe it was the fire that did it, but he seemed to give off sparks when he talked and laughed like that, with his head back so that his black hair fell away from his forehead. Even his hair seemed to shine. And when he smiled, his teeth were a bright white in his tanned face. You could tell, Lulie thought, from the way he moved, that he was a grand dancer. All at once, she wished they could dance together. She had caught him looking at her and maybe he knew she could dance, too.

Bill was passing the jug again and the men were tilting it high. Lulie passed the pitcher of blackberry wine. Those who were drinking beer fetched it from the head of the spring where it was keeping cool in a washtub.

Lulie helped herself to a cup of wine and the sweet, warm taste of it was good. She took a big swallow and felt it slip down inside of her. Wine like this made you feel magical. It was a feeling she liked.

She laughed and talked to the older folks. She knew they were admiring her for being friendly and gay; she looked pretty, too, in her red sweater and skirt and her red woolly tam. They were proud for Bill. She'd heard them whispering. . . . "Even if she is young," they said, "and small, she's full of life, and small women are the strongest kind and live the longest. . . ."

Lulie felt so good that she wanted to laugh at nothing, at everything. She felt so good she wanted to fling up her arms and dance. She looked into Shaw Latham's eyes and she saw that he felt that way, too. Then the devil whispered in her ear. "Kick over the coffeepot, Lulie," the devil whispered. "Kick over the pot—and dance."

"Oh, my land!" Lulie cried, jumping back. "Oh, my land, look what happened!" The coffeepot was sprawled on the bricks and the coffee was hissing in the coals.

"Ho-ho!" Ed Latham roared. "Lulie's got to dance a jig!"

They all took up the cry: "Dance, Lulie! Dance!"

Lulie pretended to hang back; they took hold of her hands and dragged her toward the clearing between the great water oaks. "Dance, Lulie! Dance!"

Bill came and stood before them, blocking the path. "Lulie, you don't have to. It was a joke. I didn't mean it."

Lulie looked up at him, hesitating. But Hal McIntosh caught Bill by the arm and swung him out of the way.

"Oh, no, you don't!" he cried. "You called the forfeit. You can't back down just because it's your wife."

"Forfeit! Forfeit!" they all cried then.

Ed Latham chanted, "Heavy, heavy hangs . . . But not our Lulie! Come on, Lulie!"

Tom Harris had been quiet all evening, but it was he who took out the sweet potato now and blew a few sweet high notes. "Skip to My Lou!" The crowd applauded the tune. They began to pat their feet and clap their hands in time to the music.

Lulie laughed then. She pulled off her red tam and tossed it high and Ava caught it and held it. Lulie swung around on her toes, threw out her arms and begged, with a laughing face, "But, please. Not alone! Honest. Somebody, please!" She stood there, a bright poised figure.

The silence fell suddenly; the men wouldn't look at one another. They hung back. Then Ava Latham gave Shaw a push and said, "Go it, boy. You know how!"

The men were so relieved they gave a great shout. The music began again, and the clapping and the stomping went with it.

Lulie and Shaw bent their heads to the music and began to dance. There was a dim glow in the clearing where they danced; a faint light from the fire behind them, a pale light from the moon above. But the light of both was no more than enough to make of the two dancing figures swift-moving shadows. Strange, wild shadows that met and parted and met again, that took hands and skipped and were flung apart to circle and turn and circle again.

The clapping grew soft, the stomping less loud, as the watching group felt themselves drawn, full of wonder, by the dark and silent grace of the dance, by the strange beauty of the two figures moving in light and compelling accord.

THE woods lay quiet about them—only the flutelike notes of the music rose bright and clear—but no one heard Shaw Latham singing to Lulie when the dance brought them close together.

"Skip to my Lulie, skip to my Lulie, skip to my Lulie darlin'. . . . I'll *not* find another prettier than thee—*not* at another party . . ." He changed the words as he pleased and they were sweet in her ear. As he sang, her body bent to his with a greater abandon, and their hands were quick to reach. Their feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, their eyes were full of enchantment when they met in the soft screening shadows.

On high, slow-drawn notes Tom brought the dance to an end. The couple swayed once more; they stopped and loosed hands. As they walked toward the crowd that was clapping now, but with applause, Shaw Latham bent his head once more.

"Thank 'ee, my Lulie darlin'," he sang soft and low in her ear.

Bill left the crowd before the dance was half through; it made him angry and unhappy to see Lulie dancing like that with Shaw Latham He could see how entirely she gave herself to the dance. There was something wrong about the way they danced: they danced too well together. But if he said anything he'd look like a fool. So he went to help Hadgepatch set the food on the table.

As the dance ended and the applause died down Bill called to them that supper was ready. They trouped back from the clearing and gathered around the long table. They helped themselves eagerly, laughing and talking.

Lulie wasn't hungry. She was happy and excited. But she fixed herself a plate, anyway, because Bill was watching her. When she had her plate filled she moved down the length of the table; she didn't want him watching her every minute. The benches were crowded. She was looking for a space to sit down when she heard the low, laughing voice at her elbow:

"You've got to leave room for your company, Lulie. Come sit on the log with me."

Lulie hesitated. She glanced down the table. Bill had sat down by Ed Latham and they were eating and talking. Lulie said softly, not looking at Shaw. "All right."

THEY slipped back into the shadows and sat down on the log. Lulie set her plate down on the ground.

"I'm not hungry," she said simply

Shaw set his plate down too. "Me neither."

Then they were silent, looking down, shy of each other now that they were really alone and free to speak. It was Shaw who turned, finally, and drew her eyes up to his.

"You dance like a bird," he said, smiling a slow, sweet smile. "Like a sea gull, skimming the waves, light and easy and—sure."

Lulie said softly, "I've never seen a sea gull—or the sea." She lifted her head and the shyness in her eyes gave way to eagerness. "Tell me about them."

Shaw answered her seriously: "Gulls are beautiful white birds with wide wings that curve down to a point. Flying against a blue sky they're a mighty pretty sight." He paused for her to get the picture of those great white birds, and then he went on: "The sea . . . Well, sometimes it's rough and you keep your boat into the wind and she spanks the waves hard and shakes all over. But sometimes it's so smooth you cut through the water as easy as a hot knife through butter, and then it's flat and shining blue as far as you can see. And it all belongs to you and you can go as far as you want and nothing to stop you."

A great longing to be at sea like that swept over Lulie; a longing to be free like that, with nothing to stop her. . . .

Her eyes were alight with the picture of it. "Would I be scared," she asked eagerly, "if I was on the water?"

Shaw gave a soft laugh, his black eyes shining. "Not if you was with me. I've got the best boat in the fleet. Water Bird, her name is." His head was close to hers now and his voice had grown low. "I sure didn't know, when I named her, that I was naming her for you." He drew back then and his eyes went up to the stars that were pale in the winter sky. "Some day I aim to leave the fleet and go off on my own. Down through the Keys—to the Tortugas. I'll fish when I need money and I'll loaf when I don't. Just lie on the hatch and take the sun and watch the gulls, with the wind to keep me cool. . . ."

"Oh," Lulie said in a fervent whisper. "Oh." She could see the birds, feel the sun and the wind.

Shaw's head came low again, close to hers.

"Want to come, Lulie?" he asked softly. He wasn't laughing; his eyes were dark and intent on her.

"Oh. yes," she answered at once, in a voice full of longing. But the sound of her voice woke her from the dream and she was shy again, and confused. She said quickly, "I mean, it sounds grand, but of course . . ." Her voice trailed.

"I'll be going this year, I reckon," Shaw said steadily. "Maybe early fall when the fishing slacks off." He forced her to look up to him again. "Ever see a sea shell, Lulie, a big one with the sound of the sea in it?"

Lulie shook her head slowly, unable to look away or speak.

"I'll send you one. When it comes, hold it to your ear, Lulie. It'll tell you about the sea and the sound of it. If you listen long enough, with your eyes closed, you'll see the blue water and the white sea gulls playing in the spray and wheeling against a clear sky. And if you keep listening you'll begin to feel it, too; you'll feel the wind pushing your hair back, putting the taste of salt on your lips. You'll move with the boat, giving with it. It's like dancing, Lulie, only better. You'd make a good sailor, Lulie; you know how to give."

Lulie's hands were clasped as if already she held the magic shell. "Will I hear the sea, honest?"

"Honest. And when you do, you'll want to be there." His eyes were deep in hers. "You'll know, then, what I've been trying to tell you. . . . And you'll come."

Lulie was suddenly afraid; she dragged her eyes from his. She tried to keep her voice steady when she spoke:

"We better eat. And it's most too dark here to see what we're eating." She reached

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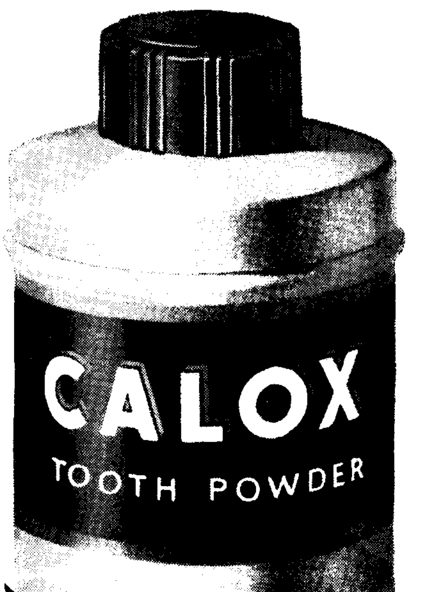

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for her plate and stood up. She wouldn't look at Shaw, but she knew that he was smiling at her and that his eyes were full of meaning. She pretended that she didn't hear him singing, as they walked back to the table. "I'll not find another, prettier than thee—not at another party . . ."

The night was quiet and cold as Lulie and Bill walked up the path to the house, passing through the black shadow of the chinaberry tree. Sooner crept under the porch steps without being told to; he was full of pickings from the spareribs.

Lulie walked into the kitchen and tossed her tam onto the table. She sat down in the rocker and leaned back. "Whew!" she said. "I'm tired out."

Bill poked at the few live coals that were left in the fireplace and put a big piece of wood on the back of the fire where it would burn slowly through the night.

"No wonder," he said evenly. "The way you carried on."

"What do you mean—carried on?"

"Dancing like that. You had no business doing it. You're married—and that's not all."

Lulie flared up:

"Just because I'm married I don't have to be an old stick-in-the-mud! I suppose I'm not supposed to have fun any more—ever! I couldn't help it if the coffeepot fell over."

Bill's eyes were keen on her. "Those little feet of yours got mighty big and clumsy all of a sudden," he said deliberately.

Lulie jumped up. Her head went back; the dark hair fell away from her face. "I don't care what you think!" she declared hotly. "I had a good time and I'm not sorry."

Bill said heavily, "I know you're not sorry. You and that Shaw had a fine time, a mighty fine time. Anybody could see that."

"Yes," Lulie retorted, her nose in the air, "and they clapped like anything."

"Yeah. They clapped. They thought it was a rare sight and they clapped—but tomorrow they'll talk."

LULIE turned her back on him. "Let them talk. I don't care."

"They're your neighbors," Bill said, his voice cold.

"So what?"

"You're a country girl; you know what. If you and your neighbors don't jibe you might just as well be living by yourself in a dark hole."

Lulie laughed sharply. "That wouldn't be such a change!"

Bill's face was red now and his hands were tight at his sides. "You can get out any time," he said slowly.

Lulie laughed again. "I know it. And I'm not forgetting it. You know why I'm here—so do I." Her voice was cool and quiet suddenly. "There's no call to fight," she said, being sweet with the triumph of having made him mad.

Bill saw behind her change of tone; he took a fresh hold on his temper. "It's late," he said, moving across the room. "I'm going to bed."

Lulie stood there, still smiling.

"You go on," she said lightly, but she was angry again because her triumph had been short-lived. "I'm going to pack some more sausage. There's another whole pan on the porch."

Bill stopped in the doorway. "You better come to bed," he said evenly. "You've done a lot today. You're tired. You said so yourself."

Lulie just lifted her head a little higher. "But not any more. I feel fine now. You go on."

Bill stood there looking at her for a long moment. "Your eyes are like saucers," he said, "and you're as white as skimmed milk." He went over to her then and tried to take her hand, gently. "Come on, Lulie."

She snatched her hand away and swung around. "I tell you I'm not tired. Now leave me be." And she went with quick steps to the porch.

Bill stood where she left him but he didn't look after her. He turned and gazed into the fire. He was seeing again the clearing, the glow there, and the two dancing figures. That dancing had done something to Lulie. It had made her free of him, given her strength. The strength to go her own way, regardless. Already, she was reaching for freedom, setting her will against his, with this foolish notion of packing sausage in the middle of the night.

He heard her coming back, crossing the porch slowly; the pan of sausage was heavy. He started across the room to help her but before he got there she was at the door and crossing the sill. And then she tripped on the sill. The big pan slithered out of her hands and she fell forward on it. She gave a sharp cry as she fell and then she lay still.

Bill was beside her the instant she fell. "Lulie!"

She opened her eyes then; they looked black in her white face.

"Are you hurt?" he asked quickly.

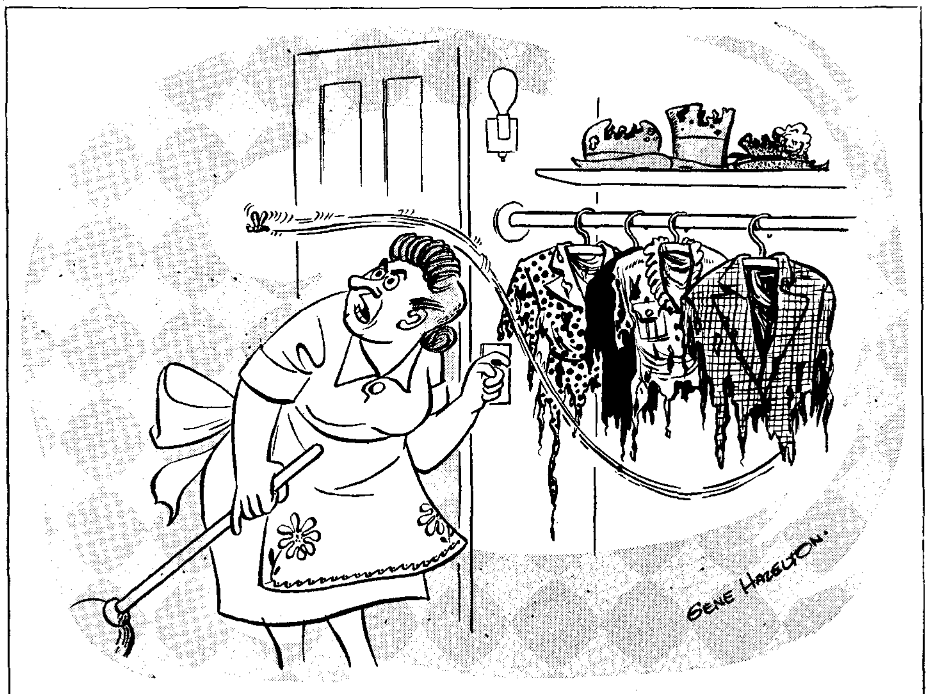
She shook her head slowly, trying to get up. Bill picked her up in his arms. She felt small and limp. He saw that she was biting her bottom lip, trying not to cry.

"Are you all right, Lulie?"

Her mouth trembled but she managed to nod her head against his arm. He carried her into the bedroom and laid her down on the feather mattress. It sank slowly beneath her slight weight.

Bill leaned over when he had placed the pillows under her head. She looked up at him wordlessly and the tears welled slowly in her eyes and slipped down her cheeks. She drew a deep, shaky breath.

"You're just scared," Bill said softly. He felt sorry for her; she was such a little thing—such a kid. He took off her shoes. "You just lie there and don't move."



COLLIER'S "Are you sure you've had enough?" GENE HAZELTON

He went to the chest at the foot of the bed. The wedding-ring quilt was on top and he lifted it out. He spread it over Lulie and tucked it up to her chin. She didn't move to lift her arms out.

"I'll fix you some hot coffee," he said. "You didn't half eat your supper."

So he had noticed. Lulie looked up at him, half afraid. The strength was gone out of her now; he could hurt her if he wished.

"Rest easy," Bill said, touching her lightly, sensing her need of reassurance and courage. "You're all right."

IN THE kitchen, he put water on to boil. Then he went and stood by the fire. He felt drawn up inside, and like crying. He felt the way he had when he knew Pa was hurting. Sure, he told himself, she'd stuck her neck out—prancing out onto the porch—and maybe it was a good thing she got laid low for it. But she'd been so pert, so sure of herself; it was like seeing a kid take a tumble the first time he climbed on a horse.

He stirred the coffee in the boiling water; he set it back where it wouldn't boil over and then he carried the pan of sausage back to the porch. It had been packed tight in the pan and it had fallen right side up; not an ounce had spilled out.

He didn't wait for the coffee to settle when he took it off the stove; he strained a cup and added sugar and cream. He carried it into the bedroom, and found Lulie lying still, just as he had left her. He sat down beside her on the bed and stirred the coffee.

"Sit up a little, honey," he said. He helped her do so and then he handed her the cup. "It's hot," he warned, smiling at her.

She sipped it carefully and looked up at him after the first swallow. She tried to return his smile.

"Feel better?" Bill asked.

She nodded. The coffee was cooling now and she drank it down; then she lay back on the pillows. "I'm fine," she said.

But he noticed that she undressed and got ready for bed with slow, careful movements. Something must be hurting her. He waited for her to speak of it and when she didn't he kept silent, too. By morning she would feel better.

WHEN they were in bed he held her close, as if she were a child who'd had a bad dream. He could tell that she was aware of—and grateful for—his tenderness and care. Her small body moved closer against him. He stroked her hair until she fell asleep.

He fell asleep himself when he felt her relax completely; but his sleep wasn't easy. He had a series of strange, disconnected dreams, but in all of them two dancing figures recurred. They skipped and whirled and caught hands and parted—to come together again, laughing, their heads thrown back in ecstasy. He groaned aloud, trying to push them back, to keep them from following him.

He awoke suddenly, and knew at once that the groans he heard were not his, dreaming, but Lulie's. Sudden terror seized his throat.

"Lulie! What's the matter?"

Lulie was twisting in his arms, her head tossing on the pillows. "I don't know. . . . I don't know. . . . Oh, Bill, I'm scared! Something's terribly wrong."

Bill was out of bed and pulling on his shoes.

"I'm going to get Edna," he said. "She'll stay with you while I go for Doc Meade." His hand was on her shoulder, pressing there to give her courage. "Take it easy, Lulie. You'll be all right. Does it hurt bad?"

She reached for his hand. Her eyes, wide and dark, stared into his with a frightened look. "Don't go, Bill. I know what you think. But I'll be all right. It was the fall. I hurt myself—it isn't—" She was holding hard to his hand, begging him to agree with her.

"Lulie," Bill said deeply, "you know what it is, and I do, too. Sure, it was the fall. It started things too soon." He released his hand from hers with a gentle tug. "Let me go, honey. We want to stop it—if we can—don't we?"

Lulie raised her eyes to his and she spoke with grave honesty.

"Yes, Bill." Her eyes darkened then, re-

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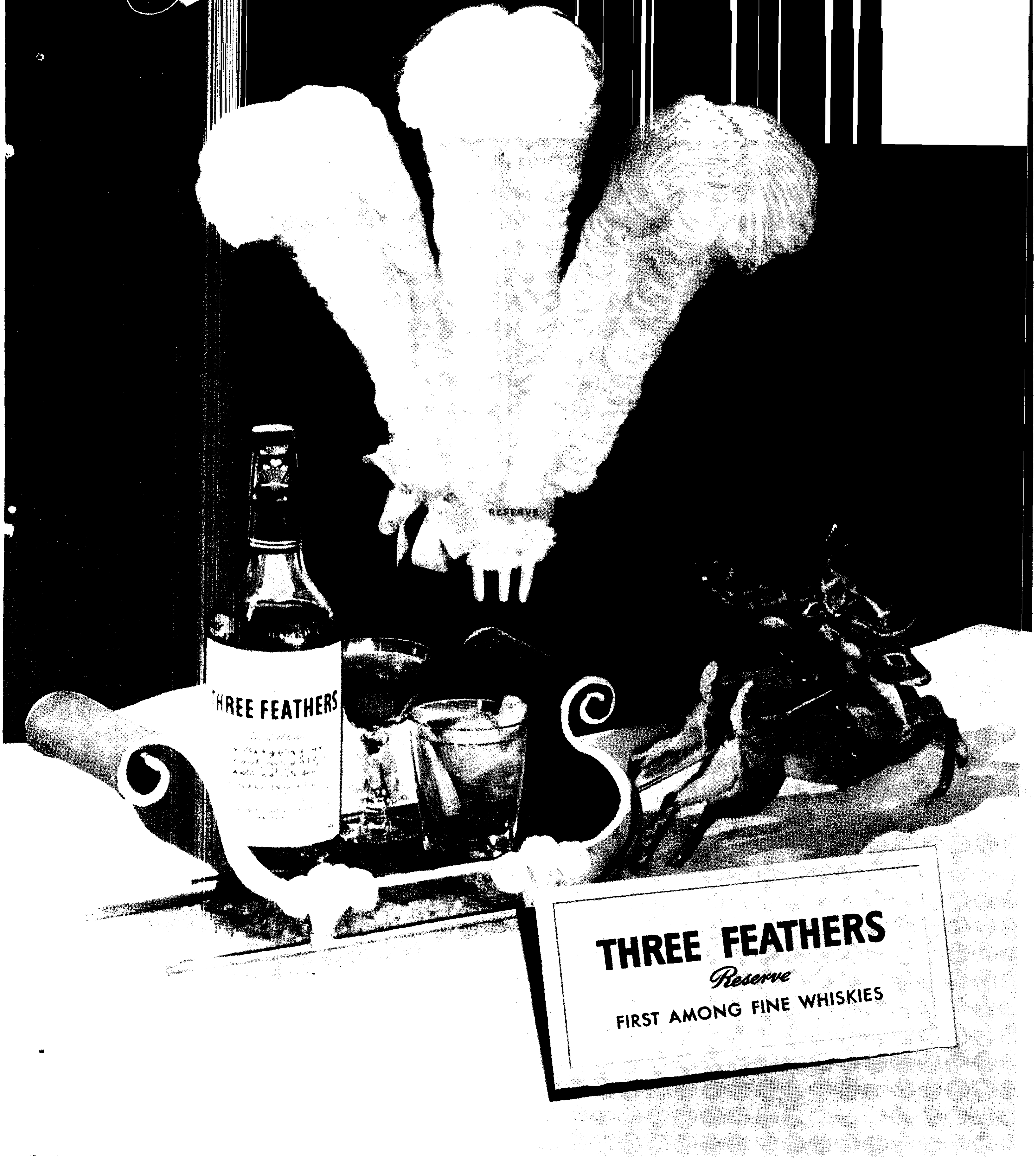
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membering back, and there was a look of sadness in them that he had never seen there before. "I know I was mighty foolish," she said, and her voice was low but steady. "You know I kicked the coffeepot over. But I didn't mean any harm. It was just a lark, Bill." The tears were in her eyes again; she took a deep breath and grasped his hand hard. "I want to do right," she said with intensity. "I want to have my baby right. If I don't—" and her eyes fell on the words—"it'll be a curse on me. I know it."

"Lulie. Your pa scared you plumb to death about things like that; there'll be no curse on you, whatever happens." He withdrew his hand and smoothed the damp curls back from her forehead. "Lulie, I'm going for Edna now. Lie still. You promise, Lulie?"

She nodded. Then she turned her face away and closed her eyes.

He hadn't spoken five words to Hadgepatch before Edna knew the situation; it might be dawnlight, but they were both awake. Hadgepatch kept his back turned and put wood on the fire while Bill talked to Edna. Edna gathered up a few things and was ready to go. Bill noticed the small screw-top jar she held in her hand.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Medication," Edna answered shortly.

"I don't want you to give her anything, Edna," Bill said quickly. "I know you're good at that, but you wait until Doc Meade gets there, you hear?"

Edna said crossly, "This ain't for inside, Mister Bill. I knows my powers."

When Bill reached Doc Meade's house he blew the horn. That was the way Doc Meade wanted it. "Don't come pounding on my door," he told folks, "scaring my children out of their growth. Just blow the horn. I sleep with one ear open."

When he'd blown the horn Bill got out of the car and stood waiting. The house door opened and a head was thrust out.

"Who is it and what ails 'em?" Doc Meade called across the dim, gray light of daybreak.

"It's me, Doc—Bill Hutterly. Lulie had a fall and . . . It isn't time yet, but I think it's started things."

DOC MEADE didn't waste time answering. He left the door open while he went for his bag and a moment later it closed behind him as he came out.

"Okay, son. Let's go."

They drove a way in silence. Then Bill spoke. "Is she bound to—to lose it, Doc?"

"Can't say, Bill. How bad is it? How often?"

"I don't know exactly," Bill said miserably. "I left right away to go for Edna, and then I came for you. I don't know," he repeated.

Doc said seriously, "Edna can do about as much as me, son. We've just got to wait and see—and pray the Lord."

Bill's throat was tight; he was holding the wheel so hard his hands hurt and when they reached the house and went in, he walked stiffly.

Doc Meade went straight to the bedroom and Bill followed him. It was quiet in there; Lulie was lying still and Edna was sitting by the bed, rocking and singing in a low singsong. She barely looked up when the doctor approached the bed and she didn't stop rocking

Lulie's eyes were closed and she was pale but her breathing was even. Doc Meade touched his hand to her forehead and she stirred and opened her eyes. He smiled at her as he took her pulse.

"Doc Meade," she asked softly, "will I be all right?"

"How do you feel, Lulie?"

"I don't hurt so much—or so often. Does that mean I'm going to be all right

"That's a good sign, anyway, Lulie. We'll see."

Lulie's eyes went to Bill. "Edna says I'm going to be all right, Bill."

Bill came to her and leaned over her. He touched her cheek with the back of his hand. "Sure you are, honey. Sure you are."

Lulie's eyes grew dark and the sadness came back to them. "It'll be a curse on me—if I lose the baby," she whispered.

Edna lifted her head then and stopped her rocking. "Now, Miz Bill, you jes' stop that talk about curses. Curses is the devil's work. He's powerful strong but he can't get pas' my prayers and my 'noinment. Didn't my rubbin' that 'noinment on you put yo' baby to sleep? Now, Missy, you close yo' eyes and ease yo' heart. An' go to sleep too."

Doc Meade gave Bill a look and together they left the room. They could hear Edna taking up her singsong where she had left off. Doc Meade nodded his head back toward the room as they entered the kitchen.

"If I could patent that treatment," he said, "they'd build a statue to me. I'll bet you when she comes out and I ask her what her ' 'noinment' is she'll tell me about some confounded mess I wouldn't put on a dog, much less a patient." He shook his head and dropped into a chair by the fire.

"How about a cup of coffee?"

Doc Meade nodded. "I'll stick around for a while and see how things go." He grinned, then. "But Lulie doesn't need me, with a witch to take care of her."

They sat by the fire and drank coffee and talked about tobacco and Ed Hutterly.

"Your pa was a fine man, Bill. He'd be living yet if he'd come to me sooner with his pain. But he always came with his bottle, ready for a hunt or a fishing trip. He never told me about the pain—until it was too late."

Doc went on talking, and listening to him made Bill feel better. He could remember Doc from 'way back; remember him sitting in here with his mother and father. And the licorice he brought for a small boy to suck on if a cut was infected and had to be lanced. Doc had always talked straight to him about what had to be done and how much it would hurt; Doc understood straight talk.

"DOC," Bill said slowly, looking the old man in the eye, "Lulie's four months gone. You know when we got married." Doc's blue eyes were sharp on him but Bill went ahead: "I wanted to get married right off. But Lulie wouldn't. She doesn't like the country—or farming. She likes the town. She wants a good time."

"Most folks do," Doc said cryptically.

"I know," Bill nodded. "But most folks know they can't have it all the time. I figured Lulie would find that out. But Lulie's such a kid—not ready to buckle down . . ."

Doc Meade smiled over at him. "Don't worry, Bill," he said. "Even the best horse has to be bit-broke. Take you. Reckon you'd be working so hard—planting your crop, taking on a family—if you hadn't been left on your own? Some folks take the bit easier than others. But we all take it sooner or later or get cut wide open fighting it. That's a rebel for you, and I don't think Lulie's one. Give her time, son. Go easy." He rose then and Bill rose with him. He put a strong hand on Bill's shoulder. "Don't you worry, and don't worry her. I'm going to have a look at her now, and get Edna's recipe. One thing, Bill, keep her quiet for a good spell. And keep her happy, so she'll rest easy."

Bill stayed by the fire. When Doc Meade came back he looked up quickly, still afraid of what might be happening in the other room.

Doc Meade was frowning but when he saw the look on Bill's face he shook his head and grinned.

"I knew it," he said, pulling on his overcoat, slamming his hat down on his head. " 'Pigs' ears and herbs!' That's the 'noinment, son. Pigs' ears and herbs. She showed it to me. And it's the blackest, nastiest mess you ever laid eyes on." He picked up his bag and started for the door. He paused there and gave Bill a wry smile. "Lulie's sleeping like a baby. You can take me home now."

THE sun lay like a blessing on the land; it warmed the waiting fields, plowed and furrowed, and it pushed through the deep green of the pine trees to the plant bed. It was time to transplant.

Lulie sat on the bench under the chinaberry tree and watched Bill and Hadgepatch working in the big west field. It was her first day out, after weeks of staying quiet in the house. She leaned back against the old tree and looked up through its leafing branches to the blue sky. Not a cloud. The sun was warm on her knees, on her hands lying clasped in her lap. She looked down at the bright flowered pattern of her dress. She began to think about flowers, and her glance strayed to the bare foundations of the house. A row of petunias, starting at either side of the steps and circling the house, would certainly be pretty. Pink and white and lavender, like the flowers in her dress. If it stayed warm they could spade the bed now. But then she remembered that the transplanting must be done before anything else, while the good weather held. The flower bed would have to wait.

She looked back down the field. Bill and Hadgepatch had begun to plant, a row apart. Bill used the hand planter, but Hadgepatch was old-fashioned and worked with the tobacco peg—a short, stout stick that made a hole the right size when it was jabbed into the earth.

Two of Hadgepatch's children followed behind the workers; the first child dipped water from a bucket and dumped it into the hole and the other child pushed the earth in around the roots and tamped it down.

Two mules stood head down, patient, at one end of the long rows. They were hitched to the wagon and in the wagon was the big tub of water that supplied the watering bucket. The tub was refilled from the branch down in the woods.

Lulie couldn't see the faces of the workers in the field from where she sat, but she liked to watch the rhythm of their movements. Bend, straighten, take three steps; bend, straighten, take three steps. She felt herself getting drowsy. She leaned her head back, closed her eyes, and felt the sun warm on her eyelids. It was nice to doze; it was nice to know that when she waked she would see people who were close to her, who took care of her, who would come at once if she called to them.

This good feeling—this feeling of being cherished and protected—had grown strong in the past month. Being dependent on people made you love them or hate them; all these people had been more than kind to her.

Edna had come up every morning while she had to stay in bed. She had fixed her breakfast and Bill's. She had kept the house straight and her bed fresh. She had fixed Bill's lunch and put his dinner to cooking; and somehow she had managed to care for her own family, too.

Hadgepatch took over the straining of the milk, the boiling of the buckets, and the churning. Even the children wanted to help. They came shyly, at first, standing on one foot in the door of her room, ducking their heads and grinning. Priddy brought her a tin can with a plant growing in it, a cutting from one of Edna's. Pearly, her little sister, brought a string of beads made from dried watermelon seed and dyed in pokeberry juice. Lulie had thanked them solemnly and found something for them in her trinket box.

After her first day in bed, when she complained of being lonesome, Bill had brought the radio into her room and put it on the table by her bed, where she could reach it. Evenings, when she didn't like the programs, he read to her. She was surprised at how well he read; his words made pictures for her. He had found an old book of his mother's—Lorna Doone. The print was big and there were lots of old-fashioned illustrations. It had been a graduation present to his mother; he was proud of that because it showed that his mother had finished school.

LULIE loved the book. Secretly, she thought she looked like Lorna Doone, the same long dark curls and big eyes. She followed the story with deep interest. Now and then Bill would stop reading to look up at her and smile; then she would smile too, waiting for him to go on.

If it was too cold in the room for him to sit in the chair and read he'd get under the covers, too. Sometimes she went to sleep while he was reading and the next night he would tease her, pretending that he had read on and she had missed an important part. But he always took up from where she had dozed off.

She liked going to sleep while he was reading because then she dreamed about Lorna Doone and there was no room for the dream of the sea. This dream of the sea had come again and again, since that night. . . .

The first time she dreamed it she was in a boat and the wind was blowing her hair back and there were great white birds wheeling against a bright blue sky. The boat moved fast, across smooth, shining water, and as far as she could see there was nothing but that vast blue distance; but she was not afraid—she was free at last. She reached her arms to the never-ending distance—and then she felt her hands taken and she was drawn into a dance. . . . She was whirled and twisted and flung away—to be brought back, hard, against a slim, strong body. She was breathless with laughter and joy; she flung her head back and looked into the brilliant black eyes of Shaw Latham. She was happier than she had ever been in her life before.

But when she woke up she was miserable and confused because she found it difficult—and painful—to return to the reality of her everyday life. The dream was more real; she could not forget it. She would never forget the glorious sense of freedom, the wild dance, the dark, laughing face. . . .

She tried hard to forget because remembering it, and being unable to return to it, made her unhappy. She worked hard so that at night, with Bill reading, she fell into a deep sleep. . . .

The weeks passed, full of sunshine and light rains, and spring turned early to summer. It was perfect growing weather. The tobacco plants spread and grew in the fields,

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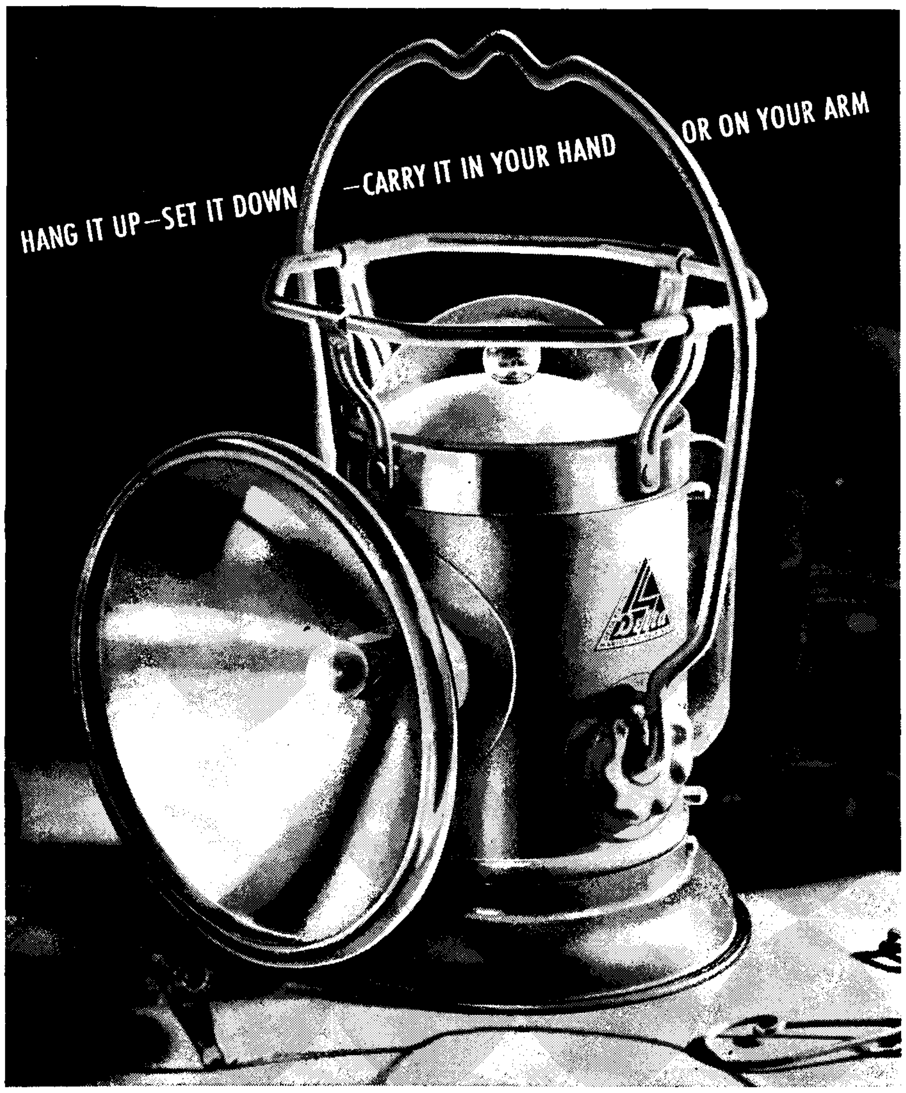

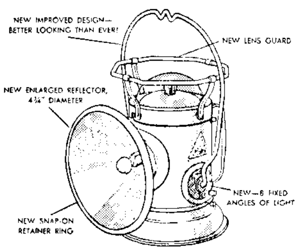
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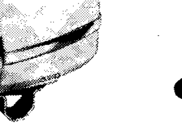

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THE REDBIRD—that sturdy, big reflector, heavy duty lantern operating on 2 No. 6 dry cells, again available, less batteries, at $2.50

their broad, arching leaves reaching across the rows to meet; soon the brown earth was no longer visible for it was hidden by the undulating canopy of green.

They cultivated after every hard, packing rain but now they could no longer work between the rows, and the bottom leaves, close to the ground, were beginning to turn yellow.

Lulie often sat under the chinaberry tree and looked down to the rich green fields. Lately, a new and deep sense of well-being had come to her. Maybe, she told herself, it was the spring turning full and warm to summer.

Everything pleased her—the rich bright yellow of summer butter; the silly patterns the pullets scratched in the sand by the porch steps; the shiny brown-and-white coat, the loving pale green eyes, of the new pointer pup. "Sooner's getting old," Bill had said. "I want him broke good by the time Sooner gives out."

But she knew why he wanted him; kids loved dogs, too, and Bill was the kind that planned ahead. They named the puppy Rascal when he had chewed up half the catalogue and swallowed the jar rubbers that Lulie had put out for the wild plum preserves she was making.

ON FINE evenings they sat together under the chinaberry tree and watched the dark drift over from the pine woods and blanket the fields.

"We'll be picking the first lugs soon," Bill said. "About next week, I figure."

Lulie was close beside him. "You'll be glad to start harvesting, won't you?"

He smiled at her. "Picking, honey," he corrected her. "We're not grain raisers." She smiled back at him and he tucked her arm through his. It was easy to be sweet to Lulie now, and being so made him happy. "You bet I'll be glad to start. We've been so darned lucky—no blue mold to speak of in the plant beds, mighty few worms in the fields, good weather right along. . . . I'll tell you, it scares me. Sometimes, nights, I wake up in a cold sweat from dreaming that the wilt hit us, or a hailstorm." He laughed, though, and squeezed her hand. "I'll be mighty glad when we get the cooping and the priming down and get the crop safe in the pack barn." And then he said, "It's the best crop we've ever made, Lulie. If we get a good price we ought to have something extra this year. We'll paint the house."

Lulie nodded, but now she wasn't paying close attention; she was half asleep. Supper had been good and she had eaten a lot. She thought about bed and how it would feel to sink slowly into the deep feather mattress, to curl up and feel Bill beside her, a firm support.

Her sleep was dreamless these nights and in the mornings she woke up feeling rested. Her skin was fresh and pink, her eyes clear. She was prettier than she had ever been, Bill told her, and she couldn't help but think he was right. Sometimes, when she looked at herself in the mirror, she was surprised at how pretty she was. The new proportions of her body didn't spoil the picture, either, because there was no full-length mirror in the house. When she looked down and saw her flowered dress stretched to a curve it didn't bother her; it even struck her funny sometimes that she could almost balance a plate there.

Only two months more! And folks would say it was natural for such a little woman to have a seven-months baby. If they wondered at all, they wouldn't say anything. They were good neighbors and they had grown fond of her in these past months. They were proud of Bill, too, starting a family so soon.

The present was full and important and she didn't think of the future. She was doing right; there was no curse on her. She knew that the future was there, waiting for her, but it was around the corner. She couldn't see it. Later, she would figure things out, she told herself. . . .

The dream had not come back to haunt her with its promise of freedom, of wild happiness, reaching blue spaces and white, flying birds. She could hardly remember it now, for now the cool dark night, the faint sweet odor of her flowers there by the porch steps were enough. It was enough to know that Bill was close beside her and ready with his loving care.

She leaned her head against his shoulder. Her hair swept down her back in dark, clustering curls. More than ever, she thought, she looked like Lorna Doone.

They picked the sand lugs, the ripe bottom leaves, the third week in June. By the end of July, Bill and Hadgepatch were working day and night. By day, they helped pick the tobacco and pile it in the mule-drawn slides, and by night they took turns staying up, feeding the fires in the curing barns, watching the thermometers that hung just inside the door of each barn.

The day they started picking, Lulie had followed Bill to the field, curious to see how it was done. She watched him select the ripe yellow leaves and pile them in the high wooden slide. The slides were drawn between the rows, flush with the ground. Lulie thought it was funny they didn't have wheels and she asked Bill about that. But he only smiled and said they never had had wheels and he didn't reckon it made any difference to the mules.

She followed the slide to the ordering shed, a low tin-roofed shack that stood next to the lowest barn. Edna, her sister Ollie, and some of the children were cooping the tobacco—getting it ready for the curing barns. Lulie watched them work, admiring their speed and skill. She smiled at Priddy, who was holding twine to her mother. Edna grasped the twine, looped it about the three or four leaves Ollie had bunched and ready for her, and then hung the sheath on the yard-long tobacco stick—first a bunch to one side, then a bunch to the other—so that the load was balanced when the stick was filled. Her fingers moved automatically, with unfailing precision, and Hadgepatch liked to boast that Edna could fill a stick in record time.

Bill grinned at Lulie when she followed after him as he moved toward the first barn.

"You're as bad as Rascal—following me around," he said. But he was glad she did. He wanted her to learn about tobacco, so she'd know what it took to make a good crop.

When they got ready to fire the barn Lulie was still with him. He was looking it over carefully before starting the big fire. It was cool in there then.

The barn was a high, narrow building, made of pine logs and red clay, with rafters traversing it head-high and on up six deep. Lulie sat on the doorsill and watched them lay the loaded tobacco sticks from rafter to rafter.

"It looks like a whole lot of yellow rags hanging down," she laughed.

"It looks like tobacco to me," Bill said and he sounded proud. "Good tobacco—no frog-eye to spot it up. Prime, all of it."

WHEN the barn was ready they built the first fire. By the end of July all three barns were filled and going well. The last barn to be filled was still curing at a temperature of ninety to a hundred degrees, the middle barn was working up from a hundred and ten to a hundred and thirty-five, and in the first barn the tobacco stems were being killed out in a raging heat of a hundred and eighty degrees.

They had hot, dry weather and it was good weather for ripening but it was hard weather to work in; out in the fields the sun lay like a brand on their backs, searing and merciless. When Bill straightened up to look down the field his vision blurred from the heat and the rows looked endless. He was dog-tired. He'd been up all night, watching the barns, feeding the fires when necessary. He had a cot near by and he cat-napped now and then but he never really slept; the proof of a crop was in the crisping and curing and it was ticklish business to keep the fires regulated just so.

He worked down one more row and then he made for the ordering shed, walking at the mule's head. When he drew up alongside of Edna he told her he was going up to the house for dinner.

"We've got the biggest part of the crop in," he said. "It'll suit you when the cooping's done, won't it?" He knew she was tired, too. They were all tired now, from the work and the heat that never let up.

But Edna didn't stop working, as she

watched the boss man go. Her eyes were blurred from the sweat that trickled in them down her forehead.

The tin roof of the shed was like an oven, although they had cut and spread leafy green branches all over it; but now the branches were sere and brown and nobody troubled to cut more.

Edna swiped her forehead with a bare arm. "If I was a hoecake," she declared, "I'd be done by now."

Hadgepatch had drawn up beside her with another load. His face was glistening with sweat and so was the mule's brown back. He stood in the breathless hot shade and sent one of the children for cold well water.

"How you comin'?" he asked Edna.

"All right, I reckon." Edna sighed deeply. "But I'd jes' as soon we hadn't made such a good crop. We'll all be dead 'fore we're through . . . But I ain't scared of dyin' no mo'. The scorchin' fires of hell can't be no worse 'n this."

Hadgepatch grinned at her. "Want to work in the fields a spell?"

"Go way, nigger," Edna said crossly, turning her back.

When Bill reached the house, Lulie was putting dinner on the table. It was cooler in the house and Bill drew a deep breath and sank down in a chair.

"Gosh," Lulie said, looking at him, "you're red in the face. Do you want me to draw you some cold water to rinse off in?"

Bill smiled up at her; it did him good just to see her, she looked so pretty and fresh.

"Honey," he said, "I don't want to move." He glanced at the table, set with a steaming dish of new potatoes, snap beans and ham shoulder that had been cooked together. "I'm so blame worn out I don't even want to eat."

"When you're cool and rested," Lulie said, "you'll eat." She looked at the table too; she'd poured big glasses of cold buttermilk and there were biscuit and fresh-churned butter. She said, smiling like a greedy child, "I'm hungry."

Bill laughed at her. "You're always hungry," he teased her. "You must be eating for three or four."

Lulie laughed too but she shook her head. "Just two—him and me." She tilted her head to one side, as if she were listening. "And he's got mighty quiet lately. They say that's a sign it won't be long."

Bill sat forward in his chair, pleading in a comical way: "Honey, will you please hang on until I get all my crop in the ordering pit, safe and sound? Then my worrying won't be divided the way it is now."

Lulie teased him: "Would you hang on if you felt like you were going to fall on your face all the time—what with weighing more in front than you did behind?"

Bill rose and went to her; he put his hands lightly on her shoulders. "But you do feel all right, don't you, Lulie?"

She leaned her head back and the dark curls fell away from her shoulders. Her eyes were clear, her cheeks pink.

"Of course I do. I feel fine."

"I don't like leaving you alone so much now but I can't help it," he said seriously. "Next year's living has to come out of this year's crop."

Lulie nodded. "Don't worry about me," she said. "You tend to your barns. I know how important the curing is." She took his hand. "Now come eat, Bill. That's half what's the matter with you."

And it was true; after the first few mouthfuls of food, the first cooling gulps of buttermilk, Bill stretched back in his chair and grinned at Lulie broadly.

"You know, Lulie, the crop couldn't be better. Even Hadgepatch says it's the best we've ever had."

Lulie was watching him with a smile. "You're proud, aren't you, Bill? Your first crop all on your own, being so fine. . . ."

Bill's eyes were tender on her. "Sure, I'm mighty happy about it. But that's not all I'm proud about, Lulie. I'm proud about you, too. You've done right well yourself—with your first crop." He grinned at her then.

Lulie flushed and reached for more potatoes. "Don't go counting," she said, "before—" She didn't finish.

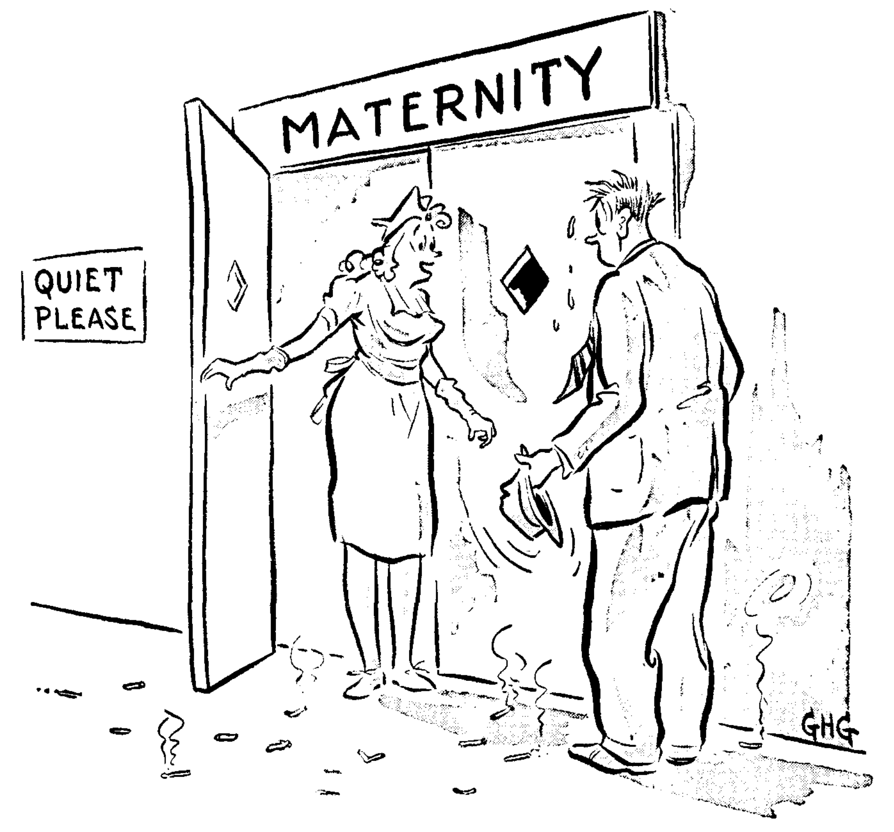
Bill went right on grinning. "I'm counting on one—for sure."

THEY finished dinner. When Bill was ready to go back to the barns Lulie shoved a handful of cookies in his pocket. "Even if it does mean turning out the crumbs before I can wash," she smiled.

Bill stood there in the doorway looking down at her. Her eyes were clear, returning his look. Almost timidly, he raised his hand and stroked her dark hair, touching her cheek with tender finger tips. "Lulie," he asked slowly, "it hasn't all been bad, has it? You've been happy some?"

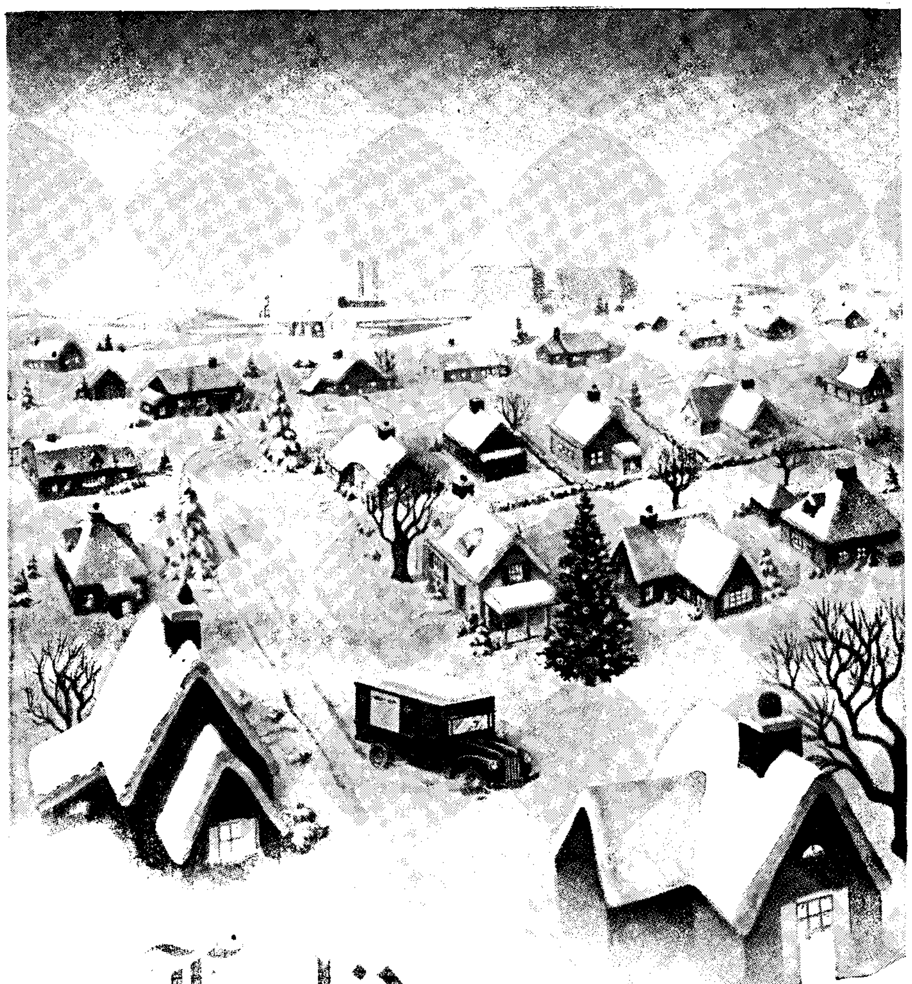
Lulie saw the question, the longing for a right answer in his eyes. All at once, it wasn't hard to answer. The words came naturally.

"Of course I've been happy, Bill," she said softly. "Especially lately . . . I don't know just why. I guess I used to hate this place—maybe I hated you some, too, because we



"Well, it's all over but the shouting"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



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had to be here—but lately . . ." Her eyes grew wide then, with her next thought. "I guess it's grown on me," she said simply. "I guess it got me, after all."

Bill cupped her face in his hands and looked deep into her eyes. "I don't want it to get you—and you not wanting it to," he said. "You've got to love it and want it—to be happy here." He spoke in a grave way. "You remember what I told you? You're free, Lulie, if you should want to go."

Lulie's eyes darkened. She asked hesitantly, almost fearfully, "Don't you want me to stay—afterwards?"

Bill's hands had dropped to her shoulders. They gripped her tightly. "You know I want you, Lulie. But you've got to want me—and my home place—and know you want us."

He was hurting her a little and she moved. He released her, still watching her intently.

"All right, Bill," she said softly. "All right." But she sounded unsure of herself, and half afraid.

When Bill went down the back steps Sooner crawled out from under them and followed him. Lulie watched Bill swinging down the path with long strides. He was lean and tall and he looked good walking, even from behind. His head was up and he moved easily. She guessed she noticed how good he looked because now she looked so funny. But he never made her feel as if she looked funny. Just yesterday he'd told her that her hair was as shining dark and smooth to touch as a damson plum.

Lulie turned back to the kitchen to wash up and sweep. After that, she'd rest for awhile, and then she'd walk down to their mailbox on the rural route. She'd ordered some things out of their catalogue and she hoped they'd arrive before the baby did.

It was four o'clock when, fresh and rested, Lulie set out for the mailbox. She walked down the dirt road between red clay banks covered with a tangled growth of wild grapevine, honeysuckle and sumac. She stopped and picked a handful of small purple fox grapes. They were sour but she liked them. She liked to suck on them, feel them hard and smooth against her tongue. When she bit down on them, and the bitterness struck her tongue, she spit them out quickly.

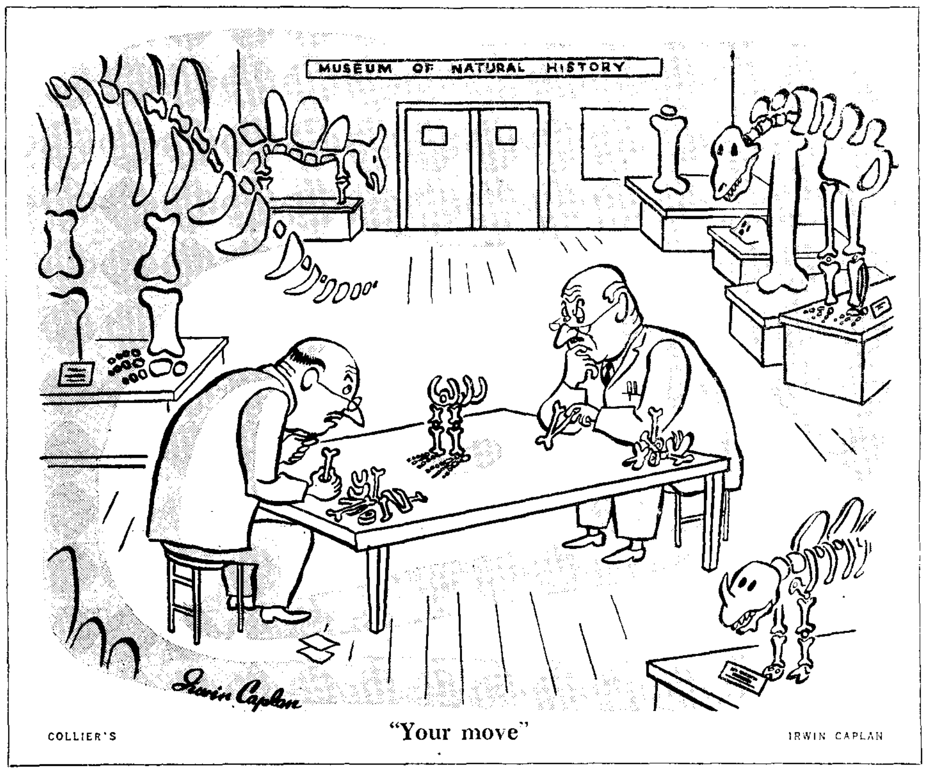
The sun was hot and she could feel the back of her neck growing moist beneath her long, thick hair. She halted and searched the bank for a straight, strong twig. When she found one that suited her purpose she piled her hair high on her head and pinned it there with the stick. Then she could feel the breeze that the motion of her walking made and she was cooler.

Their box was lined up with a score of others at the crossroads of the mail route. She reached in it and felt the heat of it, standing all day in the sun. There was a package. She drew it out, smiling. Then she saw that it was not what she had expected; this was no store-wrapped package. The paper was wrinkled, as if it had been used before, and it was tied with a piece of fishing line knotted up in queer ways. Lulie gazed at the package curiously. What on earth?

She read the address: Lulie Hutterly. And then she knew. The sea shell!

She looked up and down the road quickly. She wished she had worn a jacket so she could hide the package. She was suddenly afraid. . . .

(To be concluded next week)



"Your move"

A Lovely Tune in His Head

Continued from page 30

down," cautioned O'Connell. "I just want to be sure we're doing the right thing."

Mrs. Osborn's eye held Captain O'Connell's. She said: "If you boys want to do it, it is good."

What followed was a montage of promotion and salesmanship. The men had Jimmy play for Bea Lillie, Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon, all of whom thought him remarkable. The men arranged for a meeting with Alec Templeton, the blind British pianist who is such a favorite in America.

"I was scared when Jack said I was to meet Mr. Templeton," Jimmy says. When he met Templeton in London, his self-consciousness disappeared. As Captain O'Connell guided Templeton's hands to Jimmy's, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn stood awed.

"This was a long time coming, Jim," said Templeton.

"May I call you Alec?" asked Jimmy.

The rapport was instantaneous. Sitting on a sofa and holding hands, the better to assure each of the other's presence, they swapped experiences. Both were born blind. Both had their first training from phonograph records and radio.

"Whose music do you like?"

"Oh, I like all kinds. Chopin and Grieg best," said Jimmy.

Then the boy asked Templeton to play. Templeton began Ellington Brass.

"Can I play with you?" Jimmy asked.

And the veteran and the newcomer improvised, Templeton simulating the drum and bass fiddle, Jimmy the trombone and the strings, Templeton playing solid chords and Jimmy the fancy runs.

Templeton asked Jimmy to play alone.

"I'd like to play Kostelanetz's arrangement

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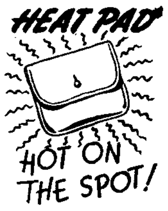

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of Rhapsody In Blue. Let's see. It's three sides. It takes thirteen minutes, ten seconds to play. It won't take too long."

In the middle of a tricky passage, Jimmy turned to Templeton and remarked:

"This is the part I like."

"I knew you would," Templeton said.

As Jimmy played, Templeton sighed and whispered to O'Connell:

"It's amazing—it's wonderful—I can't believe it."

When he had finished Templeton sat down next to him on the piano bench.

"Jim," he said, "you don't play like a pianist. You play like an orchestra."

Jimmy's mother squirmed perceptibly.

"He doesn't like Jimmy," she whispered to O'Connell.

Jimmy overheard her. Clinging to O'Connell, he repeated, "Mommy doesn't think Mr. Templeton likes the way I play!"

Captain O'Connell took Templeton aside and told him of Mrs. Osborn's misgivings and Jimmy's fears.

Templeton then called Jimmy over and, putting his arm around him, said, "Jim, anybody can play like a pianist but it is very unusual to be able to play like a whole orchestra."

Campaign for Funds

The men set about raising funds. They ran a carnival for the townspeople in the Doughnut Dugout, the scene of Jimmy's first triumph. As an incentive there were free hot dogs and coffee. There was also an accordionist dressed like a clown, a fortune-teller, roulette, darts and penny games and Jimmy played. Two thousand four hundred dollars was raised and the men contributed $800 more.

An appeal for funds appeared in American papers and Jimmy played from England on the radio program, Report to the Nation. A flood of letters offering to back him poured in from all over the country, from women who had lost sons in the war, from women who were childless, from those who thought the boy would be a good companion for their own children, from those who had no sons and felt they could do their bit in this way, from Englishwomen who had settled here, from World War I widows.

"We are of moderate means and have a good reputation here," one woman wrote.

"I am offering my home and will care for him as I have my own two girls," wrote another.

"We would give Jimmy a place to stay, plenty of plain food and would also love him if he would let us," wrote still another. In the end it was a wealthy Boston businessman and philanthropist interested in children, who insisted upon remaining anonymous, who became Jimmy's sponsor.

Although Jimmy can't sign his name and has, in fact, had no schooling, he has a touch of pedantry in his nature. When he had ice cream in Ireland he remarked:

"It's better than in England. It's because they use the right ingredients here."

"Ingredients," teased Captain O'Connell, "that's a nice word, Jim. Where did you learn it?"

"I could have said stuff," Jimmy pontificated, "but I wouldn't. The trouble with people is that they're too lazy to use the right word."

He is intellectually curious. He is very much concerned with how America got started and with the life of Abraham Lincoln. He talks in the American idiom, picking up new expressions from the radio. "What in tarnation!" which he picked up from the soap opera David Harum is his pet phrase. David Harum is his pet serial.

Jimmy spent his first American summer at Cape Cod where he learned to row a boat and caught his first fish. He enjoyed wrestling with other boys to show his strength, and he loved to play with the dog on the beach, to listen to the sea and the cries of sea gulls.

His one fear was the wind.

"It takes my breath away," he explained.

And he would sadden his host and sponsor when he would rush out of the cottage on a wonderful sunny morning and ask:

"What kind of day is it, Daddy?"

Or when, sitting on the beach, building castles out of stones, he would ask:

"Daddy, what is light?"

Boats, planes, automobiles, telephones, traffic fascinate him.

"You have the Buick today."

"How do you know?" asked his amazed sponsor who had just driven up to the curb.

"I know from the smell."

"Someday I'm going to drive by myself," asserted Jimmy.

"You can't, Jim."

"I can borrow eyes. I can do everything but read and soon I'll be able to do that, when I learn Braille. Why can't they have directions in Braille? Then I can fly."

Jimmy has lived in a world of sound and to him people are voices. He never forgets one. He spotted the steward of the Pan American Clipper as a Lancashire man and one of the plane passengers as being from the south of England. He has a way of comparing people he meets with fictitious or historical characters about whom he has heard. To get some idea of what a taxi driver was like he asked, "Is he like Abraham Lincoln?"

Once when he met a Negro at the Red Cross Aeroclub at Willingale, he observed: "You're from the South, soldier." After the man had left, Jimmy remarked, "He was an awful nice fellow."

"Did you know he was colored?" someone asked.

"I have only hands and ears," said Jimmy. "I don't know the color of skin, only the feel of it."

Jimmy's hearing is phenomenal even for a blind person. Aboard the British Overseas Airway plane which took him to the Clipper, he had suddenly asked:

"Do you hear the radio?"

"Why, of course not. There's no radio here," O'Connell said.

"They are playing The Wearing of the Green," Jimmy insisted.

The steward overheard them and suggested that there might be a radio in the pilot's compartment. "I'll bring the earphones." In a few moments he returned with them, but before he plugged them in he asked Jimmy what was being played.

"Don't Fence Me In," Jimmy replied promptly. It was.

Promising Future in Composing

A receptive ear, however, is only part of Jimmy's talent. He also shows promise as a composer. His piano compositions reveal three important strengths. Barrel Organ In Living Tempo, authentically recreating the music of the organ, Valitza in C Minor, a straight classical number in the manner of Tchaikovsky, show an excellent sense of form. Blitz Concerto, composed during a raid, bombastic, colorful, dramatic and descriptive, shows originality and musical vigor. Once Jimmy has finished a composition to his own satisfaction, he ceases to experiment and catalogues it in his mind as though on paper.

I asked him what "Valitza" means. He said the word just came to him. I asked him whether he had a theory of composition.

"It's got to come from inside and the music must fit the mood. When I'm feeling gay I write swing. When I'm serious I write classical."

This junior celebrity has his worries settling down to being a schoolboy.

"Will they be nice if I'm slow? Will I do well?" he asks.

Another worry is the present necessity of constantly turning down requests to give concerts. These requests stream in daily from professional orchestras, radio, young peoples' groups and lay organizations of many kinds. Dr. Farrell and others who are responsible for his future feel that it would be unwise to make many public appearances before his unusual talent is fully developed.

He has been guaranteed full tuition at Perkins till graduation, and a trust fund for life. For him there will be no struggle to make a living. He is fully conscious of what has been done for him. What seemed to me like cold ambition I now know to be a deep sense of obligation. Freed from the struggle for a living, he has a substitute struggle—that of living up to other peoples' high expectations

THE END

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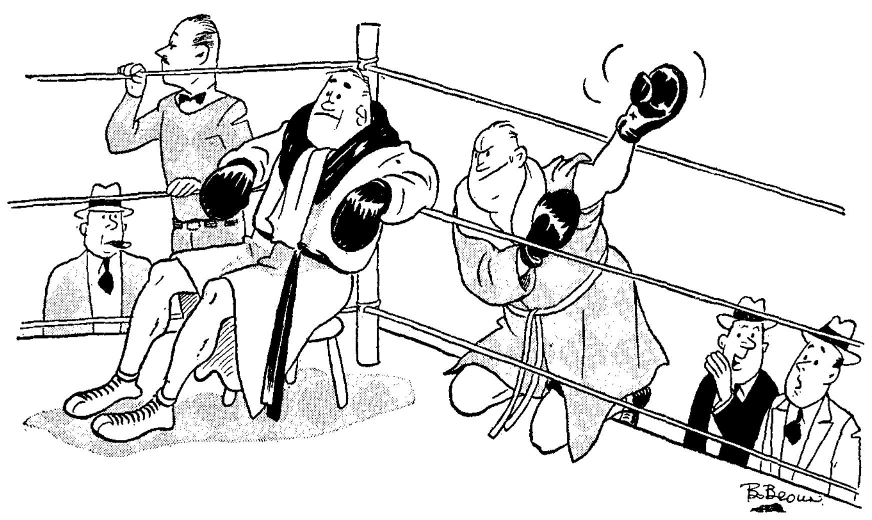


COLLIER'S "It's always part of his strategy to get in the first punch!" BO BROWN

The Trip Home

Continued from page 23

around. "You were forbidden to bring dogs or other pets aboard. However, if any of you have done so, there is a special cabin where they will get care. They will be returned to you when we reach port." A few sheepish G.I.s take dogs from their barracks bags and bring them to the cabin designated.

The officers' lounge, once the most luxurious salon afloat, is crowded with officers playing bridge, gin, poker. It is so crowded that a hundred men have to stand. M.P.s stand at the heads of staircases directing men. No one minds the crowding. We are homeward bound and every turn of these huge screws brings us nearer.

"Set your clocks back an hour and a half at midnight," the loud-speakers boom. "Officers will leave the lounge at twenty-three hundred hours (11 P.M.)." Some 3,000 men will sleep on the deck or in corridors tonight. Tomorrow night they'll sleep in bunks and another 3,000 will sleep on deck. It's midnight now, and when you walk along the promenade deck you have to pick your way over sleeping forms. They have plenty of blankets and the life jackets make good pillows.

No one is griping. The ship plows through a soft night and a calm sea.

Scribes Rank As Captains

Correspondents are given the simulated rank of captain and, when traveling with the Army, get the privileges of that rank. On the Big Queen, captains sleep fifteen in a cabin. There are five rows of three bunks each in my cabin.

"How about this rule about no smoking in cabins?" one of the men asked.

"That's the rule," I said.

He hit the walls. "These are made out of steel," he said thoughtfully. "And this woodwork here? You know since the Normandie's fire all big ships have completely fireproofed their woodwork."

"Then if we smoked we wouldn't set anything on fire here," another said.

"You've talked me into it," a third said and he lighted a cigarette. We locked the door and all lighted cigarettes. We were fifteen very happy men. A forbidden cigarette tastes better than any other brand.

"This is a dry ship, isn't it?" one asked.

"It is that," I said.

"I don't see why we can't have an occasional drink," another grumbled.

"They had a bunch of Australians on this ship once," I told them. "It was a wet ship. Five of them decided to take a swim one night. They dived overboard and they never did pick them up. So it's a dry ship now. They're all dry ships."

"Does that mean officers, too?" one of them said hopefully.

"I wouldn't know," I said evasively.

"You know it may blow up rough tonight," a big man said slowly. "And I'm a man susceptible to seasickness. A drink or two now would maybe ward that seasickness off."

"As a medical man," another said gravely, "I can say you're right."

"You advise it then, Doctor?" someone asked eagerly.

"I always recommend Scotch and water for seasickness," the medic said.

Four men tumbled out of bunks. Four men said simultaneously, "I just happened to bring a bottle along," and within ten minutes a very happy two-bit limit poker game was on; the one glass we had was being passed around and fifteen of us were firm friends. I found out later that this was going on in fifty other cabins. Colonel Barnett and his staff are very smart guys indeed. They are so smart they know when to look the other way.

"We're not coppers," Colonel Barnett said, when I asked him how the men behaved. "These soldiers are going home after months or years of very tough going. We leave them on their own. Americans are well-behaved soldiers, believe me. In 83 trips we've never had to put a man in the brig. Take a look around the ship. You won't find a bit of damage caused by our men and remember since V-E Day we've carried more than 90,000 men home."

The weather held the next day. We had 700 Wacs and nurses and Red Cross girls aboard. They were all aft in a special section. They had the aft end of the boat deck to themselves. This was "Out of Bounds" to everyone else on the ship. G.I.s from lower decks called up to them, kidded them and the girls kidded back.

After dinner I sat in Major Kahn's cabin. The phone rang. Kahn answered it and said, "Yes, I was afraid of it. Take him right into the operating room. Get Colonel Humphries. Ask him to scrub up. No, I've got a bad cold—it wouldn't be good for me to operate." He hung up. "This boy has to have his appendix removed," Kahn said. "That was Captain Melko, the medico in charge tonight. Want to come up and watch?"

I Attend an Appendectomy

Ten minutes later I was in white gown and white cap and a white mask standing at the head of the operating table. The kid was Pfc. Clyde E. Poole. Colonel Humphries stood on the left side of the table; Captain Melko on the right. Four noncom assistants hovered about them. One was laying out instruments. A strong light hung directly over the table. The kid was lying there on his side with his legs doubled up under him. This made it easier to give a spinal anesthetic. Colonel Humphries talked soothingly to him. "This isn't going to hurt a bit, son. That I promise you. Now . . . just a pinprick, wasn't it?"

Private Poole said drowsily, "Sure, Doc. That was nothing. I wanta drink of water."

"In a little while, son," the colonel said. He had anesthetized the skin with procaine. Now he inserted the long needle and withdrew a few c.c.s of fluid from the boy's spine. He filled the syringe with procaine and then inserted the syringe into the needle and pressed home the plunger. The stream of spinal fluid and procaine went shooting into the spine to cut off all nerves from the navel down.

"You never felt it, son, did you?" the colonel asked gently.

The kid mumbled, "No. . . . How about a glassa water?"

The colonel straightened him out now on his back. The medical technicians put sterile towels on the boy's abdomen leaving a clearing of perhaps five inches by three.

"Your feet tingling a little, like someone was tickling you?" Colonel Humphries asked.

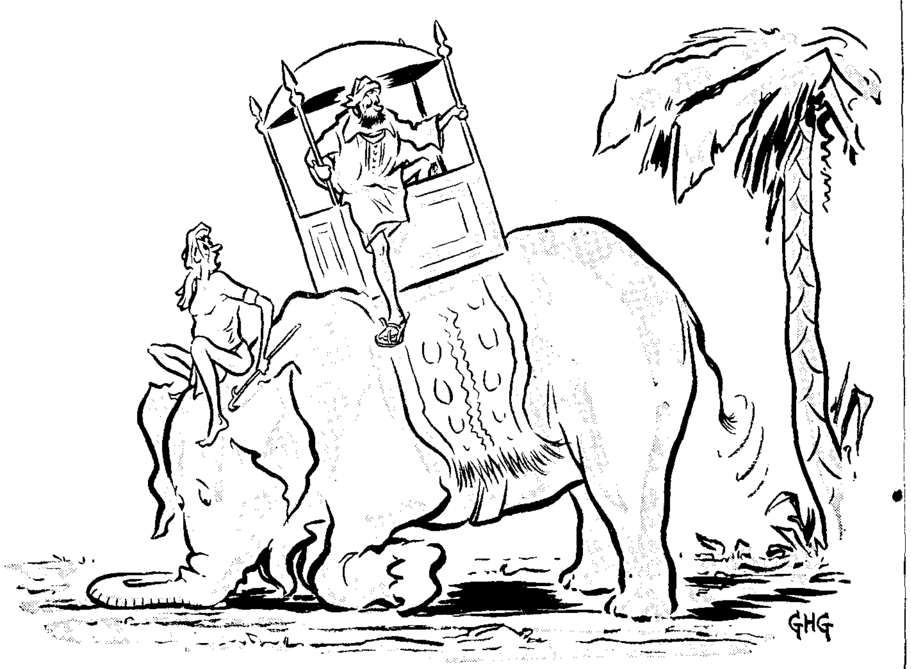
The kid chuckled sleepily. "Yeah, you tickling me, Doc?"

Colonel Humphries kept talking to him soothingly. Then he took a needle and tapped the place where the incision was to be made. "Feel that, son?" he asked.

The kid said, "Yeah. . . . You're hitting me with the end of a pencil."

Colonel Humphries waited, his hands covered by sterile rubber gloves held away from his body. In a few moments he tried again. The kid still felt the pressure of the needle. No, it didn't hurt but he could feel it. The spinal wasn't working. This happens once in a hundred times.

"Gimme a can of ether," Major Kahn snapped, and then added, "And get another can ready." He put a cone over the boy's nose and said, "Just breathe naturally. Don't pay any attention to this stuff. It doesn't smell bad, does it? You'll be asleep in a minute and when you wake up it'll all be



COLLIER'S "Wait until the elephant stoops, please" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

When Family and Friends Gather—

Hearty [illegible] *Port*

Adds Warmth to the Welcome

Elsa Maxwell

Because of Uniformly Fine Quality at Reasonable Cost—More Americans Enjoy Roma Than Any Other Wine

Many men and women are returning to family and friends for a long-awaited reunion and holiday rejoicing. Famed Elsa Maxwell suggests, "Add warmth to the welcome with ROMA California Port. A smart, sensible and moderate way to greet guests and celebrate the home-coming. I find ROMA Port, served cool, is delightful with fruit cake, sandwiches or snacks."

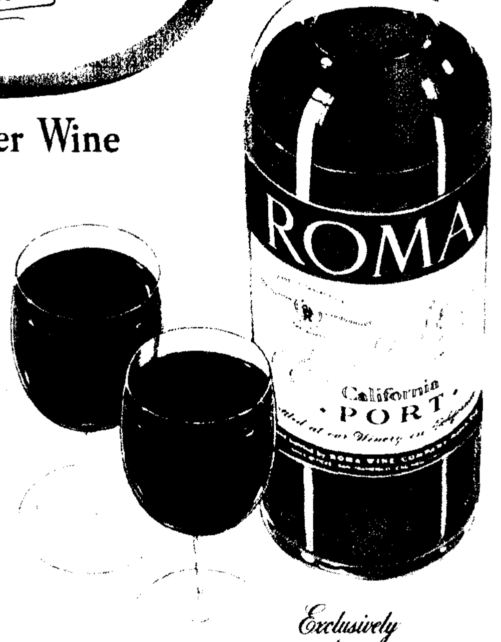
ROMA Port is a proud wine in a family of great wines. Its vibrant brilliance, fruity fragrance and delicious nectar-like taste is rich with the natural sweetness of the grapes... yours to enjoy. Like all ROMA Wines, reflecting the heritage of selected grapes, gathered at peak of flavor-fullness from California's choicest vineyards; quickly, but gently pressed to capture natural goodness... then, *unhurriedly*, guided to perfection by ROMA's ancient winemaking skill. Finally, bottled at the winery. Always unvaryingly good. Enjoy ROMA—*tonight.*

ROMA CALIFORNIA WINES

ROMA California Champagne—for lavish yet economical entertainment. Make that special occasion, birthday or anniversary, a memorable one. Serve well-chilled ROMA Champagne, either with dinner or later. Reasonably priced. Bottle serves eight.

Other fine ROMA California Wines include:
Sauterne, Burgundy, Claret, Zinfandel... Sherry, Muscatel, Tokay... Sparkling Burgundy... Vermouth.

HELP BY HOLDING BONDS



Exclusively from Selected Grapes

ROMA ESTATE *Wines*

© 1945 ROMA WINE COMPANY • LODI • HEALDSBURG • FRESNO — CALIFORNIA

over. Hell, you'll be able to walk off this ship when we get to New York. Take a deep breath, soldier. Go to sleep, son . . . just relax . . . you haven't got a thing to worry about. . . ."

Private Poole was asleep. Captain Melko took the knife one of the assistants handed him. He studied the Mercurochrome reddened abdomen and then, with a sure, swift, gentle stroke, he made the incision.

The ship eased gently through the night. Here in the operating room you couldn't hear a sound. Time was important now and Captain Melko's hands worked swiftly. Colonel Humphries acted as his assistant, handling retractors, clamping bleeders and swabs.

"Suppose it got rough and the ship started to roll?" I asked Major Kahn.

"I'd phone Colonel Barnett," Kahn said, "and the colonel would ask the skipper to head into the wind and hold the ship steady until we were through. That's happened plenty of times. We always have at least one appendectomy per trip. This kid on the table is the most important man in the world to us now. If the commodore had to heave to for hours and miss the tide in New York and delay us a whole day—he wouldn't mind. The only thing that counts on this ship right now is this boy's life."

The Operation's Critical Moments

Now Melko sliced through the peritoneum. He called softly for hemostats, clamps, retractors and other instruments. They were always ready. He called for a "curved Kelly" and one of the assistants handed him the clamp. Melko's hand was deep in the abdomen now.

"Found it," Melko said. The swollen appendix was hidden behind the large intestine. Gently, he brought it to the surface.

"It's red-hot," Kahn said. "All ready to rupture."

Melko tied the base with catgut. Then he took a scalpel and severed the unwholesome thing that might have caused this boy's death had the operation been postponed another hour. Melko cauterized the stump with carbolic acid and sutured it. Then Melko straightened up and his eyes were smiling. Humphries drew a deep breath. Kahn relaxed. An hour and a quarter had gone by.

Melko closed the thin wall of the peritoneum with chromic catgut, chemically treated so that the body absorbs it in about twenty days. He pulled the strong muscles together with plain catgut and sewed the torn fascia. Kahn had stopped the ether when Melko started to sew the peritoneum. Now, as Melko pulled the outer skin together and took a needle threaded with black silk from an assistant, the body on the table moved slightly.

"He's pushing," Humphries said incredulously. Kahn tilted the ether can. The body relaxed. Melko finished a nice job of hemstitching the outer skin and it was all over.

"A beautiful job, Captain," Kahn said to Melko.

"It was indeed," Colonel Humphries added.

We walked into the adjoining room where the surgeons took off their white robes and caps and masks and rubber gloves. I was surprised to see that Melko was very young. All three doctors had worn their uniforms under their robes. I was amazed to see ten service stripes on the colonel's sleeve. That meant five years overseas. He said that he'd enlisted with the Canadians back in 1939. He'd been a brain surgeon in Boston but like so many others, he couldn't wait. He knew that America would be in it sooner or later so he decided to get in right away.

We had the taste of ether in our mouths and we went to Kahn's cabin for a bottle of beer. We talked of the operation, and of other operations at sea when the waves were running high. Every half hour Kahn phoned the hospital.

"He's all right now," Kahn said.

I walked up to the boat deck. Fifteen thousand men were asleep. You couldn't feel the engines far below. The deck was lined with sleeping forms, and the moonlight touched their calm faces. The sea wasn't moving. The Big Queen slid along steadily at thirty knots.

Soon we reached our last night. There was an electric air of expectancy through the ship. We were almost home. A long cable came to Colonel Barnett. It was from the staff of General Kells in New York and it told Colonel Barnett just how the men would disembark when the ship reached Pier 90, North River, New York. Half would use the forward gangplanks and proceed to ferryboats waiting just sixty yards away. The other half would use the aft gangplank and proceed to ferryboats moored to the end of the long pier. Some would go to Camp Kilmer; the rest to Camp Shanks. We would dock at 6:45 A.M. The 15,600 men would be unloaded and headed toward the two camps within five hours.

The loud-speakers woke us all at 4 A.M. It was one time no one minded being awakened early. By five everyone was on deck. It was dark and a chill rain slanted down as we entered the New York Narrows but no one noticed the rain. A small boat came alongside and a group of men from General Kells' staff came aboard. They reported to Colonel Barnett that everything was in order.

How many ambulances would be needed at the dock? Major Kahn said he'd need only one. Private Poole wanted to walk off but Kahn vetoed that. He was doing fine but no use taking any chances. The embarkation officers had a walkie-talkie with them and they threw an aerial out of Colonel Barnett's cabin and talked to their headquarters in Brooklyn.

The rails were lined with G.I.s. We passed the Statue of Liberty at six o'clock. Even the rain couldn't dim the brightness of the golden shafts of light which etched Lady Liberty sharply against the darkness. Fifteen thousand G.I.s cheered. They'd kidded with the girls in England and France and Germany but this was the girl they'd really been waiting to see. A G.I. standing turned to his pal. "Hey, she looks fatter than when we saw her three years ago."

New York Harbor was still asleep but as the Big Queen steamed by, it came to life. Ferryboats, brightly lighted, tooted their whistles, and anchored freighters boomed deep welcomes. Then off the starboard side came the unmistakable music of The Sidewalks of New York. Everyone rushed to the starboard rail. There was the welcoming ship, Miss America, with a Wac band and sixty girls looking up and waving. The trim looking ship, once a private yacht, came close and now the G.I.s yelled greetings down to the girls and the girls yelled back.

A Harbor Alive with Whistles

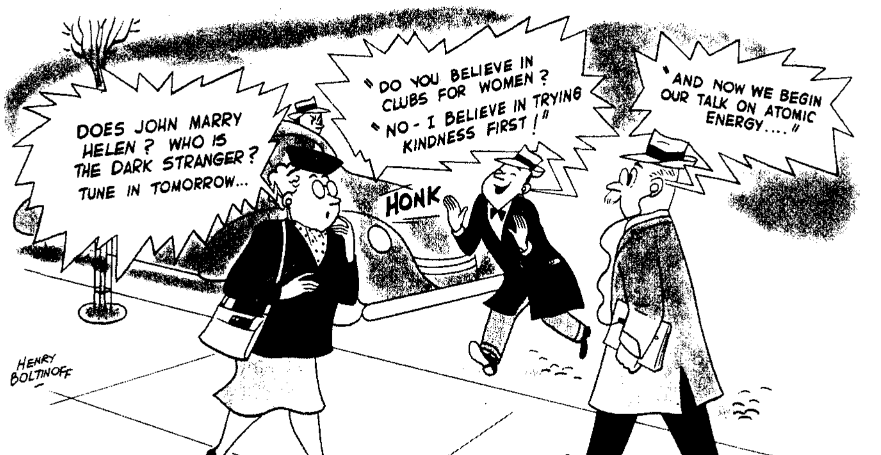
No, it doesn't matter what time the ships come in. They're welcomed with bands and by girls. By now every whistle on every ship in the harbor had been tied down. G.I.s rushed from one rail to another. They didn't want to miss a thing. The dawn was breaking through the murky, rain-soaked night now and the gray line of New York's skyscrapers appeared jagged.

Now the Big Queen headed up the North River. The rain had stopped and the sun broke through to show us a clean, rain-washed New York. We approached the pier and now another band on the pier took up the musical welcome. This one was from Camp Shanks. They played everything and the G.I.s yelled from sheer happiness and excitement. You couldn't help but feel a tingle down your spine. It's the greatest thrill there is—coming home. Now we slid into the dock.

"All silver star men report to forward promenade deck gangway," a voice droned through the loud-speakers. "They will be the first off. Others will follow according to previous orders."

The ship was moored to the dock now. Three hundred silver star men waited. Then the order came. They lifted their barracks bags to their shoulders and ran down that gangplank. They were home. For the first time, most of them realized that the war was actually over. They were home. God Almighty; they were home, and, brother, that's the best there is!

THE END


DOES JOHN MARRY HELEN ? WHO IS THE DARK STRANGER ? TUNE IN TOMORROW...
"DO YOU BELIEVE IN CLUBS FOR WOMEN ?
"NO - I BELIEVE IN TRYING KINDNESS FIRST !"
"AND NOW WE BEGIN OUR TALK ON ATOMIC ENERGY...."
HONK
HENRY BOLTINOFF

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Atom-Size Radio

If you see a lot of people wandering around with hearing aids in their ears next year, but with blissful expressions on their faces, be assured that the country is not losing its hearing. Instead, it will have tumbled to a new radio gadget—a pocket set the size of a couple of packages of cigarettes.

The secret: five tiny radio tubes packed together in a space smaller than a small box of matches, yet powerful enough to give reception equal to ordinary tubes in a full-sized set. These are the little tubes that made the proximity fuse famous—and deadly to our late enemies. But they are far better than war-type tubes, for they will be designed to last for hundreds of hours, while those in radar bombs lasted but a few seconds.

This atom-sized set will be packaged in a thin ornamental case to be slipped into a lady's purse or a man's pocket. A *quiet* speaker will be in the form of an ear plug similar to those used on hearing aids. The wire, hidden in the clothing, will act as antenna, sensitive enough to pick up all near-by stations. And, of course, if one wishes to get short-wave direct from Europe, or cut in on police calls, one can dress in the new metal fabrics or wear a bulletproof vest and so become one's own receiving aerial.

Aid and Comfort for Broken Bones

For ninety-three years, patients with broken bones have had to endure the clumsy nuisance of wearing a plaster cast, often lying flat in bed for weeks because the cast was too cumbersome or breakable to move around. Now at last two Seattle doctors have invented a cast made of glass cloth, soaked with plastic dope and wrapped on like a bandage. It weighs less than a fourth as much as plaster and gives the wearer full freedom of motion.

With the new method, the doctor sets the break, dips the glass bandage in hardening solution and wraps it around the injury in a few minutes. The plastic hardens rapidly; it is not only lighter than plaster but much thinner. And, being waterproof, the patient can bathe without fear of melting it.

The glass-plastic cast gives a smooth, silky surface against the skin, that does not irritate; it can be applied directly over an open wound if desired. It is also many times more transparent to X rays than plaster, so that checkups on the progress of the fracture can easily be made.

The new improvement is already in use in naval hospitals. One of the best features is that it gives rigid support, even when the wearer walks around. An actor who broke his foot had it set in a glass-plastic cast and was able to give a theater performance the same evening without discomfort. The cast was hidden under his usual costume.

Tires Will Outwear Your Car

Synthetic rubber tires that will not only be completely punctureproof but that will wear longer than the car itself are promised us. This will be a postwar development of the vast new rubber research program to be started soon in special laboratories built by Firestone and other manufacturers.

The old way of building tires was to take natural rubber, modify it as skillfully as possible, then accept the qualities that nature provided, and be satisfied. The new way will be to start with the qualities that motorists have dreamed about, and create a synthetic rubber molecule that has them. Important among these qualities are iron-tough resistance to wear, extremely high flexibility, indifference to heat and light.

No date is suggested for the Methuselah tire's arrival, but organic chemists have done so many miracles with the simple building blocks of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen that research scientists are certain that the time will not be long.

Electric Power to the Rescue

When Italy was recaptured from the Fascists, many a city and town was found in desperate condition because its power plant had been wrecked. Swift reconstruction could be started because the Americans brought with them whole electric power stations mounted on railroad cars that could be hauled in and set going in a day or two. The same principle is soon to be applied here at home for all kinds of emergency use.

Floods, tornadoes, fires and explosions, all are likely to demolish vital electric systems which are the lifeblood of any community. Formerly, it would take days or weeks to restore even temporary service and there was great danger of epidemics and death. Now, rolling power stations have been designed that can be moved into a stricken area, cutting in on the power lines that are still intact or operating over emergency lines.

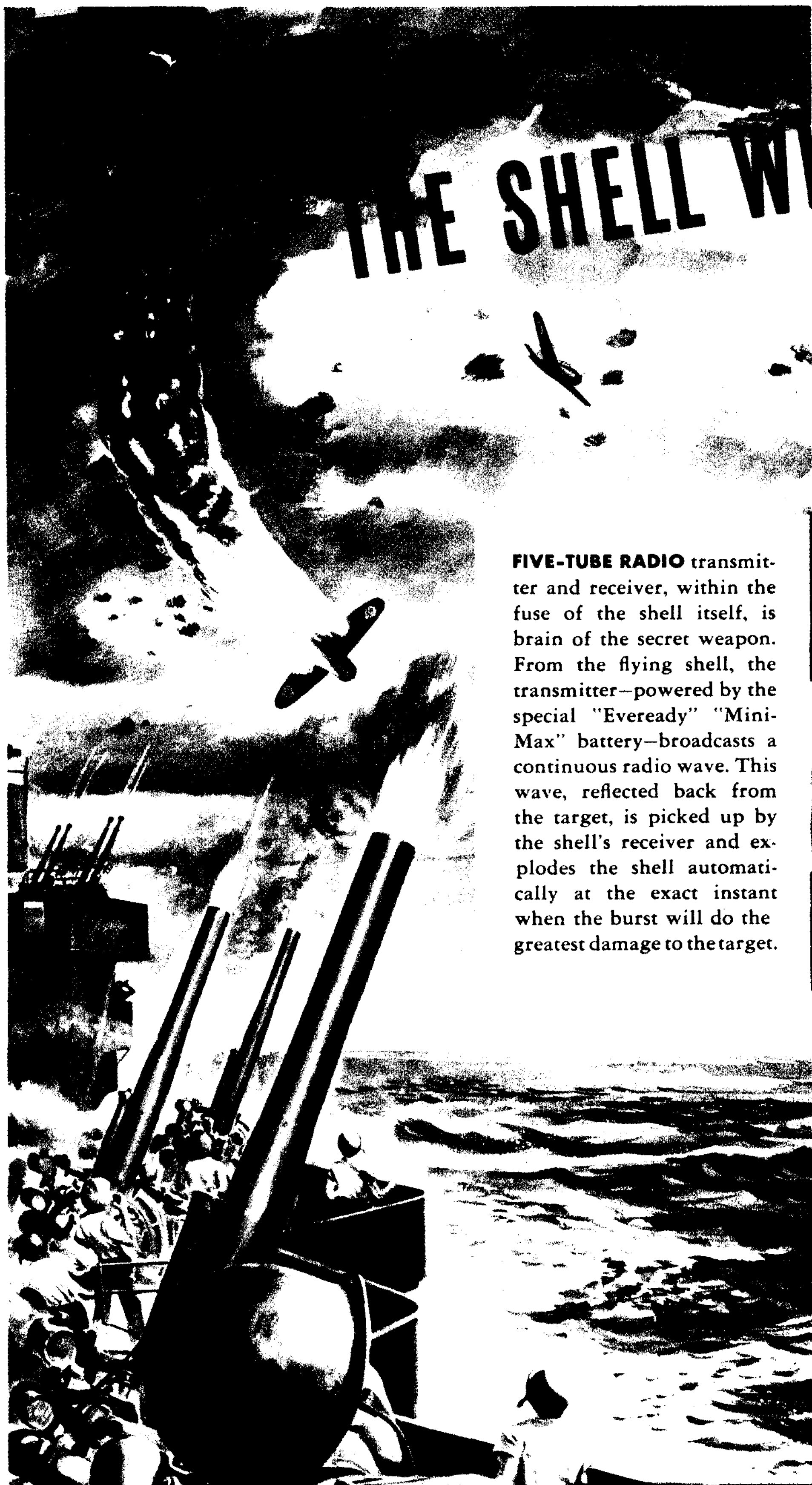
Mobile plants are mounted on large truck-trailer combinations and are complete with turbines, boilers and generators. They even bring their own fuel if necessary. A single unit will be powerful enough to light a small town. The apparatus can be kept on hand by municipalities or power companies.

★★★

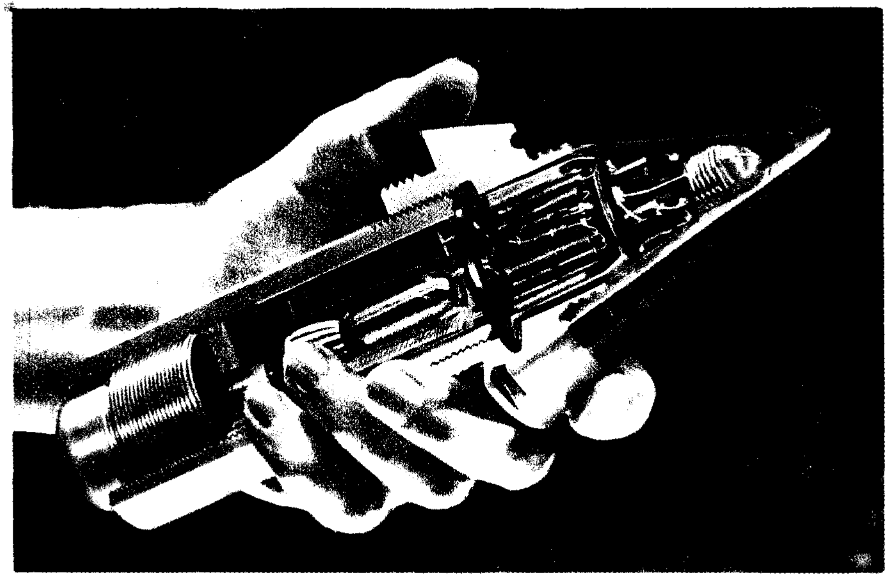
THE SHELL WITH A "RADIO BRAIN"

Army, Navy lift censorship on mystery weapon that licked V-Bomb, Kamikaze attacks

DEATH IN THE AIR. Many a Jap pilot, spinning down in flames from high over an American warship, quite literally never knew what hit him. Neither did enemy intelligence, bewildered by the "impossible" accuracy of Allied gunnery. Now the secret is out: a weapon second to none in its influence on the outcome of the war.



FIVE-TUBE RADIO transmitter and receiver, within the fuse of the shell itself, is brain of the secret weapon. From the flying shell, the transmitter—powered by the special "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery—broadcasts a continuous radio wave. This wave, reflected back from the target, is picked up by the shell's receiver and explodes the shell automatically at the exact instant when the burst will do the greatest damage to the target.



NOT EVEN the Atomic Bomb was more "hush-hush" than the "Variable Time Radio Proximity Fuse"—a fuse mechanism that decides for itself when to explode; requires no advance setting.

For 2½ years, on land and sea, it made possible amazing accuracy of fire. In the fourth week of July, 1944, for instance, VT-fused shells brought down 79% of all V-1 bombs fired from the French coast!

Transmitter, receiver, and detonating mechanism all draw power from a tiny "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery: a tiny "powerhouse" rugged enough to withstand the shock of the gun's discharge: a force *20,000* times that of gravity!

2
1
16THS
8THS
EVEREADY
MINI-MAX
8 BATTERY
EVEREADY
MINI-MAX
8 BATTERY
(+)
(-)

"CIGARETTE CASE" RADIOS, small enough to *wear*, are on the way! This 22½-volt "Mini-Max" Battery is typical of developments that make such sets possible. Less than the size of a box of safety matches, yet built to last and l-a-s-t!

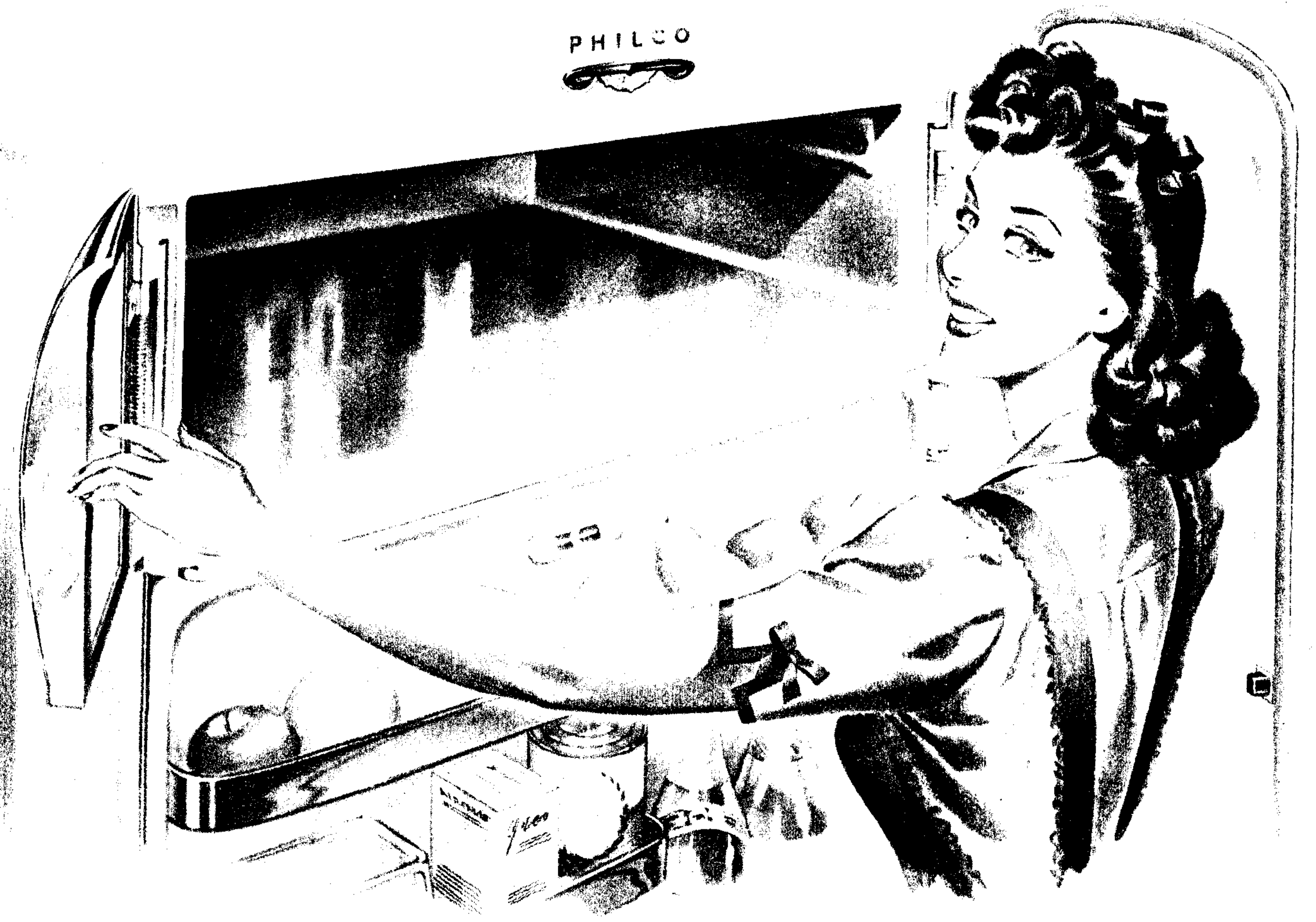
TYPICAL OF PEACETIME application of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" power is this 15-volt *hearing-aid* battery. Small, light, powerful, it gives many hours of service at sensationally low cost per hour! Makes possible lighter, easier-to-wear hearing aids—a boon to wearers who object to carrying excess size and weight. It is now available.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
MINI-MAX
TRADE-MARK

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

Here's the News! The

PH



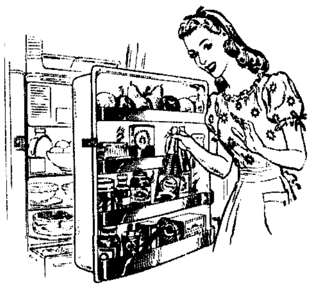
Yes, the news of a sensational new kind of refrigerator, developed by Philco, is awaiting you now at your Philco dealer. It's the modern refrigerator for modern living . . . with new features of Advanced Design that bring you the utmost in refrigerator service, quality and value. In a complete line of ten handsome models, there's a size to suit your needs and a price to suit your purse. *Your Philco dealer is ready to give you the full story . . . visit him today!*

Every Philco Refrigerator has a Built-in FREEZER LOCKER

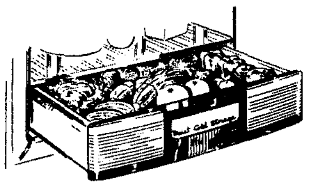
Yes, every new Philco Refrigerator, from the lowest priced model up, has a built-in Freezer Locker, a spacious compartment where you can keep an extra supply of frozen food packages, where you can freeze meats, fish and poultry and keep them on hand for later use. No refrigerator is complete today unless it gives you space for frozen storage. And *every new Philco Refrigerator has it!*

AND IN ADDITION . . COMPLETELY EQUIPPED THROUGHOUT . . . THE REFRIGERATOR WITH *ALL* THE FEATURES!

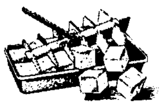
Yes, in every model, Philco brings you the most lavishly equipped refrigerator ever offered at the price. Every basic feature that gives you modern refrigerator service, convenience and economy is yours, no matter what you pay. And in its Advanced Design models you get exclusive features of Philco pioneering research and design developed in the Philco laboratories, bringing you a new kind of refrigerator for modern living.



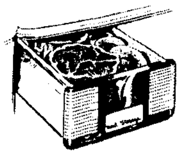
PHILCO "CONSERVADOR"
The shelf-lined Inner Door that doubles the "front-of-the-shelf" space, keeps foods you use most often at your fingertips. Avoids cluttered shelves and wasted space. Exclusive . . . only Philco has it!



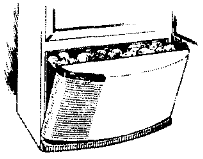
VEGETABLE CRISPER
Full width and single width. Keeps your green vegetables and fruits crisp and fresh.



"EASY-OUT" ICE TRAYS
Just lift a lever and the cubes pop out. No melting or splashing at the sink.



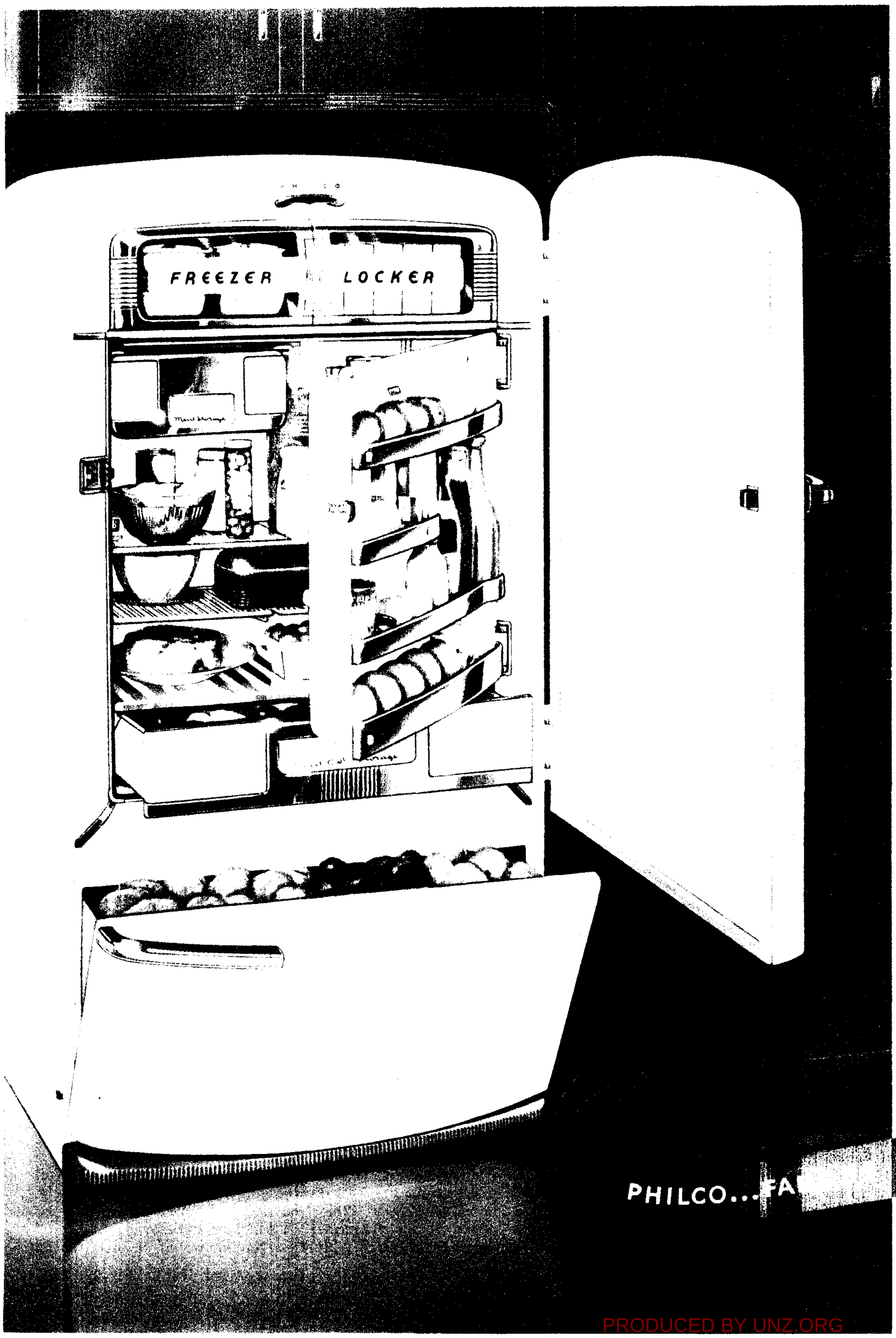
MEAT STORAGE
Convenient sliding drawer keeps fresh meats in prime condition



VEGETABLE BIN
A handy place to keep dry vegetables that don't need refrigeration.

MOIST COLD COMPARTMENT
In addition to Dry Cold, this Moist Cold Compartment keeps foods without covers. Preserves natural color and juices of left-overs and fresh foods . . . no drying out. Cooled by *the amazing* Cold Shelf, developed by Philco . . . a shelf that cools foods quicker by direct contact.

Sensational New
ILCO *Refrigerator!*



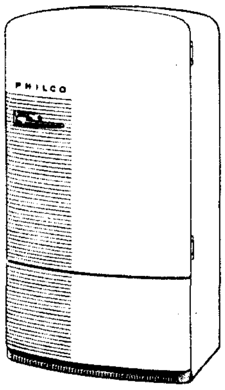
Sensational New

PHILCO FREEZER

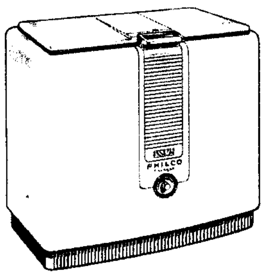
for sharp freezing and sub-zero storage of frozen foods

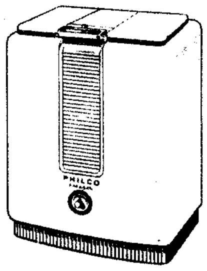
Your Philco dealer will give you the news, too, of this sensational new Philco product which brings the new joys of frozen foods cooking to your home. Reaching temperatures of 15° to 25° below zero, it's *your sub-zero pantry for frozen foods* . . . a place to store a reserve supply of frozen food packages, to freeze and store meats, poultry and fish for months, to make your meal planning and preparation *easier*. Yes, it's important news, bringing you a new day of better living and greater leisure.

MODELS FOR EVERY HOME . . . IN THE CITY, SUBURBS AND FARM



Models for every type of home, from 2½ cubic feet capacity up. Chest and upright models with exclusive Philco features.





PHILCO...FA FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

The Dress of Lights

Continued from page 11

she had been to school in the United States, in Boston.

Neither Antonio nor myself had illusions about her. We knew that two years previously she would not have noticed us—but then at that time neither would we have been returning successfully from Spain. We were heroes, and she was, in most ways, quite young. Her name was—well, Natalia de los Sierras. At first we thought to be with her as we had been with so many others, but she was not as they. On the boat, going to Havana, we talked with her. She was much pleased, I suppose. Here, she alone had won the both of us, the both of us who were now distinguished and whom everyone on the boat knew about.

That we could now speak to her and have her attention, we recognized as one more evidence of our advancement in life. So we lost interest in the other girls who were on the boat.

AT NIGHT, in our own cabin, Antonio would be silent and then begin to talk about Natalia. "If I had known we could meet girls like that by becoming good *toreros*," he would say, "I would not have waited so long to become one."

"Truly," I told him, "she is very beautiful. Perhaps it will be different off the boat, however. Perhaps it is only the sea air."

"You are cynical too young, Heriberto," he said. "I do not know why."

"Perhaps because my parents were poorer, even, than yours," I told him.

In Havana, where we all stopped for several days, she seemed to favor me, although Antonio was always the more handsome. There was talk then, as there is again now, of staging bullfights in Havana, and Antonio one afternoon had gone to talk to the impresario. Antonio always handled our business arrangements, he was so much smarter than I. Natalia and I were to meet him at a bar later and go with him to see the Castle.

He was late by perhaps fifteen minutes, and Natalia said to me, "After all we don't have to wait for him."

In Havana for the first time and with someone like her near me, who was I to think too clearly? We didn't wait for Antonio. When I took her back to the ship that night she would not let me kiss her, but ran to her room. I went to my own room with some misgivings, to tell Antonio, when he should ask, that I had no excuse and to ask his forgiveness. But he was asleep.

The next day he merely said, "I was late. I do not blame you for having gone off without me." But his eyes did not meet mine.

I was embarrassed and thought of several answers, one of them being that the woman tempted me . . . but I thought that he would perhaps not understand me. He never had a sense of humor.

Later I saw him with her on the deck. She wore no hat and had that dark yellow hair which but few of our women have. She had a good deal of Castilian in her. Watching them, I suppose I was jealous. I began to think as to what sort of girl it must be who traveled alone, something most Spanish girls still do not do. However, I attributed it to her having gone to school in Boston.

When the boat reached Vera Cruz, I began to realize fully how things were. Ordinarily we should not have hesitated to take the train immediately for San Luis by way of Pachuca, which route misses Mexico City, so that we could get home as quickly as possible. But Antonio said he would like to go to Mexico City to talk to some impresarios there. Natalia's family had a home there, too.

I still felt guilty over not having waited for him that day in Havana, so I said that he could go to Mexico City but that I would go home alone by way of Pachuca. Besides, I wanted to see my people now that I was famous.

In San Luis Potosi, our home is in Ciudad del Maiz, the City of the Corn as you would say; but already, now that we were important, we had begun to regard the capital of the state, the city of San Luis Potosi, as our home. I arrived there after having visited my people in Ciudad del Maiz and left some money with them. In San Luis we had suddenly become famous. Although it was early for the Mexican season, they had arranged a *corrida* for us so that we could display what we had learned in Spain.

Antonio gave us all a bad few days, especially the impresario, who had gambled on staging the *corrida* out of season. We kept wiring and phoning Antonio in Mexico City, and he kept telling us he was leaving the next day but he did not finally arrive until the morning of the fight.

"It could not be that you had friends in Mexico City?" I asked him when he arrived.

"Well, it is this way—" he said and laughed and did not finish. So I knew then how it was between him and Natalia.

That afternoon we had a great triumph. Always, I have been good with the cape, while Antonio has excelled with the *muleta* and in the kill. But that afternoon we fought perfectly, each of us supplementing the other's work in more than the usual protective way. Instead of one of us standing by while the other fought, to protect that one fighting in case he fell or was cornered, we shuttled the bull back and forth from one to the other in the first *tertio* with the capes.

They were good bulls, charging bravely and straight, and we worked well with them in every *tertio* of the fight. That day, even I killed well, but nothing I did was as the way Antonio performed; as though he were an old matador, instead of just a couple months away from being a *novillero*.

QUIZ BOOK
B TOBEY

"Here's a question that should interest us all: How many times does the figure 1 appear on a dollar bill?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

LATER, when we had got away from the crowd in the ring and the photographers, and were dressing at the hotel, I said, more slyly than I knew perhaps, "It has been a great triumph, Antonio, the best we have ever known, better than in Madrid. Tonight we can have anything, any girl in town. There are two new ones I met in your absence. They are waiting now for a call from me."

"Cousin," he said, "I want none of them. I leave for Mexico City again tonight. I am having the car shipped on the train with me. This town is too—too provincial. I am thinking of buying a home in Mexico City."

"I suppose," I said, "it would not be too polite to ask why you have suddenly found the capital of the state too provincial?"

He shrugged and smiled a little but did not look at me. Very carefully he folded the fighting suit, the dress of lights, the one you see here in the case. He had bought it in Spain for the day he was to be made a full matador and he had worn it only then and again this day in San Luis. Now, of course, the spangles are dulled and the cloth faded, but then it was very bright and beautiful.

"I paid too much for this," he said, "fifteen thousand pesos. I could build a house for that in Mexico City."

"Here, but not there," I said.

After he had gone and I had found a girl, I sat with her and some friends drinking in the impresario's house. It was very pleasant and should have been more so. But the *aguardiente* seemed to depress instead of lifting me and I stopped drinking it. *Habanero* was no better. I knew, of course, why Antonio had suddenly become interested in Mexico City.

Whether I was jealous or not does not seem clear even now. I had been, well, interested in Natalia but I was at all times aware that she was above my station.

I DID not hear from Antonio for over a week and, owing to the good *corrida* we had had, the contracts and offers were coming in almost every mail. I kept wiring him, and finally he phoned me to come down to Mexico City. We were to start the season there, anyhow, so I went down.

He was stopping at the Geneva, which, as you know, is an expensive hotel for even a good torero to stay at. I went there, but he was not in the suite he had taken. I made myself comfortable in it, but he did not come in. The phone rang, and I thought it was he, but it was Natalia. Truly, I was not until then thinking of her as other than someone that Antonio was greatly interested in. But her voice on the phone had a peculiar effect on me. She asked for Antonio, and was surprised, so she said, to find me there.

"I came down to find out what had happened to Antonio," I said.

She laughed and said: "Oh, nothing very new or strange."

"He certainly seems distracted," I told her.

Her laughter was very disturbing to me. She said: "I am annoyed. He has not called me today."

"He must certainly be dead or kidnaped," I told her.

"No," she said, "it is other things. . . . But I'm glad you're in town. Why do you not come to see me this evening?"

I stammered and, of course, agreed. I was excited, as I say, and pleased, and did not particularly think of consequences. As I dressed, I did wonder what Antonio would say, or rather what I would say, if he came in before I left. What would happen if I saw him later did not seem to matter.

At her home she was even more beautiful than she had been on the boat. I had never been in such a home. We Mexicans, you know—like the Spaniards—put the beauty of our homes on the inside and pay little attention to the outside. I had never been in such a home, with its servants, fine furniture, and paintings covering the walls themselves.

We went out later to the Ritz Bar, of which you know, since Americans and the wealthier bullfighters all go there. Something made me talk to her of Antonio; perhaps my own feeling of guilt. "Some day," I said, "Antonio will be very great."

"And yourself?" she said.

"Oh, I will get by," I told her, "but not like Antonio."

She smiled at this. "You are very devoted to your cousin," she said.

"We were brought up more like brothers," I told her. "Or rather, as brothers are supposed to be brought up."

This seemed to make her thoughtful and she did not speak for a while. "Then," she said, "perhaps I should not do as I had planned?"

"And what was that?" I asked.

"You will forgive me perhaps," she said, "but I was going to use you to make Antonio jealous. I love him very much and I think he also feels for me, but lately he has manifested what I suppose one could call a kind of male coyness."

I shook my head, looking for words. "He must be very foolish," I said. Truly, I did not feel very badly. You see, I had never let myself entertain too high hopes concerning her.

"But since you and Antonio have been so close," she went on, "I would not want to cause you to quarrel."

"Antonio will see the light," I said, trying to be funny. "I will talk to him."

"Here he is now," she said.

He was just entering the bar, and smiled as he came over to us, but it was not with the eyes, and I could see that he did not like it. "I see, cousin," he said, "that you lose no time."

"I waited all afternoon for you at the hotel."

"I was out on our business."

"You might have left word," I told him.

He sat down with us, and from the way he and Natalia avoided each other's eyes, one could see the way it really was with them. So in a little while I left them. I walked a long time that night but could not be sure of anything. It seemed to be that I had been on the verge of being in love with her but had caught myself in time. That is the way it seemed. . . . Later, I would know different.

In the days that followed, I did not discuss the situation with Antonio. I lived at another, more reasonable hotel and did not see Natalia except once or twice, when she was with Antonio and it was unavoidable that I should speak to her.

We were asked to fight for charity before the season opened, and we agreed to do so. Antonio grumbled a little. Not that he is not generous, but then he had spent all the money he had made in Spain, and he was thinking of marriage. You know how those things are, doubtless—although all Americans are rich.

WHEN a matador fights for charity he does not wear his dress of lights. I am not sure why, unless it be that the dress of lights is too expensive to risk when fighting for charity. Or perhaps it is that there is something mournful about charity, or rather about the need for it. Anyhow, the matador wears a plain, black suit then, instead of the dress of lights.

The sponsors of the fight for charity usually supply this black suit, cut like the regular fighting suit but undecorated. That day in the big ring in Mexico City, two black suits were waiting for us there. I tried one on and it fitted well. The other one was too big for Antonio. He has always been vain about his appearance, as so many of us in the profession are.

"I refuse to wear this," he said. "It hangs on me like a sack."

"Wear mine, cousin," I told him. "I will wear my fighting suit."

"No," he said, as though making a great sacrifice; "I will wear my own fighting suit."

Naturally, Natalia would be there, so he

January 31

THE LAST DAY

for men now in the Army to retain their present grades by reenlisting . . .

Men now in the Army who reenlist before February 1 will be reenlisted in their present grade. Men who have been honorably discharged can reenlist within 20 days after discharge in the grade they held at the time of discharge, provided they reenlist before February 1, 1946.

There's a long list of attractive reenlistment privileges in the new Armed Forces Voluntary Recruitment Act of 1945. The ability to keep your present grade is only one of them, but this privilege expires on January 31.

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1. Enlistments for 1½, 2 or 3 years. (One-year enlistments permitted for men now in the Army with at least 6 months' service.)

2. Enlistment age from 17 to 34 years inclusive, except for men now in the Army, who may reenlist at any age, and for former service men, depending on length of service.

3. Men reenlisting retain their present grades, if they reenlist within 20 days after discharge and before February 1, 1946.

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5. An increase in the reenlistment bonus to $50 for each year of active service since such bonus was last paid, or since last entry into service.

6. Up to 90 days' paid furlough, depending on length of service, with furlough travel paid to home and return, for men now in the Army who enlist.

7. A 30-day furlough every year at full pay.

8. Mustering-out pay (based upon length of service) to all men who are discharged to reenlist.

9. Option to retire at half pay for the rest of your life after 20 years' service—or three-quarters pay after 30 years' service. (Retirement income in grade of Master or First Sergeant up to $155.25 per month for life.) All previous active federal military service counts toward retirement.

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Technical Sergeant .	114.00	74.10	128.25
Staff Sergeant . .	96.00	62.40	108.00
Sergeant	78.00	50.70	87.75
Corporal	66.00	42.90	74.25
Private First Class .	54.00	35.10	60.75
Private	50.00	32.50	56.25

(a)—Plus 20% Increase for Service Overseas.

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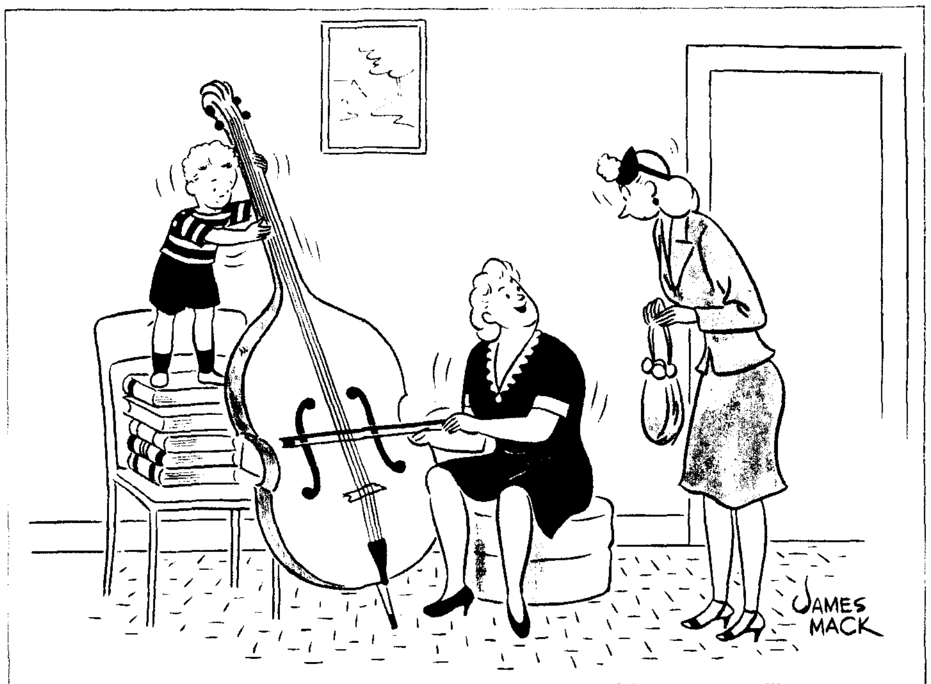
PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines • OILITE Powdered Metal Products • MOPAR Parts and Accessories would want to wear the dress of lights. I kept the black suit on. His wanting to wear the dress of lights made me think of Natalia again.

Then we were marching out of the tunnel, the *cuadrillas* following us, the crowd roaring, the roar going up gradually to a peak and then leveling off; our left arms in the formal capes and our right arms saluting. Then, a very curious thing happened. The crowd stopped roaring and began to revile Antonio. Seeing him in the *traje de luces*, they thought that I alone, in black, was to fight for charity and that Antonio was to be paid.

So that even before the first bull came out, they were throwing cushions and bottles down into the ring. Naturally, under the circumstances we were both upset and did not think of dedicating a bull to anyone. I was to fight the first bull, because I had been made a matador just a few minutes before Antonio had been made one in Madrid.



COLLIER'S "We wanted to get him something he wouldn't outgrow!" JAMES MACK

IF YOU will pardon my saying so, I did very well with that first bull. I remember it well for several reasons . . . and the crowd gave me a fine ovation. But they were hooting again when Antonio came out to fight the second bull. Perhaps it was that which distracted him, that happening in front of her. You know how those things can be. . . .

I was standing in the shadow of the ring, resting a little, for I had worked very hard with that first bull. Then, watching Antonio begin to play the bull with the cape as the animal came fast across the arena, I felt something like a shock go over me.

Without knowing even the details, I knew that this was a bad bull. I suppose it was a kind of instinct I have; and that if luck had been with me, because of that instinct I might have been some day a really good torero.

Then I was in the arena, in the hot, white sun again, my fighting cape in my hand. Instead of playing the bull cautiously to find out what it was like, Antonio dropped to his knees and took the bull's first charges past him like that, the cape held at an angle before him.

"Study him, Tony," I called. "Don't be a fool. He's a bad one."

He paid no attention to me, but passed the bull some more with the cape. Now he was standing, though. Veering, the bull missed him by only a little. It came so close that I felt it would catch Antonio and I instinctively started toward him to help.

"Stand back, cousin," he said. "You are simply jealous."

I became very angry, the anger rushing up in me. Already the picadors were coming in on their padded nags. With a *mariposa* and then a little, nameless whirl of a pass, he fixed the bull and walked away for the picadors to work with it.

His back was to the bull when it broke and charged him. I went in instinctively and distracted it with my cape, and it went madly past me and onto the nearest picador, attacking his nag on the unpadded side. The horse went up and over, the picador in the dust, his armored legs kicking in the air. Antonio went in to make the *quite*, you know the taking of the bull away from the horse and the picador, but something happened, and the picador, turning over to escape the horns, struck Antonio with his steel-encased leg, and Antonio also fell.

They tell me that the stands were standing and screaming. I do not remember. I was still angry. I thought: Let the bull get Antonio. He is a fool and I shall have no competition for Natalia. With the other things, the excitements, it was the first time I consciously realized I felt so about her. Then I remembered that way her face had looked at him, away from him, that night I had taken her to the Ritz Bar. It was for him she felt, I knew. He was my cousin, too. I felt ashamed of my thought.

I saw that the brightness of his fighting suit had attracted the bull away from the horse and the picador. I flopped the cape at the bull but it still went after Antonio, who was rolling on the ground. Ordinarily, in such circumstances, we give the bull a chance at ourselves to distract it from the man on the ground. But in my black suit I was afraid the bull would not distract from the dress of lights, its spangles winking in the sun as Antonio rolled on the ground, kicking at the bull's head with his slippered feet.

When the bull tore his suit, not quite catching Antonio with the horn, I knew I must go very close to the bull, virtually touch it if I hoped to distract it. So for her happiness and his, I went between the bull and Antonio.

Its head was down. It raised upward, seeing me so close; its horn running along my leg, ripped my stocking open but did not break the skin . . . then caught in the joint of my knee.

I did not lose consciousness. I remember what it was like. The horn was in my knee. I was whirled once around the bull's horn, as a boy would whirl a button on a string around his finger. Then I was thrown over near the *barrera*. I was not in pain. I remember seeing the picador remounting and Antonio rising and taking a cape from a *banderilla* and starting to work the bull again. I rose to help him and took one step but it was as though I had no leg, and I fell on my face in the dust.

And then? Well, not much more. I have not fought since. The kneecap was torn loose. I can articulate the knee only a little. I have a job . . . Antonio is a great man.

No, I am not unhappy. Natalia? No. That is the curious thing. I suppose the ironic thing, in a way, except I try to not pay attention to ironic things. . . . No, she did not marry Antonio. Those things do not last, you know? She married one of wealth, of position. When I heard of it, I spoke to Antonio.

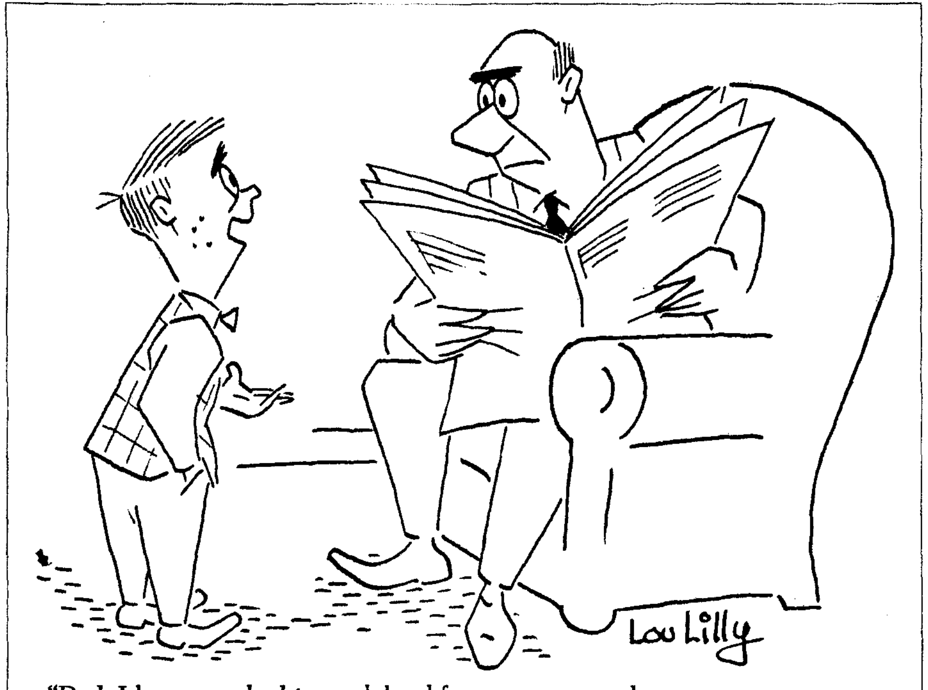
"After all," I told him, "it is best for bullfighters not to marry."

I felt bad myself in a way, but you know. It just is not well to think too much of these things. I suppose I did what I did for her as much as for him, perhaps more for her, so that she would not lose Antonio . . . but that is the way things are. And after all I have the consolation of having saved for the world a great torero, one who in our time may rank second only to Belmonte.

SO, AS I say, you should see him fight some time. If you are here some Sunday when he is fighting, be assured I can get you tickets for it. Antonio is very thoughtful where I am concerned. He is godfather of one of my children, and another one is named for him. Oh, yes, he was wounded a little that time. Just enough to make him look more heroic when he rose and killed the remaining bulls that day. Yes, this was the suit.

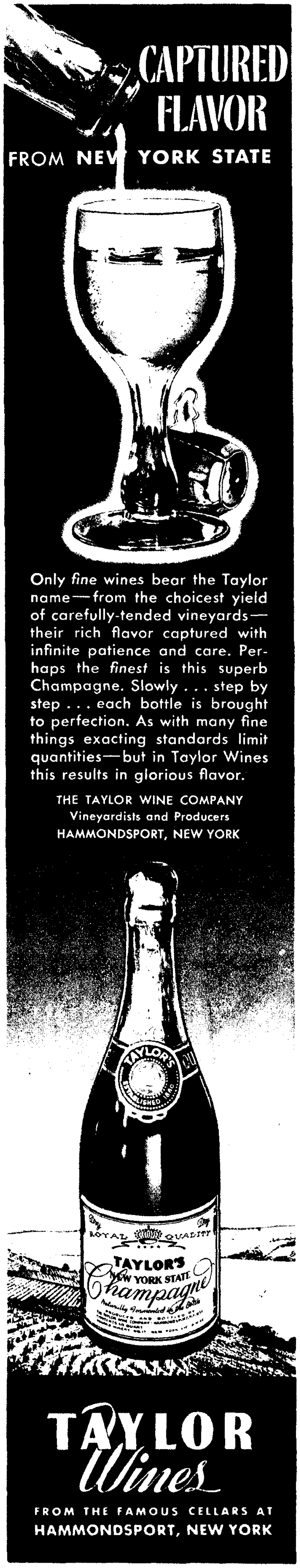
No, I do not think of it so often. In fact, this is the first time in over a year I have told the story. After all, ten years is a long time and one grows very much. I am better so. I have a wife and children, while Antonio is always worried whether his latest mistress or his manager is cheating him. Yes . . . thank you. Thank you very much. The seats will be in your box at the desk. And I hope you see him fight some time. Thank you. Thank you again. And *adios, señores. Adios.*

THE END



"Dad, I know you had to work hard for your money when you were my age. I also know that money doesn't grow on trees. But may I have a quarter?"

COLLIER'S LOU LILLY



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Babies Have Their Rights

Continued from page 18

states with strict laws slip over the border and grab babies where it's easy.

This doesn't happen just once in a while. The Children's Bureau estimates that adoption petitions for approximately 50,000 children were filed in 1944. In about a third of these adoptions, babies were bought and paid for, or given away like kittens. No questions asked, no records kept.

The upset war years increased adoption problems. And now peace, Washington tells us, has brought the wartime problems to a head . . . Wives of returning servicemen frantically disposing of babies that are evidence of unfaithfulness. . . . War workers, away from home and now jobless, abandoning unwanted babies rather than go home to raised eyebrows. . . . Couples, reunited after years, wanting to have families; wanting, many of them, to adopt babies.

Lawmaking won't come fast enough to help out all the 50,000 or more babies that will be adopted this first peacetime year. But mothers and adopting parents can help a great deal by thinking first of the baby.

"Babies have their rights," says Miss Morlock. "They have a right to love and affection, to a good home, and to security. Fear and haste, which are at the root of most adoption troubles, jeopardize these rights.

"Of course an unmarried mother wants quick and confidential help. She can have it, and give the baby a chance, too. There's a Council of Social Agencies in every large city and in many smaller ones. Every state Department of Welfare, located in the state's capital city, provides social services for children. There's the Child Welfare League of America with headquarters in New York and with affiliations in many parts of the country. It is best if she will discuss her problem directly with the nearest one of these. Or she can write to any of them, and be referred to the nearest source of help."

Every Help—Even Financial

That might be, for example, if she lives in or near Chicago, the fine Women's Service Division of the Family Welfare Service Bureau in Chicago. There the unmarried mother will get immediate, confidential and sympathetic help, including financial help if she needs it. And she will get *time* to decide what she wants to do.

Many girls, given this breathing spell, decide to keep their own babies. Some marry the fathers. Some do, after all, give their babies in adoption. But they do it in their own time. And they know the babies won't be just turned over to anyone. A careful check is made on new parents.

There's the rub on the other side of adoption troubles. Adopting parents don't want social workers snooping around, asking questions. They don't want to wait for a lot of foolish red tape. Isn't their good intention enough?

Even otherwise intelligent people talk this way, going off on an emotional jag in search of a lifetime relationship. They don't seem to realize that the laws that do exist, and the agencies for carrying them out, are not just arbitrary notions. They're safeguards founded on long-time experience. They're an insurance that this relationship really has a chance of being a precious one, for life.

Many of the couples who do go into approved question-asking agencies (which can be located through the same sources given above to mothers), come in frightened and on the defensive, the agencies tell us. They're used to lawyers and doctors, but who are these social workers to tell them what they can do?

Most of these adopting parents will be glad to tell you, afterward, that they've discovered social workers aren't snoopers. They're specialists in social relations, and just as helpful in their field as a lawyer is with legal matters. The questions they ask are searching, all right. But no more searching than the ones your doctor asks you. They're aimed not only at making as sure as possible that you'll be a good parent, but at picking the right baby for you, too. They don't want the baby to take a chance. They don't want you to, either. With the help of doctors and psychiatrists, they can know quite a lot about even little babies. Here are some of the questions they ask to fit baby and parent together:

First, and maybe the most searching question of all: Why don't you have a baby of your own? What many people need, a top-notch agency told us, is not an adoption agency but a good gynecologist. They wait five years, and then decide to adopt a baby. They've never been tested for sterility. Yet there are tests.

More Clinics for Infertility

Not all communities have doctors trained to give these tests, some of which are very new. But more doctors are being trained all the time, and more hospitals are opening clinics for the treatment of infertility. The Planned Parenthood Federation of America, with headquarters at 501 Madison Avenue in New York City, issues (for three cents) an excellent and informative pamphlet entitled To Those Denied a Child—A Guide for Husbands and Wives Seeking Parenthood. It includes a list of hospitals where services are available.

Contrary to popular belief, inability to have children can be traced to husbands almost as often as to wives. In testing for fertility, the usual procedure is to examine the husband first.

Careful physical examination, plus special tests, may reveal any of several causes contributing to childlessness. The male cells may not be numerous and vigorous enough. Or there may be an obstruction in the fine passages through which they must travel. An air test may show that the woman's Fallopian tubes are closed, preventing the union of male and female cells; the test itself sometimes opens them.

There may be an infection at the mouth of the uterus, creating a secretion that is a block to the male cells. It can be cleared up with a few office treatments.

Treatment may vary from improved diet and more rest to artificial insemination, with the husband as donor whenever possible. Operations are much less frequent than they used to be. With the increased knowledge gained in the past few years, medical science claims it is now possible to correct the trouble in more than one childless marriage out of three.

Adoption Breaks Down Barriers

It is a curious fact that many women who believe they are sterile become pregnant after adopting a child. Doctors sometimes attribute the "sterility" in these cases to a subconscious fear of childbirth, even objection to children, that actually prevents conception. Caring for a child breaks down enough of this resistance so that conception takes place. The adoption specialists worry about such cases; all children misbehave and comparisons are bound to take place. There was a fundamental objection to children in the first place. Now there's danger that the misdeeds of an adopted child will get less sympathetic handling than those of his foster brother.

So it's the couple who are physically unable to have their own children who get top rating for foster parenthood on this first question.

The second question is: Why do you want to adopt a child? There are plenty of good normal adult reasons for wanting a child to love and care for, and this question should be a very easy one to answer. But it frequently brings out reasons that are not good and sound; like wanting a child to take on the job of holding a shaky marriage together. Or the notion that a child can stop a husband from drinking, or cure a nervous wife.

A child has enough problems, growing up. He can't take on any of yours. He shouldn't be expected, either, to have dimples to order, or golden curls (that are going to change color, anyway); or to look maybe like a child you have lost. He needs to be loved for himself, the way he is. Laying down specifications that he may not live up to is a danger signal of trouble ahead.

Your finances matter, but not the way you might think. It doesn't matter whether you are making twenty-five dollars a week or a thousand, so long as you stay on an even keel with it, living reasonably within your means and providing your family with a decent and regular standard of living thereby. It's stability a child needs.

The questions asked prospective foster parents aren't actually listed one, two, three, and passed or failed like an examination. They're simply a start for discussion that leads to a good and friendly understanding of what being a parent is all about. One object of everyone honestly concerned is to provide a child with dependable parents. So there really isn't anything as alarming about such a discussion as you might think from reading these bald questions.

They're bound to bring out, among other things, the kind of social and community life you lead. Not that you're expected to be a joiner, but it's better not to be a hermit, either. Some neighborly doings are good for children. And harmony at home is an obvious asset.

Your health is important. An adopted child is entitled to a reasonable life expectancy in his new parents, so that he won't have a second upset in his growing years. There are no arbitrary rules, of course. One woman with a heart condition was allowed to adopt a child. Her doctor decided that, with the kind of proper care she was giving herself, she had a reasonable life expectancy.

Right Age for Foster Parents

Your age is important, too, and here's where a lot of would-be parents squawk. Practically everyone, whatever his own years, wants to start with a tiny, cunning baby to bring up from scratch. That's the natural process in rearing children. But, though it's to be expected that adopting parents will be older than natural parents since they've taken some years to discover they won't have children of their own, still it's desirable they approximate the age of natural parents. A couple past fifty, no matter how young and capable they may feel, are going to be crowding seventy when that cunning baby is a trying adolescent. There are plenty of children, ages six to sixteen, in need of foster parents. It's likely there'd be a lot of compensation both ways, when you're seventy, in adopting one of them.

Your racial background, even your bony structure, matters in fitting child and parent together. "Studies have proved," they told us at the famous Spence-Chapin agency in New York, "that the more an adopted child resembles his adopting parents, the higher the degree of success. Similar traits can be established from the child's history."

Dependable agencies know their children well before they place them. They can generally start by knowing the child's mother before he is born. They learn her background, and her traits; they can often learn a great deal about the father, too. They know the baby's prenatal history; the details of his birth; how he takes his feedings, whether he is active or quiet, nervous or happy.

Thanks to the work of the famous Dr. Gesell at Yale, and others, they can compare his development month by month with that of enough other children to establish some pattern on which to make predictions. By the time the pediatrician and the psychologist have studied the child, and the social worker has studied his stock and background, the agency is ready to find parents for him. They can't guarantee he'll be a credit to them in college, but they can have an idea whether he should have parents who will expect him to go to college.

Of course plenty of healthy, fine babies available for adoption come of parents whose background you wouldn't want to match. But it's a mistaken idea that this is the rule. "We have babies for adoption from all up and down the social and economic scale," they told us at one agency.

By the law of luck and averages, many babies adopted without all these questions draw fine parents and happy homes. But not all adopting parents in a hurry think of the legal angles.

New Jersey is worried right now about the children people are adopting through a Canadian agency, to escape the strict New Jersey laws. The adopting parents may not realize that these children are not American citizens until they are readopted in the United States.

You have read the wretched stories of mothers battling through the courts for babies they gave up when they didn't know what they were doing; of adopting parents who have grown to love a child only to have it snatched back from them. Sometimes the trouble comes later, and it's the children who get it.

One little boy grew up happily in his adopted home until he was ten, when his foster parents died. They left him an inheritance that would have cared for him. But then the foster relatives closed in. They were able to prove that the boy's mother gave him up "under duress," and to have the adoption set aside. No inheritance, and obviously no fond relatives to give him a hand.

"The termination of parental right," says Miss Morlock, "should be by court action. You wouldn't transfer a house without legal protection. Transferring a child is more important. Except when the parents appear in court and consent to the adoption, no voluntary termination of parental rights should be recognized unless it has court sanction, and it should not be made final until a sufficient period has elapsed (possibly three months) after the birth of the baby. It is desirable that the State Welfare Department or its designated agency have responsibility for rendering advice and help to the parents and presenting a report to the court."

The war brought out flaws of law and record in many casual adoptions of the past. Boys drafted into the Army discovered that they had no legal status in their families, and therefore no basis for Army allotments, since their adoptions had never been legally completed. War workers needing birth certificates came up against the blank of no records. And always, war or peace, there is the tragedy of lost identity; of no possible answer to that frequent question, "Who am I?" because no one ever bothered to keep track.

Part of the "red tape" of recognized adoption procedure involves careful and strictly private records. For their own protection neither set of parents knows the other. But the child's identity is on record against any future necessity.

A Draftee Meets His Own Mother

One boy, happy in his foster home, but drafted and about to go overseas, had an overwhelming desire to know who he was. With the consent of his adopted mother, the agency was able to allow him to meet his own mother. He liked her. "I even look like her," he said to his foster mother, whom he adored, and he was content, then, to go away.

Sometimes, of course, this kind of meeting is neither wise nor desired. But knowledge of identity is something that no one should have the power to destroy.

The campaign of the Children's Bureau for better state adoption laws is slowly having effect. The medical profession, one of the worst offenders in engineering casual adoptions, is becoming aware of the consequences of tackling a job for which it is not professionally fitted. The July, 1945, issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, carried an editorial on adoption abuses and the need for public concern. In Rochester, New York, the local medical and legal organizations mailed out to their memberships the bulletin of the local council of social agencies, describing the aid available to unmarried mothers. The Pepper Bill recommends more funds for more child welfare workers at county levels.

But meanwhile, mothers who want to give up their babies, and couples who want to adopt them, could solve the whole problem now. They could think first of the rights of those babies. And act accordingly.

THE END

Singing in the Rain

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The United States of Europe

Continued from page 15

Europe's salvation. Garibaldi and Crispi caught his fire, as did Victor Hugo, Comte, Renan and other leaders of public opinion. They saw Europe as a family, inheritors of a common culture and common traditions, and cried out against the disunity that made for incessant warfare in which even the victors lost.

What shattered the movement was the rising menace of Prussian megalomania. When the shot at Sarajevo plunged all Europe into a blood bath, the campaign for unification sank down into limbo.

Crusaders for Pan-Europe

In 1922, however, a man arose to lift the idea from its pit. Aristide Briand, looking out over an impoverished, hopeless Europe, called the warning, "Unite to live and prosper." And to his side came Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, the son of an Austrian aristocrat and Japanese mother, dedicating his life and fortune to the work of federation. Tireless and brilliant, he raced from country to country, fanning old enthusiasms into a new blaze. By 1926 the movement had progressed to a point where a Pan-Europa Congress assembled in Vienna. This was the clarion that brought 2,000 representatives from every European country:

"Anarchy is indeed the only appropriate description for a society of 34 states without law, without organization, without common organs or authorities, without a court of justice, without a police force and without solidarity; a society the members of which are in perpetual strife with one another and pile up murderous weapons against one another; a society in which might takes precedence over right, and in which the normal methods of negotiation are threats and blackmail; a society in which the members are ruled by club law, as were states and castles in the darkest days of the Middle Ages."

Out of the deliberations of the Congress came a Pan-European Union, and without dissent, this specific statement of principles was adopted:

European solidarity, based on a common currency, a customs union, common waterways and unified military and foreign policies.

Effective guarantees to all the federated states of their independence, integrity, security and equality, and the maintenance of their national character.

Sacred pledges, regardless of differences in the form of government, to respect the rights of religious and ethnic minorities, and to safeguard them against oppression and denationalization.

The peaceful settlement of all disputes by a Court of Justice, having at its disposal both the material and moral means to enforce respect for its decisions.

Full collaboration with any other group, or groups of nations, within the framework of an international order.

A second Congress met in Berlin in 1930, a third in Basle in 1932, and with M. Briand, premier of France, as the Union's honorary president, the movement gained strength and sweep. It was no mob of impractical idealists, for these men of distinction and large authority were enthusiastic in support: Dr. Seipel, chancellor of Austria; Benes and Hodza, heads of government in Czechoslovakia; Venizelos and Politis, the Greeks; Joseph Wirth, former chancellor of the German republic; Korosec, Prime Minister of Yugoslavia; Alexander Lednicka, speaking for Marshal Pilsudski; Albert Thomas, director of the International Labor Office; Tibor Eckhardt, the Hungarian; Titulescu, the Rumanian; Pusta, Foreign Secretary of Estonia; Carlo Sforza, representing Italy's liberals; and Leon Blum, Paul-Boncour, Delbos, Loucheur, Caillaux and Daladier, accredited leaders of French opinion.

Warm and encouraging words also came from London. "The conception of a United States of Europe," wrote Winston Churchill, "is right. Every step to that end, which makes easier the traffic and reciprocal services of Europe—which encourages nations to lay aside their precautionary panoply—is good in itself, is good for them and good for all."

Equally powerful voices spoke in opposition, for Pan-Europe was poison to those who profited by disunion. In the forefront of the attack were the armament manufacturers, the politicians who held office by appeals to narrow, hate-filled nationalism, and the international financiers who made millions by the manipulation of tariffs. It is significant, however, that never once was the idea itself attacked. All hailed it as a noble conception, and then proceeded to damn it as "Utopian." How could so vast a stretch, with so many different peoples and tongues and religions, ever be welded into a working whole? Possibly in a century or two, but certainly not in any immediate future.

The advocates of Pan-Europe fought back both on the platform and in print. Every forward movement in history, they pointed out, had been derided and resisted as Utopian. Full admission was made of difficulties, but facts and figures proved that they were not insuperable. Did not the record show that every European state had traveled a rocky road on the way to unification?

How about Italy, and the long years when Sardinia, Savoy, Sicily, Piedmont, Lombardy, Venice, Rome, Naples, the Trentino and Trieste fought like dogs over bones? Yet Mazzini's Utopianism brought about union. And the centuries during which German kingdoms, principalities and palatinates drained one another's life blood in ceaseless struggle for trade and power? And what more Utopian than the United States of America? Where a more perfect example, both of the difficulties of union and its tremendous benefits?

The question of size and population was also met head on by comparison with other unions. Against the Continent, with its 2,092,664 square miles, the Pan-Europeans matched the 3,022,387 square miles of the United States of America, excluding territories. Also, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, sprawled over an area twice as large as that of Europe. As for population, did the Continent's 402,800,000 offer any greater difficulties than the 450,000,000 of China, on their way to union in spite of scores of different dialects and the almost utter lack of railroads, telegraphs and highways?

Swiss Solve Many Problems

Switzerland, however, was put forward as "Pan-Europe in miniature." The Swiss differ religiously, racially, politically, socially, industrially and linguistically, yet the twenty-five cantons are welded into a federation with a common economic, foreign and military policy, and without loss of essential sovereignty, or the sacrifice of culture or traditions.

Four different tongues—French, German, Italian and Romansh—are recognized as national languages. Small Fribourg, solidly Catholic, lives happily side by side with Bern and Vaud, both solidly Protestant, and synagogues are found in every canton.

"Every so-called canton," says Pan-European literature, "is a real state, with its own government and parliament, its own laws and taxes, its own traditions and symbols, and its own local patriotism. The federation governs only foreign affairs, monetary affairs, foreign trade and duties, and insures the constitutional rights of the individual and the canton. Military affairs are partly cantonal and partly federal, as are transport and law, while all educational problems are cantonal."

With the best brains in Europe supporting the movement, and all criticism refuted by unanswerable argument, the Pan-European Union seemed certain of success. Twenty-six governments approved the plan, and Europe's principal political parties gave support—even the Social Democrats of Germany. Aristide Briand, however, died in 1932, and in 1933 Adolf Hitler proclaimed the Third Reich. Six years later, his armies rolled from country to country, attempting his own brand of unification in the name of the Master Race, and again the real movement disappeared.

Not until March 22, 1943, was there any sign of resuscitation. Then Winston Churchill called it back to life by affirmation of his faith in the necessity of a unified Europe, with "all the main branches of the European family" as partners. He asked for a "Council of Europe," with a "high court to adjust disputes," and sufficient power to enforce its decisions "and prevent renewed aggression and the preparation of future wars." And at the end he expressed an "earnest hope" for the achievement of "the largest common measure of integrated life that is possible without destroying the individual character and traditions of the many ancient and historic races."

Today the Pan-European Union is again a going concern. No Aristide Briand has yet arisen to spearhead the new drive, but with winter at hand, and the grim certainty that millions will be blown here and there on the icy winds of misery, more and more leaders of public opinion in every country are rallying to the banner raised by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi.

Prussianism No Longer a Menace

The defeat and disintegration of the Third Reich, moreover, gives the movement a brighter promise than it has ever known. Prussianism, so long a barrier to union by reason of its continual threat to peace, is now a beaten, broken thing. As they demonstrate capacity for self-government, the several German provinces could be brought into the union, either singly or in groups.

There is now also a clearer view of the shape that Pan-Europe must take. Adherents talk hopefully of Churchill's "Council of Europe," to be composed of the foreign secretaries of the member states, or else the pick of their public men. A capital, of course, for there must be a fixed point of assembly; and as soon as possible a common currency, the common use of waterways and the pooling of resources for the development of great power projects, similar to our TVA; a customs union to remove trade barriers, and an end to the restrictions that now bar free travel.

With coal, iron ores, foodstuffs, tobaccos and factory products rolling smoothly over rails and highways, and floating down inland waters, Europe has every hope of climbing up out of the pit dug deep by centuries of division and two devastating wars.

While the Union's statement of principles still stands in all-important particulars, some revisions are compelled by changed conditions. The present plan, as announced by leaders, provides for a purely "family" arrangement, with unification confined to Europe. The inclusion of Russia would carry Europe to the Pacific, and the vastly superior size and strength of the USSR would throw the system completely out of balance. Great Britain, with a Commonwealth of her own, must also be excluded.

Both powers, moreover, must abandon all thought of puppet states and spheres of influence. Federation is possible only when the members are free agents, their governments expressing the will of the peoples. The friendship of Russia and Britain is regarded as essential to the creation and success of Pan-Europe, but it must be without any expectation of return other than the assurance of decent, industrious, peace-loving neighbors.

What more to their advantage? Pan-Europe, its adherents claim, could not possibly entertain imperialistic ambitions or wage an offensive war, for its military potentialities would be strictly limited to defense. Russia's avowed fear of a "Western bloc" inimical to the USSR, could be calmed still further by having the constitution of the new union outlaw Fascism and provide guarantees of strict neutrality. With Pan-Europe as a buffer, precluding any probability of a *cordon sanitaire*, Russia would be relieved of worry about her western borders, and could give full time to the development of her amazing resources.

The argument applies equally to Britain. No longer compelled to guard against a Europe under German or Russian dominance, full attention could be devoted to the tangled affairs of Empire. The benefit to the United States of America is no less demonstrable: an end to the wars into which we are drawn inevitably and, above all, a self-respecting, self-supporting Europe that can be helped with the confidence that our money and materials will go into the building of firm foundations.

President Truman knows his Caesar, his Charlemagne and his Napoleon, and is equally familiar with the Pan-European movement from its inception. While he would be the last in the world to claim possession of an "international mind," history, by his own admission, has always been a passion of his. Essentially a realist, and profoundly convinced that the American form of government is the best in the world, the Pan-European arguments are bound to have had powerful appeal for him. The proposal to internationalize European waterways, with Rotterdam as the chief port of entry, rather than Hamburg, may have been a first approach to the United States of Europe, but nothing is safer than the prophecy that it will not be his last.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

latest explosion into her hand. "A bulletin, a bulletin. Run." She gave him a terrified look, lost all control and started to run. She was still running when she reached the street, the bulletin still clutched in her hand. She probably ran all the way home, too, because that's where they eventually located her. She still had the bulletin.

ONE of our younger and less stolid members of Congress told us that he was on his way to a conference on a very important phase of reconversion. "It will be a long and solemn conference," said he. "Out of it will doubtless come the formation of a subcommittee for the promotion of unemployment."

BUT Mr. (ex-Major) Charles Rine Chacke who is "trying hard still to be a Republican" stopped us in Washington to say that "the party I am still trying hard to keep on being a member of doesn't lack for candidates. Politically this country is just the same as it always has been. Any guy can be elected to any office. What the Republican Party needs is a coach who knows a couple of good scoring plays that have been invented since 1920."

ACCORDING to the information we get from General MacArthur's theater, a young G.I. was chided by his commanding officer for inefficiency. "Your trouble," said the latter, "is that you are not interested in your work." And the young man replied: "Hell, sir, I'm not even disinterested."

AND we are notified by Mrs. B. L. Flintbate, Jr., of Indianapolis, Indiana, that she has not written to us lately because she has been ill. She has a complication of stomach disorders. Too many too-hearty luncheons held to deplore the food shortage in Europe.

WE GOT to talking to the proprietor of a famous New York restaurant. He was not in a good humor. "Look at this coop," he mourned. "Jammed to the kitchen doors. Ninety-nine per cent of them have come to see celebrities. No celebrities. No room for them."

AND a gentleman who thinks it better that his name shouldn't be used yet notifies us that he is hereby launching a personal publicity drive. "I would prefer to come out as the new Huey P. Long as my name is very similar," he says. "But I will not make up my mind which way I will go until I see how the people receive me. Lay it on good and strong, please."... W. D.

What to do FOR COLDS

DOCTORS ADVISE THESE 5 BASIC STEPS, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

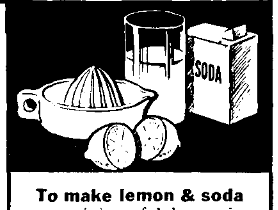
5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS		LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

GET FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS – FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

BUY VICTORY BONDS

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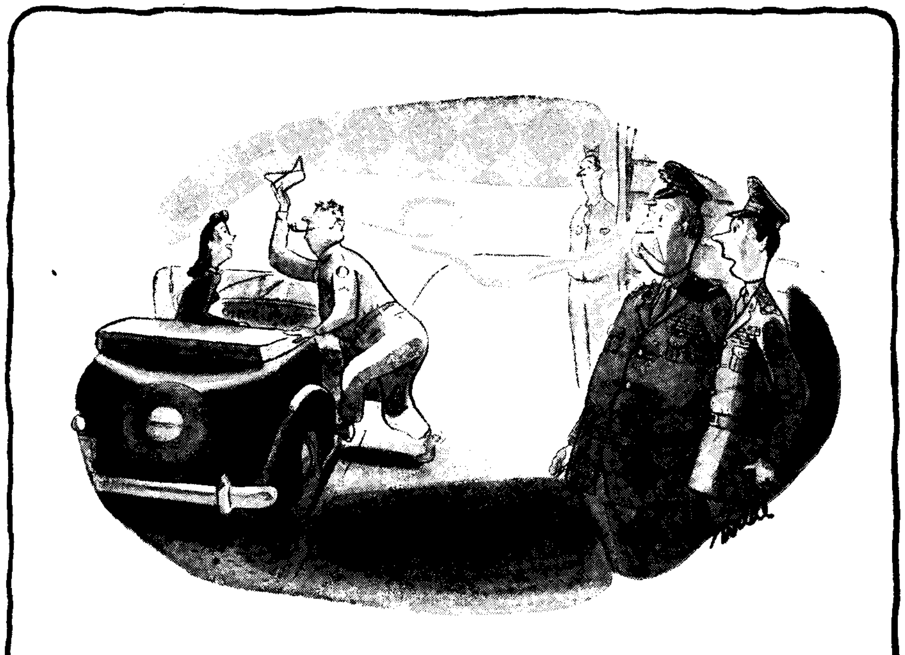

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¾ glass of milk
1 fresh egg
1 teaspoon plain syrup
Plenty of ice
Shake. Serve. Sprinkle nutmeg.

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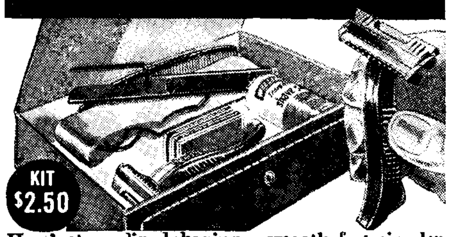

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What you NEED is
SLOAN'S LINIMENT

The Winner of the Collier Trophy

Continued from page 24

rushing gasoline and other supplies to our advancing ground forces and performing hundreds of other tasks important to the achievement of victory."

When the War Department recently announced that the President had recommended General Spaatz for the permanent rank of Major General (his four-star rank is temporary), the Army went out of its way to give him this tribute: "General Eisenhower considered him his best all-around air commander."

America's ranking air-combat officer was born Carl Andrew Spatz, one of five children, into a conservative Pennsylvania Dutch household at Boyertown, Pennsylvania (pop. 4,000), near Reading. His father and grandfather were editors and publishers of the Berks County Democrat. Later his father went into politics and was elected to the state Senate. In 1910 Senator Spatz obtained an appointment for young Carl to the U.S. Military Academy.

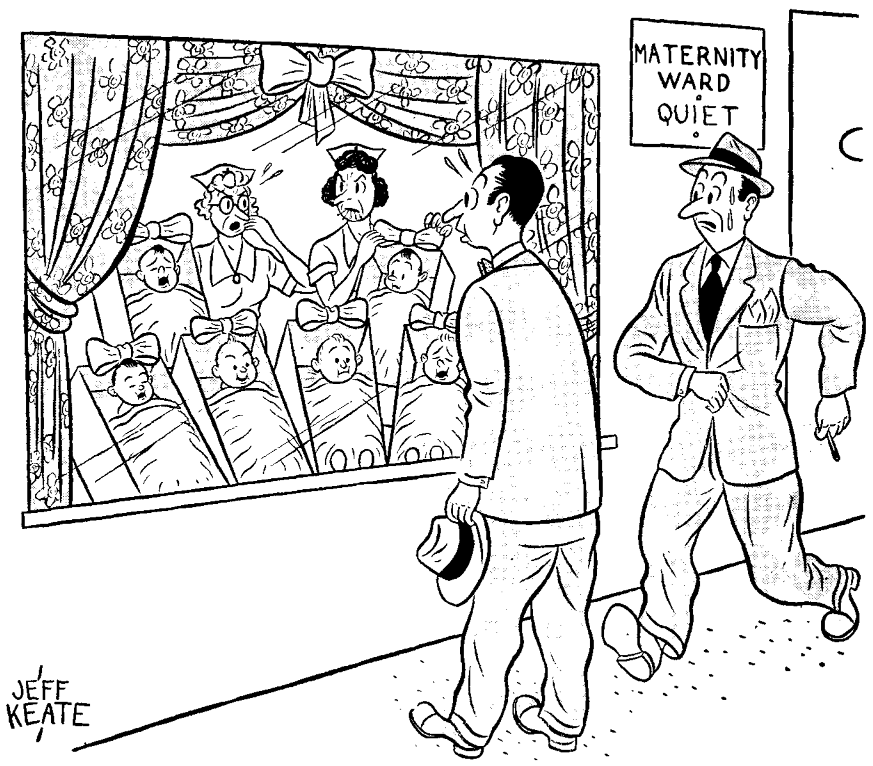
The young cadet was never annoyed by the nickname "Toohey," but he didn't like it when people pronounced his last name like that ankle-warming garment some men still wear. To give it the sound of "Spots," he went to court almost ten years ago and obtained legal permission to insert another "a." He seldom uses his middle initial, though he has no particular reason for not doing so.

A year after he learned to fly, General Spaatz married Miss Ruth Harrison. They have three daughters, Katharine, Rebecca Wayne (Mrs. Emmett Gresham of Durham, North Carolina) and Carla, and two grandchildren. A week before Pearl Harbor, the Spaatzes bought a 135-year-old house on historic Duke Street in Alexandria, Virginia, across the Potomac from Washington.

In this peaceful setting, Grandpapa Spaatz has plans for settling down, but if the hopes of his friends can be translated into an official Army order, he will also have to occupy the desk of Commanding General of the Army Air Forces in the Pentagon Building when General Arnold retires.

Next March, General Spaatz will have completed thirty-six years of active service in the Army He is eligible for retirement, but at fifty-four he is a vigorous young man. He is lean, erect and placid. The white hair at the temples and the graying mustache are the only evidence that the years are beginning to pile up. His health is perfect and when his friends ask him how he has been able to keep his hair and wasp-waist figure after all he has been through, he cracks a smile and says: "I drink good whisky and get other people to do my work."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I don't care what you learned in the department store, Miss Dineen. We don't need an attractive window display" JEFF KEATE

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

personal planes say it will be a miracle if they can get their price down to $6 or $5 per horsepower," he says. "I am not an engine manufacturer, but I know what can be done with metal conversion. I know that since the automotive engines sell for 20 cents a pound, the aircraft-engine manufacturers ought to be able to make them for at least a dollar a pound. I am convinced that, with proper equipment, aircraft engines will be produced for around $2 per horsepower."

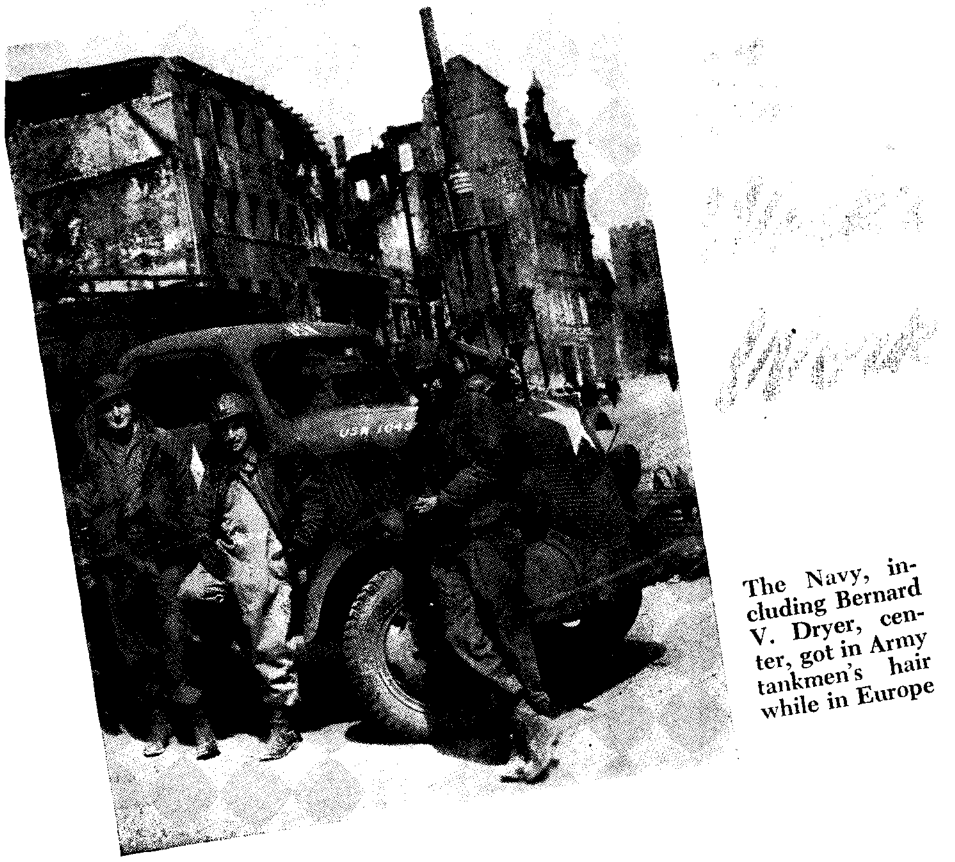
Other necessary parts of a small plane also can be brought down in cost, according to Mr. Marchev. As an example, the ammeter on an automobile, made in large quantities, costs only eleven cents, he says. Actually it is not an ammeter; it is merely an indicator of battery charge or discharge, which every motorist knows. An ammeter for airplanes, however, must specify accuracy of plus or minus one-half per cent, and operate at 67 degrees below zero and 130 degrees above. It sells for $11.

Although he can be tagged an "old airplane manufacturer," having built planes in the Thomas-Morse plant at Ithaca, New York, in the early twenties, Fred Marchev later went into steel manufacturing, a business he knows pretty well. Right after Pearl Harbor he joined Republic as head of manufacturing, became vice-president a year later, and when President Ralph S. Damon returned to American Airlines in 1943 after establishing a brilliant war record for Republic, Marchev was elected to succeed him.

He is forty-nine and a native of Switzerland. When he gets excited about simplifying the design of airplanes for low cost production, he develops a noticeable accent. And he's much more excited about this now than over his new Republic Rainbow four-engine, 40-passenger, 400-mile-an-hour long-range airliner scheduled for delivery to Pan American World Airways in the early summer of 1947.

So are we, now.

THE END



The Navy, including Bernard V. Dryer, center, got in Army tankmen's hair while in Europe

BY THE time this issue appears on the newsstands, Collier's associate editor Frank Gervasi will have been reconverted into a citizen of Washington, D. C.

After 12 years of foreign corresponding, man and boy, peace and war, Gervasi is settling into Washington for what should be, barring atomic wars, a long stay. His wife and two sons are delighted at the prospect of really getting acquainted with the head of the house, who for so long has been scarcely more than a visitor among them.

Gervasi has always enjoyed living in foreign capitals, and before the war his wife enjoyed going with him to Rome and Paris and Vienna. He liked to be in the center of the currents of world news. But Washington, he thinks, is going to be an even more satisfying place in which to work, the main fountainhead of world news for years to come. In proof of his intent to stay put, he has bought a house in Georgetown.

In this issue Gervasi tells why it is to our advantage to lend billions to Britain (p. 13), and how our loans can prime the pump of world trade. It is a pleasure to him, he says, to write something in favor of Britain, because, in his many articles about Palestine (Much Promised Land, The Jew as a Soldier, Terror in Palestine) he has written much that was definitely contrary to the British government's official attitude. Every year for the past five years Frank has spent some time in Palestine and other Middle East areas, learning all he could from Arabs, Jews, Britishers and others with a stake in the country. He has just finished a book on the subject, to be published by Appleton-Century in February, under the title, To Whom Palestine?

A FLIPPANT little book by Barrie Stavis, a Collier's contributor, is making a chuckling round of this office. It is The Chain of Command, a now-it-can-be-told burlesque of Army red tape. Stavis' last Collier's article was They See without Looking.

YOU would think that after his Army-Navy experiences, author Bernard Victor Dryer would be an earnest advocate of a single command for the armed services.

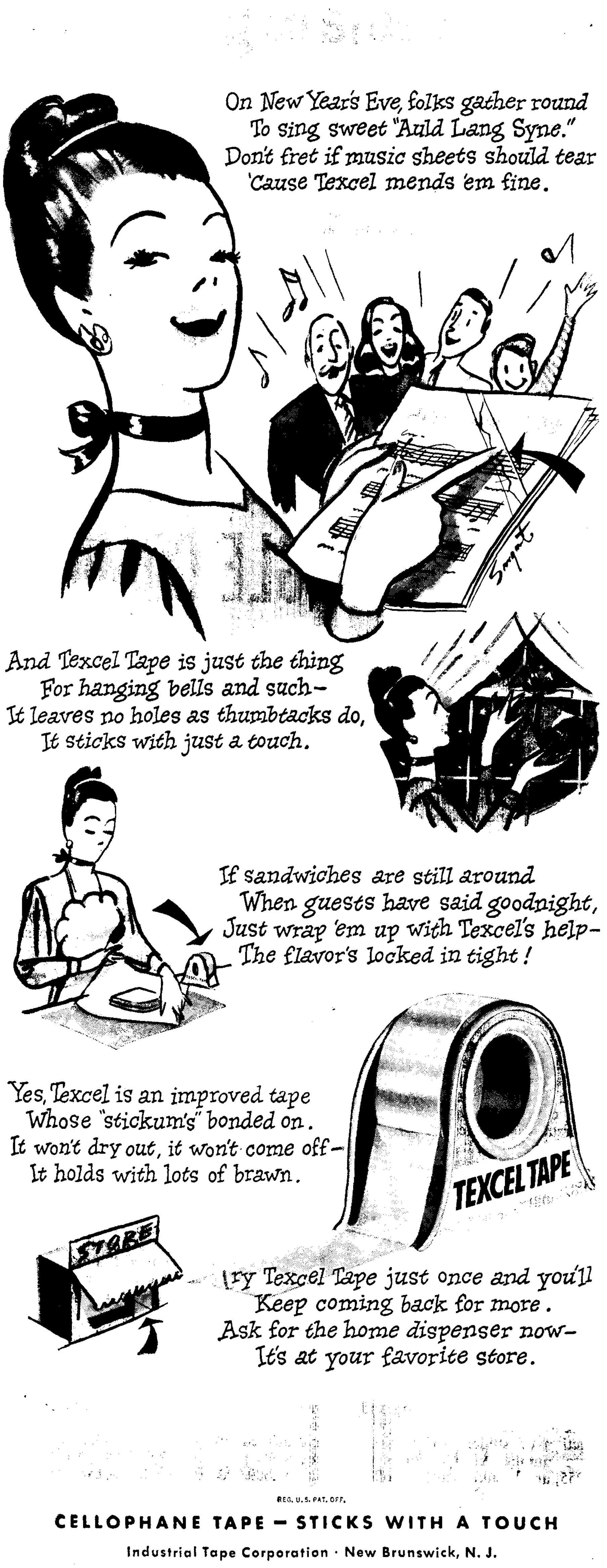
Dryer, who wrote Decision at Midnight (p. 19), says: "Sometimes I feel like the mythical two-headed Janus who looked in both directions at once. Although I'm in the Navy, all my overseas service in Africa and in Germany was with the Army. A story of mine recently published in Yank the Army Weekly Anthology, is the only Navy fiction in the book. And the radio story I wrote for NBC, Cavalcade of America, is about the Army's occupation of Germany. Another Army chore of mine was a radio show on the control of typhus in Naples. Two-headed? Why, I'm a blasted officially split personality."

The snapshot shows Dryer with a motion-picture team which crossed Germany during the last months of the war. The truck, he says, was liberated from the Germans by the Navy. "When Patton's tank crews saw our four-cylinder, master-race jalopy labeled USN bouncing on their heels they dished out some constructive criticism concerning our presence in their landlubbering midst. Our boys kept them quiet by threatening to scuttle any ship those tankmen sailed home on. We drove practically to the border of Czechoslovakia—the deepest penetration of enemy territory, by land miles, of any Navy men during the war. At least that's what *we* think.

"I'm still in the Navy, as officer in charge of the editorial section of the Bureau of Medicine's motion-picture organization. I'll probably be in uniform for several months to come—my 'Army' points don't count."

Dryer adds a postscript addressed to anybody in Africa: "Will some guy down there in Accra on the Gold Coast locate one of those wide gold rings with the twelve Arabic signs of the zodiac carved around it, and write to me? I brought one home to my beautiful wife and lost it. Who'll take odds that the man who takes the trouble to drop me a note is an Army man?". . . A. P.

Frank Gervasi


On New Year's Eve, folks gather round
To sing sweet "Auld Lang Syne."
Don't fret if music sheets should tear
'Cause Texcel mends 'em fine.
And Texcel Tape is just the thing
For hanging bells and such—
It leaves no holes as thumbtacks do,
It sticks with just a touch.
If sandwiches are still around
When guests have said goodnight,
Just wrap 'em up with Texcel's help—
The flavor's locked in tight!
Yes, Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stickum's" bonded on.
It won't dry out, it won't come off—
It holds with lots of brawn.
TEXCEL TAPE
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Try Texcel Tape just once and you'll
Keep coming back for more.
Ask for the home dispenser now—
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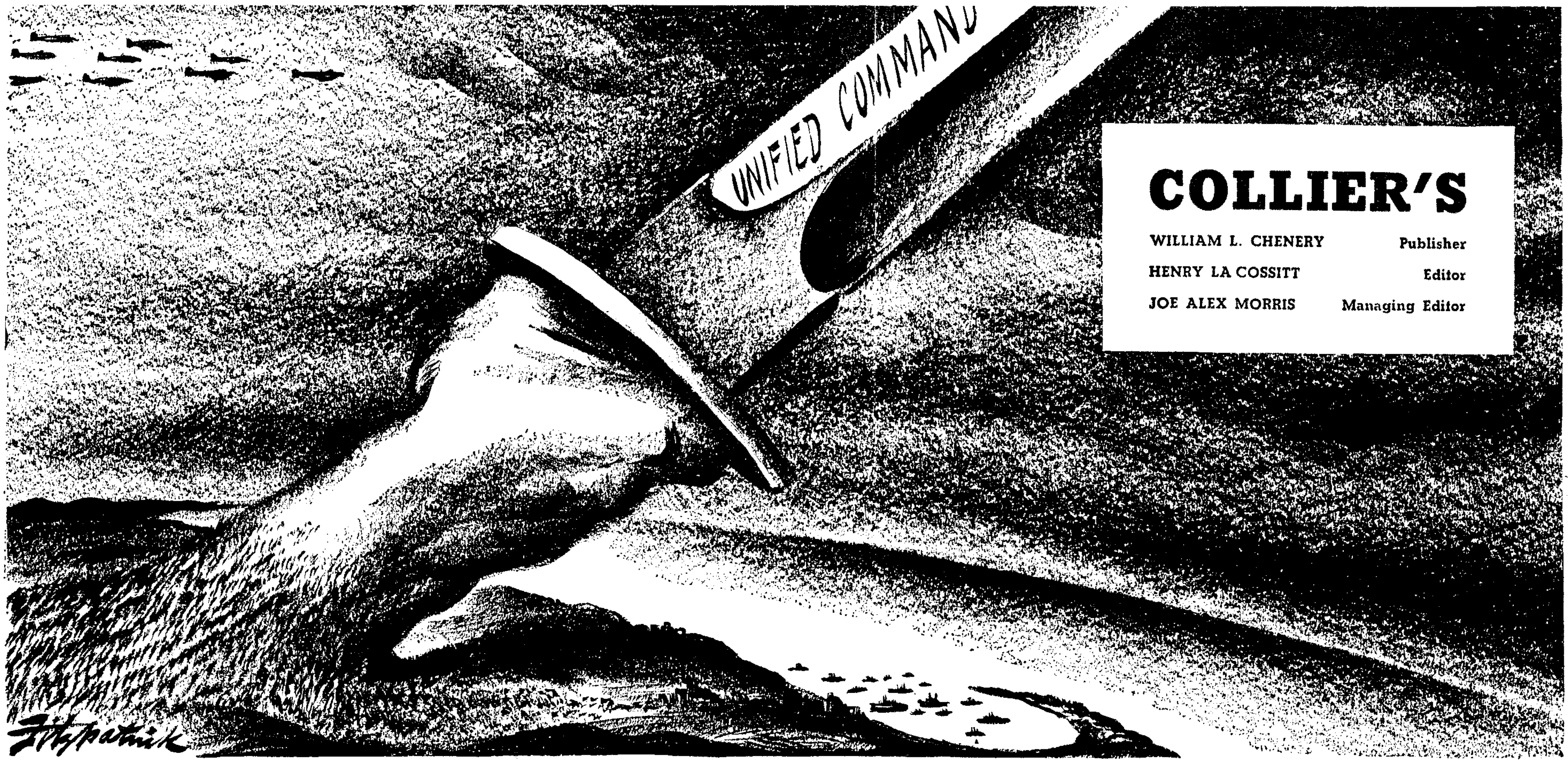

COLLIER'S

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JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

SINGLE COMMAND FOR TOTAL WAR

SO FAR as we can see, the case is just about completed for bringing all the fighting services—Army, Navy, Air Forces, Marine Corps, wartime Coast Guard—under one Department of Defense, or Department of War, or whatever we may choose to call it.

Modern war is total war, as we've been hearing ever since the Germans demonstrated the fact in Poland in 1939. It can be won only by the highest attainable co-operation among all services, plus superiority in quantity and quality of weapons and supplies.

Lack of Army-Navy co-operation was one factor in the Pearl Harbor disaster, and in our melancholy experiences of the first few weeks after the invasion of Guadalcanal. When MacArthur and Nimitz achieved a reasonable degree of Army-Navy co-operation, things began to look up.

Since V-J Day, a number of wartime secrets have been coming out on this subject. The most alarming of these thus far unveiled were contained in a special report drawn up last April, before the German war was over, by a committee of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The report was withheld from the public until a considerable time after Japan quit.

In that report, it is stated that "true integration of the effort of the forces has not been achieved in any theater"; also, that "the armed forces will not reach their maximum of effectiveness at the point of contact with the enemy until these handicaps are overcome." In down-to-earth English, that means we paid more in lives for victory than we need have paid.

As we understand the plan to unify the services, it would not destroy any service's individuality or merge them all in one colorless, clique-ridden military bureaucracy. Under the single Secretary of War would be assistant secretaries for Army, Navy and Air. Pride of service, differences in uniforms, *esprit de corps*—all these would survive. Procurement and equipment duplications and overlappings would go, to the great benefit of the taxpayers. As for interservice envy and rivalries and backbiting, the unified command would have power to root them out as the petty-minded and childish but grave dangers that they are.

Not that this reform is a cure-all. It couldn't be. But it does look like the logical next step in the evolution of our defense machinery, and it is favored by a preponderance of our best military minds. We'd like to see Congress put the services under one command without further delay, and we cannot see what further arguments can be brought forward. The essentials of the debate are now on the record, pro and con; and it looks as if the pros have it, by at least a nautical mile.

HOW'S THE MVA DOING?

HOW are the prospects of taming and improving the Missouri River system sometime soon, as the TVA has tamed and improved the Tennessee River system? Is an MVA—Missouri Valley Authority—on its way into existence? Or is it going to be headed off by interstate jealousies, regional frictions, and squabbles among bureaucrats?

The picture might be a good deal worse than it is. Here is the way it shapes up just now:

Congress has not set up an actual MVA. It may not do so for a long time, or it may never do so. But Congress is planning individual projects of various kinds along the Missouri and its main feeders, and these projects add up to virtually all the improvements an actual MVA would produce.

These improvements come under four main heads: flood control, increased electric power production, irrigation and navigation. Missouri River floods now cost the nation about $18,500,000 a year. Electric power generated in the river system totals about 4,500,000,000 kilowatt hours a year, and that total could be about doubled. So could the acreage under irrigation from Missouri and tributary waters in Nebraska, North and South Dakota and Montana. As for navigation, it is hoped to enlarge 760 miles of the Missouri's channel, from Sioux City, Ia., to St. Louis, from the present 200 feet wide by 6 feet deep to 300 feet wide and 9 feet deep.

Altogether, the plans call for 100 reservoirs and dams, 22 power plants, and 1,500 miles of flood-control levees between St. Louis and Sioux City.

What gags a lot of people interested in the project is that Congress up to now seems determined to run the show, rather than turn the work over to a regional authority like the TVA. But that seems chiefly a doctrinaire objection. There is no peculiar virtue, that we can see, in a regional authority, and no inherent vice in a big public job supervised by Congress.

It seems to us that the main thing is to get the work done as soon and as efficiently as possible. If Congress can bull it through, fine. If it can't, an actual MVA should be set up and told to get going. It follows that the people in the nine big states affected can best serve their own and the national interest by keeping the pressure on Congress to get the Missouri and its tributaries harnessed somehow and soon. We can see no use in wasting breath, time and indignation over the precise means whereby all this is to be accomplished.

MORE AMERICANS

HERE'S a surprise item, and a pleasant one if true. Most of us are familiar with the long-standing prediction of students of population that this country's total number of inhabitants would reach its peak in 1955, and would then level off at about 151,000,000. It followed, gloomily enough, that Americans were growing older on the average all the time.

We gather now, however, from the usually reliable United States News, that World War II has forced a radical revision of that estimate. It appears that the war had a most stimulating effect on United States births and birth rates, as wars usually do in all warring countries.

In 1933, we had 2,081,000 births. In 1943, we had 2,935,000. In 1944, the figure was 2,800,000. That figure is expected to be repeated in 1945.

All this indicates an over-all gain of 13,000,000 in United States population in the decade 1940-50, and another big population upsurge in 1960-70, when today's and tomorrow's babies will be marrying.

We now have an estimated 139,427,000 people, instead of the familiar estimate of 135,000,000, and we're expected to have almost 150,000,000 by 1950, when the next national census is taken. The new estimate, according to the source above mentioned, is that we'll have some 190,000,000 people by the year 2000—quite a jump from the previous estimate of 151,000,000.

Of course, this guess may blow up sooner or later But for the time being, at least, a lot of us have reason to stop regarding the United States as an aging nation, and to do some renewed pondering of Russell Sage's (or maybe Junius S. or J. P. Morgan's) advice never to sell America short.

The Best of Everything . . . for everyone

This is a Christmas when
The fires on the hearths
Of every land will burn
With a brighter light.
And the glow will show plainly
The new hope that has come
Upon the whole world's countenance.
This is a Christmas such as
Christmas should always be—
Like the returning of a gay and
Jovial friend.
So glasses high!
This is a Christmas to bring out
The best wish for everyone—
And the best of everything.

Merry Christmas
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
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THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

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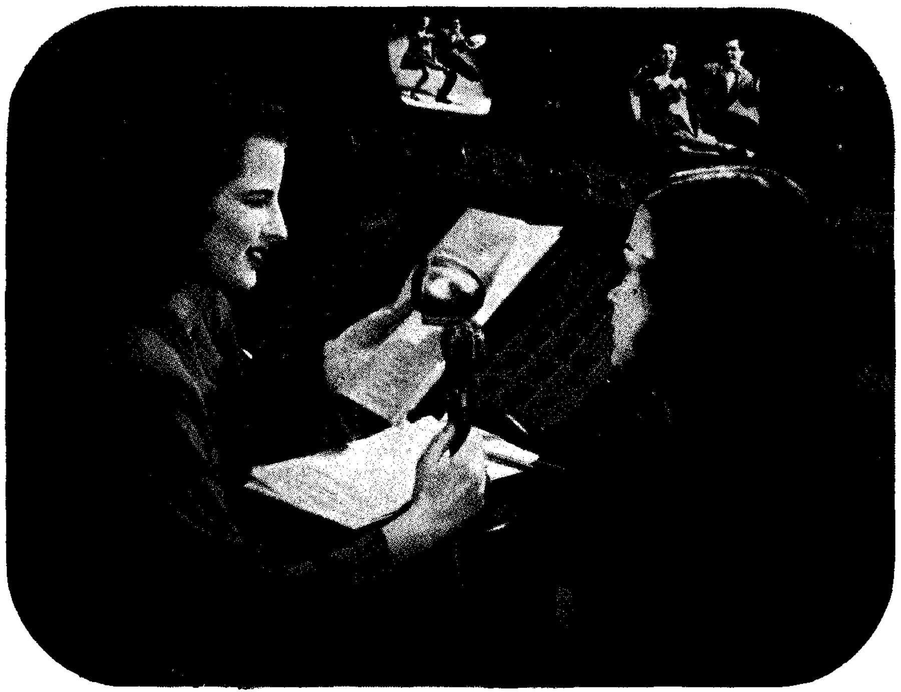
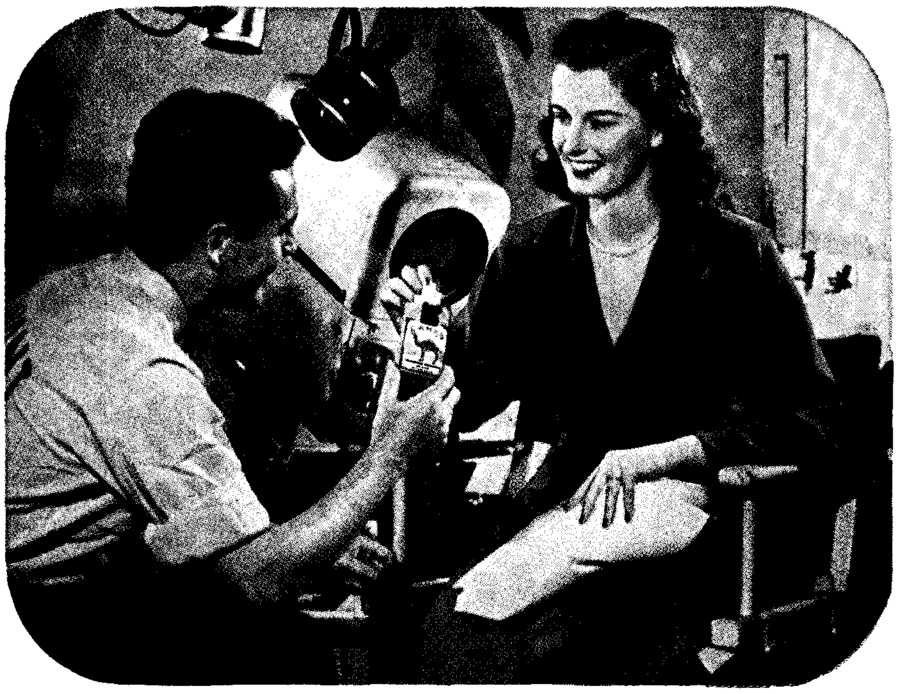
it's radio! it's theatre! it's screen! it's television!

And Loretta A. Brophy, one of television's leading program directors, will tell you that with her Camels are always in the picture

It's a song-and-dance team *she's rehearsing here. Tomorrow it may be anything from a quiz program to grand opera. But to Director Loretta Brophy, of WABD—Dumont* (seated above), *it's all "fast, exciting, fun!"*



"This is a take!" *From her control room, Director Brophy* (at left) *gives the signal that telecasts the scene to* you. *And when she calls "Cut," that means the show is over . . . But Camels are still in order* (see right).



"The grand flavor and mildness of the tobaccos in Camels suit my ***'T-Zone'*** *to a* ***'T'****"*

WHEREVER you go these days, you'll find Camels more and more in the picture.

And if you're a Camel smoker you'll appreciate the words of Director Loretta Brophy when she tells of her experience during the late cigarette shortage.

"When I couldn't get Camels, I smoked anything I could get . . . more different brands than I can remember," Miss Brophy says. "That's when I learned really to appreciate Camels—there's nothing like a Camel."

Yes, there's simply no substitute for costlier tobaccos, properly aged and blended in the time-honored Camel way. Rich, full flavored, and so mild! And now that Camels are again easier to get, more people want Camels than ever before! Ask for them every time you buy.

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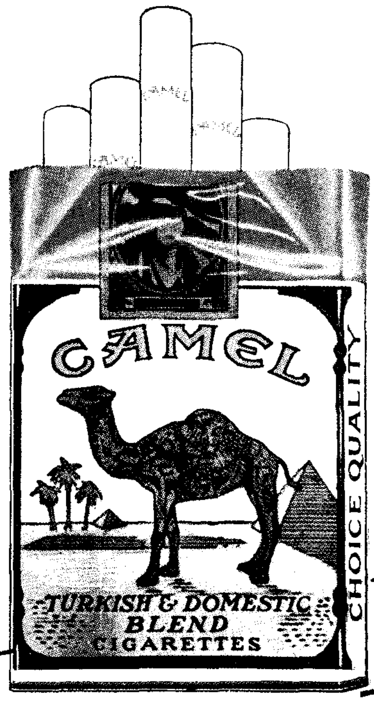

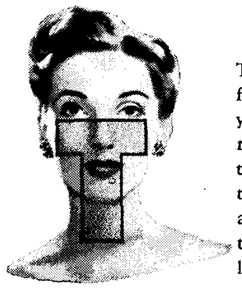

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